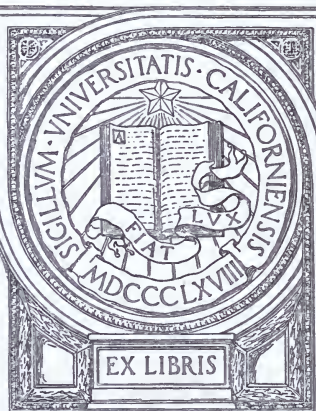




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SPECIMENS

OF

AMERICAN POETRY,

WITH

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

NOTICES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY SAMUEL KETTEL.

VOL. III.

BOSTON, — S. G. GOODRICH AND CO.

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SPECIMENS
OF
AMERICAN POETRY,
WITH
CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

RICHARD H. DANA

WAS born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and studied at the college in that place. He has been a lawyer, and was for a time one of the editors of the North American Review. He lives at present in his native town.

Mr Dana's poetry is of recent date, but his prose works have for some years made the public familiar with him, as a writer of the first order. His articles of criticism in the North American Review, may be classed with the ablest which have appeared in that journal. The *Idle Man*, a work which was issued in numbers in 1821 and '2, brought him still further into notice, and although from the peculiar character of this performance, it was not relished by a very extensive class of readers, we think the public will agree with us in pronouncing it the production of an eminently poetical mind. The qualities of this very original work offer a fruitful theme for speculation and comment, yet as it does not come formally within the limits which the nature of our undertaking has prescribed to us, we shall proceed to speak of the volume of poems which he published in 1827.

Of these *The Buccaneer* is the most striking, and in our

opinion the best. There is a boldness in the outline of this poem, and a strength of conception in the incidents, which bespeak genius of no common stamp. The elements of the work are of a description to put to a rigorous test the powers of the writer. The feelings engendered in the darkest recesses of the human heart, and the workings of the stronger and sterner passions of our nature, demand great boldness in the mind that would explore their mysteries, and superior skill in the hand that would subdue them to the purposes of poetry. The spirits of the air come not at the bidding of common mortals; it is only the potent wand of the true enchanter which can summon them from their abodes and command them to do his pleasure. Mr Dana has approached this subject evidently with a correct appreciation of the daring nature of his attempt, and the execution of his task indicates a careful study of his materials. His subject is one, which in its main features, has been turned to frequent use in poetry, yet he has treated it in a manner peculiarly his own.

It may be objected to the poem, that it deals too deeply and too exclusively with guilt, remorse and despair, and that the darker shades of the human character, prevail too exclusively in the delineation of the hero. We shall not undertake to show that the author would have failed to produce so good a poem, by giving the tale a less tragical cast, and creating a degree of sympathy for the fate of the leader; but that he has not done this is an evidence of that independence of genius, which strikes into paths not open to ordinary adventurers. Another writer with the substance of this narrative in his hands would have thrown in the common allotment of redeeming qualities to make the character of the Buccaneer less odious. He would have been endowed with *one virtue* sufficiently prominent and striking to overshadow so many of his thousand crimes as to make him poetically endurable. Our author however felt a consciousness of his ability to finish his work on his own plan, and he has succeeded in the attempt. The picture which he has drawn is full of deep

and abiding interest. The gloominess of a depraved heart, the growth and operation of those harassing emotions which sometimes prey within the human bosom, are pourtrayed in vivid colors and with strong effect.

The most striking defects of the poem relate more to the manner, than the matter. There is an abruptness in the progress of the narrative, which sometimes appears like a want of connexion in the incidents, as if the minor developements, here and there, yet remained to be supplied. The style is remarkable for its plainness and severity; it has no labored elevation or brilliancy, but is at the same time neat and expressive. The language is on the whole in good keeping with the subject. Its simplicity is well adapted to the representation of vehement passions, and is suited to the severe and naked grandeur of those feelings which it is the object of the narrative to depict. Notwithstanding the deficiency of ornament in the style, the descriptions are in a high degree striking and picturesque.

The Changes of Home, which is the only other piece of comparative importance in the volume, is a poem of great beauty, but it is less characteristic and original than The Buccaneer. It has still much of the author's peculiarity. In point of subject, it stands in a sort of antithesis to its companion. Instead of stepping into the midst of wrathful and terrific passion the author here aims at moving our sympathies by a picture of calm and tender sadness,—by a delineation of those feelings of melancholy, which awaken in the heart when the recollection turns back upon the events of earlier days, and the objects of remembrance are clothed in the shadows of twilight. The subject is not of an ambitious nature, and is moreover, one which has been so common a theme for poetical contemplation that it might have been apprehended the ground was preoccupied, and the stock of thoughts which it affords, already appropriated, and displayed in every variety of combination and coloring which they would bear. In the present case, however, the powers of the author have sustained him

against these disadvantages, and he has accordingly produced a work remarkable for freshness and originality. His skill in the expression of strong and lively feeling, has found ample scope for exercise; and the pictures he has drawn of the finer sensibilities of our nature, come home to the bosom in a stirring tone, and with impressive power. The poem has throughout, a strain of touching pathos, and is executed in its details with great softness of coloring.

After what we have said of Mr Dana's poetry, we need hardly add that he ranks very high in our estimation. He has more distinct, peculiar character, than most, perhaps any other, of our poets. What he has already done, may be said to have effected much towards giving an independence to the literature of the country. We think a pen like his, should not be idle.

THE BUCCANEER.

THE island lies nine leagues away,
 Along its solitary shore,
 Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
 No sound but ocean's roar,
 Save, where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home
 Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
 And on the glassy, heaving sea,
 The black duck, with her glossy breast,
 Sits swinging silently;
 How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
 And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
 The brook comes tinkling down its side;
 From out the trees the sabbath bell
 Rings cheerful, far and wide,
 Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
 That feed about the vale amongst the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat
 In former days within the vale;
 Flapp'd in the bay the pirate's sheet;
 Curses were on the gale;
 Rich goods lay on the sand, and murder'd men;
 Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
 Now slowly fall upon the ear;
 A quiet look is in each face,
 Subdued and holy fear:
 Each motion's gentle; all is kindly done—
 Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.

Twelve years are gone since Matthew Lee
 Held in this isle unquestion'd sway,
 A dark, low, brawny man was he—
 His law—"It is my way."
 Beneath his thickset brows a sharp light broke
 From small gray eyes; his laugh a triumph spoke.

Cruel of heart, and strong of arm,
 Loud in his sport, and keen for spoil,
 He little reck'd of good or harm,
 Fierce both in mirth and toil;
 Yet like a dog could fawn, if need there were;
 Speak mildly, when he would, or look in fear.

Amidst the uproar of the storm,
 And by the lightning's sharp, red glare,
 Were seen Lee's face and sturdy form;
 His axe glanced quick in air.
 Whose corpse at morn is floating in the sedge?
 "There's blood and hair, Matt, on thy axe's edge."

"Nay, ask him yonder; let him tell,
 I make the brute, not man, my mark.
 Who walks these cliffs, needs heed him well!
 Last night was fearful dark.
 Think ye the lashing waves will spare or feel!
 An ugly gash!—these rocks—they cut like steel."

He wiped his axe; and turning round,
 Said with a cold and harden'd smile,

“The hemp is saved—the man is drown’d.
 Wilt let him float awhile,
 Or give him christian burial on the strand?
 He ’ll find his fellows peaceful ’neath the sand.”

Lee’s waste was greater than his gain.
 “I ’ll try the merchant’s trade,” he thought.
 “The trouble’s less to kill, than feign;
 Things sweeter robb’d than bought.
 But, yet, to circumvent them at their arts!”
 Mann’d, and his spoils and cargo—Lee departs.

’T is fearful, on the broad-back’d waves,
 To feel them shake, and hear them roar:—
 Beneath, unsounded, dreadful caves—
 Around, no cheerful shore.
 Yet ’midst this solemn world what deeds are done!
 The curse goes up, the deadly sea-fight ’s won,—

And wanton talk and laughter heard,
 Where speaks God’s deep and awful voice.
 Look on that lonely ocean bird!
 Pray ye, when ye rejoice!
 “Leave prayers to priests,” cries Lee: “I’m ruler here!
 These fellows know full well whom they’re to fear!”

The ship works hard; the seas run high;
 Their white tops flashing through the night,
 Give to the eager, straining eye,
 A wild and shifting light.
 “Hard at the pumps!—The leak is gaining fast!—
 Lighten the ship!—The devil rode that blast!”

Ocean has swallow’d for its food
 Spoils thou didst gain in murderous glee;
 Matt, could its waters wash out blood,
 It had been well for thee.
 Crime fits for crime. And no repentant tear
 Hast thou for sin?—Then wait thine hour of fear.

The sea has like a plaything toss’d
 That heavy hull the livelong night.
 The man of sin—he is not lost:
 Soft breaks the morning light.

Torn spars and sail,—her cargo in the deep—
The ship makes port with slow and laboring sweep.

Within a Spanish port she rides.
Angry and sour'd, Lee walks her deck.
“Then peaceful trade a curse betides?—
And thou, good ship, a wreck!

Ill luck in change!—Ho! cheer ye up, my men!
Rigg'd, and at sea, we'll to old work again!”

A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.

On field and vineyard thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are full of blood;—

And wrath and terror shake the land;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.

Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from Spain!
The spell is broke!—Arthur is come again!—

Too late for thee, thou young, fair bride;
The lips are cold, the brow is pale,
That thou didst kiss in love and pride.
He cannot hear thy wail,

Whom thou didst lull with fondly murmur'd sound—
His couch is cold and lonely in the ground.

He fell for Spain—her Spain no more;
For he was gone who made it dear;
And she would seek some distant shore,
At rest from strife and fear,

And wait amidst her sorrows till the day,
His voice of love should call her thence away.

Lee feign'd him grieved, and bow'd him low.
'T would joy his heart could he but aid
So good a lady in her wo,
He meekly, smoothly said.

With wealth and servants she is soon aboard,
And that white steed she rode beside her lord.

The sun goes down upon the sea ;
 The shadows gather round her home.
 "How like a pall are ye to me !
 My home, how like a tomb !
 O ! blow, ye flowers of Spain, above his head.—
 Ye will not blow o'er me when I am dead."

And now the stars are burning bright ;
 Yet still she looks towards the shore
 Beyond the waters black in night.
 "I ne'er shall see thee more !
 Ye 're many, waves, yet lonely seems your flow,
 And I'm alone—scarce know I where I go."

Sleep, sleep, thou sad one, on the sea !
 The wash of waters lulls thee now ;
 His arm no more will pillow thee,
 Thy hand upon his brow.
 He is not near, to hush thee, or to save.
 The ground is his—the sea must be thy grave.

The moon comes up—the night goes on.
 Why in the shadow of the mast,
 Stands that dark, thoughtful man alone ?
 Thy pledge, man ; keep it fast !
 Bethink thee of her youth and sorrows, Lee :
 Helpless, alone—and, then, her trust in thee !

When told the hardships thou hadst borne,
 Her words were to thee like a charm.
 With uncheer'd grief her heart is worn.—
 Thou wilt not do her harm !
 He looks out on the sea that sleeps in light,
 And growls an oath—"It is too still tonight !

He sleeps ; but dreams of massy gold,
 And heaps of pearl. He stretch'd his hands.
 He hears a voice—"Ill man, withhold."
 A pale one near him stands ;
 Her breath comes deathly cold upon his cheek ;
 Her touch is cold. He wakes with piercing shriek.

He wakes ; but no relentings wake
 Within his angry, restless soul.

“What, shall a dream Matt’s purpose shake?
 The gold will make all whole.
 Thy merchant’s trade has nigh unmann’d thee, lad!
 What, balk thy chance because a woman’s sad?”

He cannot look on her mild eye—
 Her patient words his spirit quell.
 Within that evil heart there lie
 The hates and fears of hell.
 His speech is short; he wears a surly brow.
 There’s none will hear her shriek. What fear ye now?

The workings of the soul ye fear;
 Ye fear the power that goodness hath;
 Ye fear the Unseen One, ever near,
 Walking his ocean path.
 From out the silent void there comes a cry—
 “Vengeance is mine! Lost man, thy doom is nigh!”

Nor dread of ever-during wo,
 Nor the sea’s awful solitude,
 Can make thee, wretch, thy crime forego.
 Then, bloody hand—to blood!
 The scud is driving wildly over head;—
 The stars burn dim; the ocean moans its dead.

Moan for the living—moan our sins,—
 The wrath of man, more fierce than thine.
 Hark! still thy waves!—The work begins—
 He makes the deadly sign.
 The crew glide down like shadows. Eye and hand
 Speak fearful meanings through that silent band.

They’re gone. The helmsman stands alone;
 And one leans idly o’er the bow.
 Still as a tomb the ship keeps on;
 Nor sound nor stirring now.
 Hush, hark! as from the centre of the deep—
 Shrieks—fiendish yells! they stab them in their sleep.

The scream of rage, the groan, the strife,
 The blow, the gasp, the horrid cry,
 The panting, stifled prayer for life,
 The dying’s heaving sigh,

The murderer's curse, the dead man's fix'd, still glare,
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there!

On pale, dead men, on burning cheek,
On quick, fierce eyes, brows hot and damp,
On hands that with the warm blood reek,
Shines the dim cabin lamp.

Lee look'd. "They sleep so sound," he, laughing, said,
"They'll scarcely wake for mistress or for maid."

A crash! They've forced the door,—and then
One long, long, shrill, and piercing scream
Comes thrilling through the growl of men.
'Tis hers!—O God, redeem

From worse than death thy suffering, helpless child!
That dreadful cry again—sharp, sharp, and wild!

It ceased.—with speed o' th' lightning's flash,
A loose-robed form, with streaming hair,
Shoots by.—A leap—a quick, short splash!
'Tis gone!—There's nothing there!

The waves have swept away the bubbling tide.
Bright-crested waves, how proudly on ye ride!

She's sleeping in her silent cave,
Nor hears the stern, loud roar above,
Or strife of man on land or wave.
Young thing! thy home of love

Thou soon hast reach'd!—Fair, unpolluted thing!
They harm'd thee not!—Was dying suffering?

O, no!—To live when joy was dead;
To go with one, lone, pining thought—
To mournful love thy being wed—
Feeling what death had wrought;

To live the child of wo, yet shed no tear,
Bear kindness, and yet share no joy nor fear;

To look on man, and deem it strange
That he on things of earth should brood,
When all its throng'd and busy range
To thee was solitude—

O, this was bitterness!—Death came and prest
Thy wearied lids, and brought thy sick heart rest.

Why look ye on each other so,
 And speak no word?—Ay, shake the head!
 She's gone where ye can never go.
 What fear ye from the dead?
 They tell no tales; and ye are all true men;
 But wash away that blood; then, home again!—

'T is on your souls; it will not out!
 Lee, why so lost? 'T is not like thee!
 Come, where's thy revel, oath, and shout?
 —“That pale one in the sea!—
 I mind not blood.—But she—I cannot tell!
 A spirit was 't?—It flash'd like fires of hell!—

“And when it pass'd there was no tread!
 It leapt on deck.—Who heard the sound?
 I heard none!—Say—what was it fled?—
 Poor girl!—And is she drown'd?—
 Went down these depths? How dark they look, and cold!
 She's yonder! stop her!—Now!—there!—hold, man,
 hold!”

They gazed upon his ghastly face.
 “What ails thee, Lee; and why that glare?”
 —“Look! ha, 't is gone, and not a trace!
 No, no, she was not there!
 Who of you said ye heard her when she fell?
 'T was strange!—I'll not be fool'd!—Will no one tell?”

He paused. As soon the wildness past.
 Then came the tingling flush of shame.
 Remorse and fear are gone as fast.
 “The silly thing's to blame
 To quit us so. 'T is plain she loved us not;
 Or she'd have staid awhile, and shared my cot.”

And then the ribald laugh'd. The jest,
 Though old and foul, loud laughter drew.
 And words more foul came from the rest
 Of that infernal crew.
 Note, heaven, their blasphemy, their broken trust!
 Lust panders murder—murder panders lust!

Now slowly up they bring the dead
 From out that silent, dim-lit room.
 No prayer at their quick burial said—
 No friend to weep their doom.

The hungry waves have seized them one by one ;
And, swallowing in their prey, go roaring on.

Cries Lee, "We must not be betray'd.
'T is but to add another corse !
Strange words, 't is said, an ass once bray'd.
I'll never trust a horse !
We'll throw him on the waves alive ! He'll swim ;
For once a horse shall ride—we all ride him."

Such sound to mortal ear ne'er came
As rang far o'er the waters wide.
It shook with fear the stoutest frame—
That horse is on the tide !
As the waves leave, or lift him up, his cry
Comes lower now—and, now, 't is near and high.

And through the swift wave's yesty crown
His scared eyes shoot a fiendish light,
And fear seems wrath. He now sinks down,
Now heaves again to sight,
Then drifts away ; yet all that night they hear
Far off that dreadful cry.—But morn is near.

O, hadst thou known what deeds were done,
When thou wast shining far away,
Wouldst thou let fall, calm-coming sun,
Thy warm and silent ray ?
The good are in their graves ; thou canst not cheer
Their dark, cold mansions. Sin alone is here.

"The deed 's complete ! The gold is ours !
There, wash away that bloody stain !
Pray who 'd refuse what fortune showers ?
Now, lads, we'll lot our gain.
Must fairly share, you know, what's fairly got !
A truly good night's work ! Who'll say 't was not ?"

There 's song, and oath, and gaming deep—
Hot words, and laughter—mad carouse :
There 's nought of prayer, and little sleep.
The devil keeps the house !
"Lee cheats !" cried Jack.—Lee struck him to the heart.
"That's foul !" one mutter'd.—"Fool ! you take your part !—"

“The fewer heirs the richer, man!
 Hold forth thy palm, and keep thy prate!
 Our life, we read, is but a span.
 What matters, soon or late?
 Death comes!”—On shore, and ask’d how many died?
 “That sickness swept near half,” said Lee, and sigh’d.

Within our bay, one stormy night,
 The isle’s men saw boats make for shore,
 With here and there a dancing light
 That flash’d on man and oar.
 When hail’d, the rowing stopt, and all was dark.
 “Ha! lantern work!—We’ll home!—They’re playing
 shark!”

Next day, at noon, towards the town,
 All stared and wonder’d much to see,
 Matt and his men come strolling down.
 The boys shout, “Here comes Lee!”
 “Thy ship, good Lee?” “Not many leagues from shore
 Our ship by chance took fire.”—They learnt no more.

He and his crew were flush of gold.
 “You did not lose your cargo, then?”
 —“Learn where all’s fairly bought and sold,
 Heaven prospers those true men.
 Forsake your evil ways, as we forsook
 Our ways of sin, and honest courses took!

“Wouldst see my log-book? fairly writ,
 With pen of steel, and ink like blood!
 —How lightly doth the conscience sit!
 Learn, truth’s the only good.”
 And thus, with flout, and cold and impious jeer,
 He fled repentance, if he ’scaped not fear.

Remorse and fear he drowns in drink.
 “Come, pass the bowl, my jolly crew!
 It thicks the blood to mope and think.
 —Here’s merry days, though few!”
 And then he quaffs.—So riot reigns within;
 So brawl and laughter shake that house of sin.

Matt lords it now throughout the isle.
 His hand falls heavier than before.

All dread alike his frown or smile.
 None come within his door,
 Save those who dipp'd their hands in blood with him ;
 Save those who laugh'd to see the white horse swim.

“ To night 's our anniversary ;
 And, mind me, lads, we 'll have it kept
 With royal state and special glee !
 Better with those who slept
 Their sleep that night, had he be now, who slinks !
 And health and wealth to him who bravely drinks ! ”

The words they spoke, we may not speak.
 The tales they told, we may not tell.
 Mere mortal man, forbear to seek
 The secrets of that hell !
 Their shouts grow loud. 'T is near mid hour of night.
 What means upon the water that red light ?

Not bigger than a star it seems :
 And, now, 't is like the bloody moon :
 And, now, it shoots in hairy streams
 Its light !—'T will reach us soon !
 A ship ! and all on fire !—hull, yards and mast !
 Her sheets are sheets of flame !—She 's nearing fast !

And now she rides, upright and still,
 Shedding a wild and lurid light
 Around the cove, on inland hill,
 Waking the gloom of night.
 All breathes of terror ! Men in dumb amaze
 Gaze on each other 'neath the horrid blaze.

It scares the sea-birds from their nests.
 They dart and wheel with deaf'ning screams ;
 Now dark,—and now their wings and breasts
 Flash back disastrous gleams.
 O, sin, what hast thou done on this fair earth ?
 The world, O man, is wailing o'er thy birth.

And what comes up above that wave,
 So ghastly white ?—a spectral head !—
 A horse's head !—(May heaven save
 Those looking on the dead,—

The waking dead!) There on the sea he stands—
The spectre-horse!—He moves; he gains the sands!

Onward he speeds. His ghostly sides
Are streaming with a cold, blue light.
Heaven keep the wits of him who rides
The spectre-horse tonight!

His path is shining like a swift ship's wake;
He gleams before Lee's door like day's gray break.

The revel now is high within;
It breaks upon the midnight air.
They little think, 'midst mirth and din,
What spirit waits them there.
As if the sky became a voice, there spread
A sound to appal the living, stir the dead.

The spirit-steed sent up the neigh.
It seem'd the living tramp of hell,
Sounding to call the damn'd away,
To join the host that fell.
It rang along the vaulted sky: the shore
Jarr'd hard, as when the thronging surges roar.

It rang in ears that knew the sound;
And hot, flush'd cheeks are blanch'd with fear.
And why does Lee look wildly round?
Thinks he the drown'd horse near?
He drops his cup—his lips are stiff with fright.
Nay, sit thee down!—It is thy banquet night.

“I cannot sit. I needs must go:
The spell is on my spirit now.
I go to dread—I go to wo!”
O, who so weak as thou,
Strong man!—His hoofs upon the door-stone, see,
The shadow stands!—His eyes are on thee, Lee!—

Thy hair pricks up!—“O, I must bear
His damp, cold breath! It chills my frame!
His eyes—their near and dreadful glare
Speak that I must not name!”
Thou 'rt mad to mount that horse!—“A power within,
I must obey—cries, ‘mount thee, man of sin!’”

He's now astride the spectre's back,
 With rein of silk, and curb of gold.
 'T is fearful speed!—the rein is slack
 Within his senseless hold:

Nor doth he touch the shade he strides—upborne
 By an unseen power.—God help thee, man forlorn!

He goes with speed: he goes with dread!
 And now they're on the hanging steep!
 And, now! the living and the dead,
 They'll make the horrid leap!

The horse stops short:—his feet are on the verge.
 He stands, like marble, high above the surge.

And, nigh, the tall ship yet burns on,
 With red, hot spars and crackling flame.
 From hull to gallant, nothing's gone.
 She burns, and yet's the same!

Her hot, red flame is beating, all the night,
 On man and horse, in their cold, phosphor light.

Through that cold light the fearful man
 Sits looking on the burning ship.
 Thou ne'er again wilt curse and ban.
 How fast he moves the lip!

And yet he does not speak, or make a sound!
 What see you, Lee,—the bodies of the drown'd?

“I look, where mortal man may not—
 Into the chambers of the deep.
 I see the dead, long, long forgot—
 I see them in their sleep.

A dreadful power is mine, which none can know,
 Save he who leagues his soul with death and wo.”

Thou mild, sad mother—waning moon,
 Thy last, low, melancholy ray
 Shines toward him.—Quit him not so soon!
 Mother, in mercy, stay!

Despair and death are with him; and canst thou,
 With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

O, thou wast born for things of love;
 Making more lovely in thy shine

Whate'er thou look'st on. Hosts above,
 In that soft light of thine,
 Burn softer :—earth, in silvery veil, seems heaven.—
 Thou 'rt going down !—Thou 'st left him unforgiven !

The far, low west is bright no more.
 How still it is ! No sound is heard
 At sea, or all along the shore,
 But cry of passing bird.
 Thou living thing,—and dar'st thou come so near
 These wild and ghastly shapes of death and fear ?

Now long that thick, red light has shone
 On stern, dark rocks, and deep, still bay,
 On man and horse that seem of stone,
 So motionless are they.
 But now its lurid fire less fiercely burns :
 The night is going—faint, gray dawn returns.

That spectre-steed now slowly pales ;
 Now changes like the moonlit cloud.
 That cold, thin light, now slowly fails,
 Which wrapt them like a shroud.
 Both ship and horse are fading into air.—
 Lost, mazed, alone, see, Lee is standing there !

The morning air blows fresh on him ;
 The waves dance gladly in his sight ;
 The sea-birds call, and wheel, and skim—
 O, blessed morning light !
 He doth not hear that joyous call ; he sees
 No beauty in the wave ; he feels no breeze.

For he 's accurst from all that 's good ;
 He ne'er must know his healing power.
 The sinner on his sins must brood ;
 Must wait, alone, his hour.
 Thou stranger to earth's beauty—human love,
 There 's here no rest for thee, no hope above !

The hot sun beats upon his head.
 He stands beneath its broad, fierce blaze,
 As stiff and cold as one that 's dead :
 A troubled, dreamy maze
 Of some unearthly horror, all he knows—
 Of some wild horror past, and coming woes.

The gull has found her place on shore ;
 The sun 's gone down unto his rest ;
 All 's still but ocean's weary roar—
 There stands the man unblest.

But, see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
 His mates!—Why looks he with that piteous stare ?

Go, get thee home, and end thy mirth !
 Go, call the revellers again !
 They 've fled the isle ; and o'er the earth
 Are wanderers, like Cain.

As he his door-stone past, the air blew chill.
 The wine is on the board ; Lee, take thy fill !

“ There 's none to meet me, none to cheer :
 The seats are empty—lights burnt out ;
 And I alone, must sit me here :
 Would I could hear their shout ! ”

Thou ne'er shalt hear it more—more taste thy wine !—
 Silent thou sitt'st within the still moonshine.

Day came again ; and up he rose,
 A weary man, from his lone board.
 Nor merry feast, nor sweet repose
 Did that long night afford.

No shadowy-coming night, to bring him rest—
 No dawn, to chase the darkness of his breast !

He walks within the day's full glare
 A darken'd man. Where'er he comes,
 All shun him. Children peep and stare ;
 Then, frightened, seek their homes.

Through all the crowd a thrilling horror ran.
 They point and say—“ There goes the evil man ! ”

He turns and curses in his wrath
 Both man and child ; then hastes away
 Shoreward, or takes some gloomy path ;
 But there he cannot stay :

Terror and madness drive him back to men ;
 His hate of man to solitude again.

Time passes on, and he grows bold—
 His eye more fierce, his oaths more loud.

None dare from Lee the hand withhold ;
 He rules and scoffs the crowd.
 But still at heart there lies a secret fear ;
 For now the year's dread round is drawing near.

He swears ; but he is sick at heart ;
 He laughs ; but he turns deadly pale.
 His restless eye and sudden start—
 These tell the dreadful tale
 That will be told : it needs no words from thee,
 Thou self-sold slave to fear and misery.

Bond-slave of sin, see there—that light !
 “ Ha ! take me—take me from its blaze ! ”
 Nay, thou must ride the steed tonight !
 But many weary days
 And nights will shine and darken o'er thy head,
 Ere thou wilt go with him to meet the dead.

Again the ship lights all the land ;
 Again Lee strides the spectre-beast ;
 Again upon the cliff they stand—
 This once thou 'lt be released !—
 Gone horse and ship ; but Lee's last hope is o'er ;
 Nor laugh, nor scoff, nor rage, can help him more.

His spirit heard that spirit say,
 “ Listen !—I twice have come to thee.
 Once more—and then a dreadful way !
 And thou must go with me ! ”
 Ay, cling to earth as sailor to the rock !
 Sea-swept, suck'd down in the tremendous shock,

He goes !—So thou must loose thy hold,
 And go with death ; nor breathe the balm
 Of early air, nor light behold,
 Nor sit thee in the calm
 Of gentle thoughts, where good men wait their close.—
 In life, or death, where look'st thou for repose ?

Who's yonder on that long, black ledge,
 Which makes so far into the sea ?
 See ! there he sits, and pulls the sedge—
 Poor, idle Matthew Lee !
 So weak and pale ? A year and little more,
 And thou didst lord it bravely round this shore.

And on the shingles now he sits,
 And rolls the pebbles 'neath his hands ;
 Now walks the beach ; then stops by fits,
 And scores the smooth, wet sands ;
 Then tries each cliff, and cove, and jut, that bounds
 The isle ; then home from many weary rounds.

They ask him why he wanders so,
 From day to day, the uneven strand ?
 —“I wish, I wish that I might go !
 But I would go by land ;
 And there 's no way that I can find—I 've tried
 All day and night !”—He look'd towards sea and sigh'd.

It brought the tear to many an eye,
 That, once, his eye had made to quail.
 “Lee, go with us ; our sloop rides nigh ;
 Come ! help us hoist her sail.”
 He shook.—“You know the spirit-horse I ride !
 He 'll let me on the sea with none beside !”

He views the ships that come and go,
 Looking so like to living things.
 O ! 't is a proud and gallant show
 Of bright and broad spread wings
 Flinging a glory round them, as they keep
 Their course right onward through the unsounded deep.

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
 Their backs in long and narrow line,
 The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
 And send the sparkling brine
 Into the air ; then rush to mimic strife :—
 Glad creatures of the sea ! How all seems life !—

But not to Lee. He sits alone ;
 No fellowship nor joy for him.
 Borne down by wo, he makes no moan,
 Though tears will sometimes dim
 That asking eye.—O, how his worn thoughts crave—
 Not joy again, but rest within the grave.

The rocks are dripping in the mist
 That lies so heavy off the shore.

Scarce seen the running breakers ;—list
Their dull and smother'd roar!

Lee hearkens to their voice.—“I hear, I hear
You call.—Not yet!—I know my time is near!”

And now the mist seems taking shape,
Forming a dim, gigantic ghost,—
Enormous thing!—There's no escape;
'T is close upon the coast.

Lee kneels, but cannot pray.—Why mock him so?
The ship has clear'd the fog, Lee, see her go!

A sweet, low voice, in starry nights,
Chants to his ear a plaining song.
Its tones come winding up those heights,
Telling of wo and wrong;
And he must listen till the stars grow dim,
The song that gentle voice doth sing to him.

O, it is sad that aught so mild
Should bind the soul with bands of fear;
That strains to soothe a little child,
The man should dread to hear!
But sin hath broke the world's sweet peace—unstrung
The harmonious chords to which the angels sung.

In thick, dark nights he'd take his seat
High up the cliffs, and feel them shake,
As swung the sea with heavy beat
Below—and hear it break
With savage roar, then pause and gather strength,
And then, come tumbling in its swollen length.

But thou no more shalt haunt the beach,
Nor sit upon the tall cliff's crown,
Nor go the round of all that reach,
Nor feebly sit thee down,
Watching the swaying weeds:—another day,
And thou'lt have gone far hence that dreadful way.

To night the charmed number's told.
“Twice have I come for thee,” it said.
“Once more, and none shall thee behold.
Come! live one, to the dead!”—
So hears his soul, and fears the coming night;
Yet sick and weary of the soft, calm light.

Again he sits within that room ;
 All day he leans at that still board ;
 None to bring comfort to his gloom,
 Or speak a friendly word.

Weaken'd with fear, lone, haunted by remorse,
 Poor, shatter'd wretch, there waits he that pale horse.

Not long he 'll wait.—Where now are gone
 Peak, citadel, and tower, that stood
 Beautiful, while the west sun shone,
 And bathed them in his flood
 Of airy glory ?—Sudden darkness fell ;
 And down they sank, peak, tower, and citadel.

The darkness, like a dome of stone,
 Ceils up the heavens.—'T is hush as death—
 All but the ocean's dull, low moan.
 How hard Lee draws his breath !
 He shudders as he feels the working Power.
 Arouse thee, Lee ! up ! man thee for thine hour !—

'T is close at hand : for there, once more,
 The burning ship. Wide sheets of flame
 And shafted fire she show'd before ;
 Twice thus she hither came ;—
 But now she rolls a naked hulk, and throws
 A wasting light ; then, settling, down she goes.

And where she sank, up slowly came
 The Spectre-Horse from out the sea.
 And there he stands ! His pale sides flame.
 He 'll meet thee shortly, Lee.
 He treads the waters as a solid floor :
 He's moving on. Lee waits him at the door.

They've met.—“ I know thou com'st for me,”
 Lee's spirit to the spectre said—
 “ I know that I must go with thee—
 Take me not to the dead.
 It was not I alone that did the deed !”
 Dreadful the eye of that still, spectral steed !

Lee cannot turn. There is a force
 In that fix'd eye, which holds him fast.

How still they stand!—that man and horse.

—Thine hour is almost past.”

“O, spare me,” cries the wretch, “thou fearful one!”

—“My time is full—I must not go alone.”

“I’m weak and faint. O, let me stay!”

—“Nay, murderer, rest nor stay for thee!”

The horse and man are on their way;

He bears him to the sea.

Hark! how the spectre breathes through this still night!

See, from his nostrils streams a deathly light!

He’s on the beach; but stops not there.

He’s on the sea! — Lee, quit the horse!

Lee struggles hard.—’T is mad despair!—

’T is vain! The spirit-corse

Holds him by fearful spell;—he cannot leap.

Within that horrid light he rides the deep.

It lights the sea around their track—

The curling comb, and dark steel wave:

There, yet, sits Lee the spectre’s back—

Gone! gone! and none to save!

They’re seen no more; the night has shut them in.

May heaven have pity on thee, man of sin!

The earth has wash’d away its stain.

The seal’d-up sky is breaking forth,

Mustering its glorious hosts again

From the far south and north.

The climbing moon plays on the rippling sea.

—O, whither on its waters rideth Lee?

The pale horse & his rider.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

DR PERCIVAL was born on the 15th of September, 1795, in Kensington, a parish of Berlin, Connecticut. That parish had long been the residence of his paternal ancestors—the family of the Percivals having removed to that place from East Haddam in the same state, two generations before. His maternal ancestors had lived in the *town* of Kensington, so called at first, from the time of its earliest settlement. The father of the poet, whose name was James, was a highly reputable physician in Kensington, where he died 1807, in the midst of life, much lamented by the inhabitants. He left a widow and four children, one daughter and three sons, with a valuable estate, which he had acquired by his profession. The daughter, who was the eldest child, died two or three weeks after her father, and the three sons, all of tender age, were left to the assiduity and care of a mother.

Dr Percival is the second of the sons, and the only one that received a liberal education. From the earliest period at which he could read, he was fond of books; and in a short time treasured up in a remarkably retentive memory all the stores of school-boy learning. Among his companions at school, he was distinguished by the ease with which he could learn his lessons, by superior intelligence, by a gentle and retiring disposition, and by an abstracted turn of mind. He seldom engaged in the common sports of the school, even with the boys of his own age. He possessed also a share of that distressing diffidence, and sensibility to suffering from the rudeness of the older members of the school, which Cowper has so feelingly depicted in his own case.

The occasion of his learning to read, and the rapidity of his progress in the art, show strikingly the bent and powers of his understanding. At a time when he could only spell his words with difficulty, he received a book at school, which it was customary for the master on a Saturday to give to some deserving scholar, to be kept till the following Monday, and

then to be returned. James, by spelling along in his book, soon discovered that a portion of it treated of the starry heavens. He felt so solicitous to understand this, that he sought the aid of his friends at home, to make the piece intelligible to him. By persevering effort, aided by their instructions during the time he was permitted to keep the book, he surmounted every difficulty, and was able to read the chapter on Monday morning, with a good degree of fluency.

From that time his proficiency in his studies was great. It was not long before he became so familiar with all that was to be learnt in the district school which he attended, that the exercises were extremely tedious to him. This circumstance, connected with his unquenchable ardor for reading, in which he could indulge at home, often made him reluctant to go to a place where his time was spent to so little purpose. His father's library at home, and not the common infirmity of children, caused him to creep, "like a snail, unwillingly to school."

At this period of his life, he lived, 'as he has informed the writer of this paper, in a world of his own,—an ideal world. He knew and he cared very little respecting the real world of mankind. His cast of mind was highly imaginative; and aided by his extensive recollections of history, geography, and other reading, he lived and acted very much according to the fancies which his knowledge enabled him to contrive. Some details of this sort, casually given by the poet in conversation, would surprise one as relating to a boy of his age, and instruct the student of human nature, in regard to the incipient workings of a creative and poetic mind. Enveloping himself under circumstances of Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman history, or perhaps the chivalry of the middle ages, or as it might happen, indulging some merely arbitrary creations of his fancy, and seated by a stream, or wandering in the woods, he delighted to call up around him those representations that corresponded with the realities of which he had read, or with the archetype of them existing in his own mind. He could feign to himself in perfect keeping, and in their true costume, the figures and the scenes of those ages past—could imagine himself to be

conversant with them, with such a depth of interest, as scarcely suffered him to realize actual life and its wants. Indeed, in his poem on the Pleasures of Childhood, he has described in verses of great beauty, these wanderings of his fancy.

“A thousand wildering reveries led astray
 My better reason, and my unguarded soul
 Danced like a feather on the turbid sea
 Of its own wild and freakish phantasies.
 At times, the historic page would catch my eye,
 And rivet down my thoughts on ancient times,
 And mix them with the demigods of old.

* * * How I loved

To ascend the pyramids, and in their womb
 Gaze on the royal cenotaph, to sit
 Beneath thy ruin'd palaces and fanes,
 Balbec or princely Tadmor, though the one
 Lurk like a hermit in the lonely vales
 Of Lebanon, and the waste wilderness
 Embrace the other. * * *

* * * Along the stream,

That flow'd in summer's mildness o'er its bed
 Of rounded pebbles, with its scanty wave
 Encircling many an islet, and its banks
 In bays and havens scooping, I would stray,
 And dreaming, rear an empire on its shores.
 Where cities rose, and palaces and towers
 Caught the first light of morning, there the fleet
 Lent all its snowy canvas to the wind,
 And bore with awful front against the foe.

* * * *

There many a childish hour was spent; the world
 That moved and fretted round me, had no power
 To draw me from my musings, but the dream
 Enthrall'd me till it seem'd reality;
 And when I woke, I wonder'd that a brook
 Was babbling by, and a few rods of soil,
 Cover'd with scanty herbs, the arena where
 Cities and empires, fleets and armies rose.”

Such was his boyhood, and the commencement of poetic emotion or creation. His mind, however, has been otherwise tasked since, for although Dr Percival has appeared before the public, almost entirely as a poet, he is scarcely more dis-

tinguished in that department, than in others that more especially put to the test the thinking and discursive powers.

At the customary age, he commenced the preparatory studies to a public education, and though according to his own opinion, the course of study was not very judiciously prescribed, yet he seems to have improved in a commendable manner, such advantages as he was permitted to enjoy. A mind like his, though comparatively neglected, or unhappily trained by others, will often preserve uninjured or unaltered, its own distinctive qualities. Indeed a great intellect will train itself, and from its own superior discernment, will remedy in a good degree the defects of inadequate or misdirected instruction. Yea more, like a magnet which attracts its promiscuous assemblage of ferruginous particles, a gifted understanding will draw to itself, from every surrounding object, whatever is congenial to its nature. It will select, if not in a regular, yet in an effectual manner, whatever can be of pleasure, of ornament, or of use.

His collegiate course, on which he entered at 16 years of age, was marked by studiousness, and uncommon distinction as a scholar. His proficiency drew from President Dwight, an accurate judge of worth, and diviner of the destinies of his pupils, a justly merited encomium. That great man also administered to young Percival a well-timed caution, to engage in some active pursuit, upon finishing his studies. The neglect of this caution at times, subjected our author, from his desponding temperament and intense mental application, to no common infelicities. These dark shades in his experience, with a thousand apprehensions of yet gloomier scenes, are too faithfully drawn by our poet's pencil, on several occasions.

He closed his collegiate career by receiving the customary honors of Yale, and by the very respectable literary exercises which he performed on the day of commencement. The tragedy of Zamor, which was acted on that occasion, was written by Percival, and afterwards published with some emendations in the early volume of his "Poems." This play, though it can neither be ranked among his happier efforts

nor be remembered in the history of the drama, was no unpromising production for a youth of 19 or 20 years.

It was while our author was a member of college, that he composed a few of the poems that appear in his first published volume, the earliest date of which is 17 years. Like most distinguished men, his powers were early developed, though his prudence doubtless has suffered but a small part of the productions of that period to see the light. Indeed, so precocious were his poetic talents, that he is known to have composed a regular poem of many hundred lines in heroic measure, the summer before he entered college; and so far, in the ardor of literary ambition, did he anticipate the course he has since pursued, that he meditated its publication, at that time.

The year succeeding his graduation, seems to have been peculiarly prolific in the effusions of his muse, since nearly one half of the volume before mentioned is indicated to have been composed in that year. The time that intervened between his leaving college, and the year 1820, when he published his first collection of poetry, was spent in various literary studies, in poetic and other compositions, in the instruction of youth, and in preparations for professional life. As an instructor, he was engaged in one or two private families in Philadelphia, at different times. The profession which he finally adopted was that of medicine; but well qualified as he is for his profession, by a knowledge of the healing art, he has scarcely engaged in the practice of it, at any period since. His own inclination, as well as the voice of the public, has assigned to him a more exclusively literary vocation. His volume before adverted to, together with two numbers of his *Clio*, and another little volume in continuation of the first, all of which followed in two years, brought him conspicuously before his countrymen.

These works established his poetic character, and placed him in the foremost ranks of American genius. It is however due to the sacred interests of religious truth, to say that some passages of his writings, on account of their sceptical character, gave a just offence to the pious sensibility of many readers. This error, if we are not mistaken,

he has avoided in later productions, and it is hoped he has done so, from convictions of its impiety, as well as of its impolicy, and its detriment to his lasting fame.

It is not our design to detail all the particulars of Dr Percival's life, since propriety would forbid it, in the living subject. The delicacy and reserve, not to say the sacredness, that attaches to private life in the contemporaneous author, can allow the communication only of slight and general notices in such a case. More particular and minute sketches, as well as bolder criticisms belong to the professed biographer, when he gives to the public, the character and doings of those, who can no longer claim to be shielded from the censure, or whose modesty might incline them to shrink from the admiration of the community for whom they wrote, and whom they corrupted, improved, or delighted. Dr Percival's course, contrary to the fate of most authors, has been various in incident, and exhibited not a little of the moral romance. As has already been observed in a public account of him, "his career has been marked by traits of great eccentricity." At some future day, it is probable that a better understanding of the circumstances which attended his early life, will convince the public that many of the causes of this eccentricity are to be traced back beyond the reach of any voluntary control, on his part.

The year preceding the publication of his poems, owing, it is believed, to incessant studies, and consequent delicacy of health, he sunk into a despondency and morbid mental excitement, which affected him with the keenest sensations of misery. It seemed as if the operations of an ever accumulating understanding, were really too powerful for a frame, finely tempered indeed, but not remarkable for robustness or strength. In this situation, he sought the alleviations of friendship, and obtained them in a measure, at least. At a time when he mistakingly, but sincerely, supposed himself to be forsaken by almost every one, he was surprised to find, yet he gratefully received, the sympathies of friends and neighbors. Under these manifestations of regard, aided,

perhaps, by a change of place, he soon recovered his intellectual elasticity, and the tone of his spirits. Though his disposition seems to be melancholy, he has ever since, it is believed, been exempted from any peculiar sufferings of this sort—the antidote of which, doubtless lies in the more business-like habits, which, as a scholar, he cultivates, and which the literary taste of the age solicits at his hand. A case, parallel in part to his experience as a sufferer, is again presented in the sad and desponding “prophet of the British lyre.” Would that there had been similarity not in this, but in a happy and assured belief of the verities of the Christian Revelation.

Our poet’s strongest sceptical tendencies, seem to have been manifested about this period, a fact which his candor led him to intimate, in the preface to the first volume of his poems. It may be proper to observe here, that whatever want of assurance he may have then felt of the truth of religion, it did not have the effect of relaxing the obligations of morality in his view. In his intercourse with his fellow-men, he has carried undoubted testimonials of a scrupulously honest, sincere, and kind man, with a peculiar gentleness and child-like simplicity of manners and character. These and other virtues, directed, as we may hope they will be, by settled and experimental convictions of religious truth, would leave little to wish for, in the character of one who is already an ornament of his country’s genius and literature.

From the period of the publications already spoken of, which were brought down to the year 1822, the principal incidents of a public kind in his life, to the present time, were the printing of his select works in a neat edition in 1824, which were republished with a brief memoir the same year in London, in 2 vols. 12mo.; his appointment by the general government to a professorship at West Point in 1824; his relinquishment of that station, in consequence of ill-health; his employment as a surgeon in connexion with the recruiting service at Boston; his poetic contributions to the *United States Literary Gazette*; his editing several works for the press; a

few public performances before literary societies, besides his general studies; the writing of occasional fugitive pieces, and the publication of *Clio*, the last of his acknowledged poetical works, at New York in 1827. We may also add, that for the last two years he has been assisting Mr Webster in the preparation of his Dictionary for the press, a task for which his extensive and critical philological learning eminently qualified him. He has lately returned to his native village, where he now* resides. He is understood to be occupied in some prose work of magnitude, which will be given to the public at no distant period.

We believe Dr Percival has lately written little poetry, and, eminent as he is in this department of literature, standing certainly in the first rank of our native poets, still, we apprehend that he does not esteem poetry his *forte*, and that he will hereafter seek some other path of distinction. We incline to the opinion that should he do so, he will eclipse the reputation he has gained as a poet.

The character of Dr Percival has perhaps been sufficiently presented, though it may be added, that he is cold and diffident in his manners, yet steadfast in his feelings, frank and candid in the expression of his opinions, and particularly averse to display and noisy approbation, though keenly alive to the enjoyments to be derived from a delicate and considerate expression of public regard. His passion for study, and the reserve, and even timidity of manner, which characterizes him in mixed company, may naturally lead common observers to suppose that he has little aptitude for social intercourse, and little delight in it. But this opinion, if it be entertained by any, respecting the poet, is incorrect. He may never be known in mixed company, in all the intellectual superiority which distinguishes him, yet in the free communications of intimacy, few discover more ability, or are more entertaining; and none less dogmatic or mystical. His range of topics extends to every department in morals, science, politics, history, taste, and literature. On points as to which he differs from

others, he can be approached without the danger of offending even *his* strong sensibility. Arguments he seems to hear and weigh with much consideration; but his own opinions he maintains with great firmness: he is always ready and ingenious, and often convincing in his answers. He rarely ventures mere assertions, and few, perhaps, are more uniformly in the habit of maintaining their opinions by particular facts and strenuous and elaborate reasonings. One peculiarity may be observed in his manner of conversation, and that is, when he approaches a subject he enters deeply into it, views it on every side, and pursues it till it is exhausted, if it be exhaustible.

Dr Percival is a lover of rural walks, and rural retirement; especially have the external objects and scenery of his native parish thrilled his bosom with delight, as well from their variegated beauty, as from the associations of his childhood. In conversing of these rambles, however, the poet's remarks do not often turn on the beauties of nature, which are so apt to captivate a poetic mind. These beauties he has certainly felt exquisitely, but he reserves the expression of his feelings, for the chosen hours of solitude, and gives them to the public in verse. His conversation more commonly assumes a scientific cast, and turns frequently upon botany, mineralogy, geological appearances, and the phenomena of nature in general.

Of all our poets, it is not known that any surpass Dr Percival in learning. This perhaps appears in his poems. His scholarship is indeed of a high order, and for accuracy and extent, is probably exceeded by that of few professedly learned men, in this country. His information is universal, his mind is in itself a sort of encyclopedia. And notwithstanding he has found time to lay up in his memory so many treasures of learning, he is known to examine most subjects minutely, accurately, and fully; he observes and judges for himself—is perfectly independent in his opinions; possesses broad and comprehensive views, and is distinguished rather by generalization and method in his ideas, than by a splendid and con-

fused mass of other men's knowledge. His attainments in literature may be judged of from the fact, that he reads more or less familiarly in ten or twelve languages, ancient and modern. An employment of the poet occasionally, has been to translate extemporaneously in the hearing of a friend, portions of the standard works in French, Italian, Spanish, German, and other continental languages of modern Europe; an exercise, in which he is surprisingly expert. His distinction in the severer studies is still more remarkable. In the sciences, particularly the physical sciences, he is known to have made an early and great proficiency. What attention he has bestowed upon them, or what advance he has made in them, during the latter part of his career, is not known to the writer; yet it is presumed he retains his early fondness for their attractions, and cultivates them with his usual success.

The poetry of Dr Percival has been sometime before the public; its merits are consequently well known. On this account, we need not dwell upon it at much length. It is, in general, more imaginative than sentimental, and from the profusion and stringing together of similes, the effect as to entireness of impression, is often weakened. His language is well selected and picturesque, bold and idiomatic; his verse is harmonious, and contains many of those sweet and hallowed forms of expression, which render poetry the repository of the most striking truths, as well as the vehicle of the finest emotions. His numbers seem to flow in the highest degree easily and naturally—and to be thrown off in moments of sparkling and salient feeling, with the greatest rapidity.* Hence it is, that careless lines sometimes occur, and a passage becomes obscure, rendered more so indeed, by the intenseness or depth of emotion, which is designed to be depicted. In Dr Percival's poetry, there is nothing like that neatness, that fastidiousness of language which is dictated by a taste, that takes and rejects a word by turns, and is long undecided what it shall finally fix upon, though the selected word often proves to

*The "Wreck" a poem of about 40 pages, was written in three or four days.

be the right one. His poetry, to use his own language in the preface of one of his books, is very far from bearing "the marks of the file and burnisher." It is, as he further says he likes to see poetry, "in the full ebullition of feeling and fancy, foaming up with the spirit of life, and glowing with the rainbows of a glad inspiration." This characteristic of poetry, it may be observed, however, is attended with its disadvantages, as well as its felicities. The neglect of "the file and burnisher," cannot be excused on the plea which the poet has set forth: for poetry ought, if possible, to be a perfect thing in letter and expression, as well as in spirit, for the sake of the memory, and the feelings also.

A considerable proportion of Dr Percival's poetry deals in the description of the visible world and the beauties of nature, or in the impressions which these objects make on his own mind: but this is done in no commonplace manner. His delineations are in general, very happy and original, and his colors are fresh and glowing. We meet occasionally in our author with bursts of strong and genuine passion; and sometimes the softer and gentler tones of sentiment breathe in his numbers; there is also often an attempt to affect the heart by the splendor of diction merely. We could point out many overwrought representations of human feelings and conduct—delineations much beyond life and nature, and bordering on the fictitious and extravagant. We believe nevertheless that these aberrations of taste are mostly to be attributed to the ardor of youth.

With a few readers, it is doubtless an excellence of some of Dr Percival's poetry, that it details and embodies so fully his own feelings and character: and yet these are so peculiar, and partake so largely of idiosyncrasy, that with a greater number of readers, this feature of his poetry will not be deemed an excellence. Many minds probably cannot entirely sympathise with him, in this portion of his productions. We refer to those numerous pieces, the sentiments of which are those of solitude and soliloquy—of lofty musing, and impassioned sensibility. So far, our author's compositions

are designed for a particular class, and for a chosen few, and not for that great world which requires the multiplication of books for its entertainment or instruction. But the whole of his effusions are not embraced in these remarks, since there are among them, those, which, touching the more common, yet refined, feelings of the human heart, have made their way through the bosoms of his countrymen, and are destined to descend to posterity.

The volume of Dr Percival's selected poetry consists of some 80 or 100 poems of various lengths and descriptions, from the philosophical and discursive Prometheus, to the lightest sonnets and erotics. Besides these he has since published many poems in the United States Literary Gazette, and other periodicals, which have been duly noticed in the public prints, and are highly esteemed by his countrymen; and also a poem of some length delivered by him before the Phi Beta Kappa society of Yale College at New Haven. This last has been elaborately reviewed in the North American Review. We cannot better close this notice than by subjoining some very just remarks extracted from that article. It exhibits freely and forcibly the faults of the poet, but none can better bear such an exhibition than a man of true genius.

“ We think that there is an excessive diffuseness in the style of Mr Percival. It is not sufficiently compact. It wants pith and joint; it lacks the energy, which conciseness imparts. Everything is drawn out as far as possible, always flowing and sweet, and therefore sometimes languid and monotonous. His poetry is too much diluted. It consists too much in words, which are music to the ear, but too often send a feeble echo of the sense to the mind. There is also a superabundance of images in proportion to the thoughts; they skip about the magical scene in such numbers, that they stand in the way of one another and of the main design. He is too careless in selection; whatever occurs to him he puts down and lets it remain. He is not master of

‘ That last, the greatest art,—the art to blot.’

Writing, as he evidently does, from the fulness of an excited mind, upon the impulse of the moment; his thoughts crowd one another, and cannot always fall at once into their places and in the happiest expression. There will be confusion sometimes in their ranks, and want of due proportion. This can only be remedied by the free use of the pruning knife—cutting down sentences, changing epithets, rejecting superfluities, expelling parentheses, and various other mechanical operations, to which a less gifted but more patient author would resort. By the neglect of this, he does the greatest injustice to his own powers. Everything wears an extemporaneous and unfinished appearance. Strength and weakness are most strangely combined, and passages of surpassing elegance and magnificence crowded in amongst slovenly and incomplete. Hence it is rare to meet with a paragraph of any length equally sustained throughout. Flaws show themselves in the most brilliant, and the reader is compelled to stop with a criticism in the midst of his admiration. Instead of giving us, like other poets, the finished work, he gives us the first rough draft; as if Phidias should have ceased laboring on his statues as soon as the marble assumed a human semblance. It is the last touches, which create perfection. It is in them that immortality lies. It is they that remove the last corruptible particles, and leave the mass indestructible. Without them, Virgil, Pope, and Milton, would have gone down to forgetfulness, and Demosthenes and Bossuet have been remembered only by tradition. But Dr Percival, through impatience of labor or some false notions, declines the necessary toil, and takes his chance of immortality in company with imperfection.

For this reason, his powers are displayed to greater advantage in particular passages and short pieces, than in any extended composition. At a single heat he may strike out a fine conception, and give it the happiest shape. But when his thoughts and pen run on through successive parts of a subject, he easily loses himself in a wilderness of words, beauti-

ful and musical, but conveying indistinct impressions, or rather conveying impressions instead of ideas; reminding us of poetry read while we are falling asleep, sweet and soothing, but presenting very shadowy images. Yet no man has more felicity in expression, or more thoroughly delights and fascinates in his peculiar passages. He has a superior delicacy and richness of imagery, together with an extraordinary affluence of language, of which he can well afford to be, as he is, lavish. It is probably a consciousness of this opulence, which betrays him so often into *verbiage*. He throws away images and words with a profusion which astonishes more economical men, and which would impoverish almost any one else. He may possibly afford it, yet a discreet frugality of expenditure would be far more wise; as a simple, chastened elegance is far preferable to a wasteful display, which exhibits its whole wardrobe and furniture without selection or arrangement.

NIGHT WATCHING.

SHE sat beside her lover, and her hand
 Rested upon his clay-cold forehead. Death
 Was calmly stealing o'er him, and his life
 Went out by silent flickerings, when his eye
 Woke up from its dim lethargy, and cast
 Bright looks of fondness on her. He was weak,
 Too weak to utter all his heart. His eye
 Was now his only language, and it spake
 How much he felt her kindness, and the love
 That sat, when all had fled, beside him. Night
 Was far upon its watches, and the voice
 Of nature had no sound. The pure blue sky
 Was fair and lovely, and the many stars
 Look'd down in tranquil beauty on an earth
 That smiled in sweetest summer. She look'd out
 Through the raised window, and the sheeted bay
 Lay in a quiet sleep below, and shone
 With the pale beam of midnight—air was still,
 And the white sail, that o'er the distant stream
 Moved with so slow a pace, it seem'd at rest,

Fix'd in the glassy water, and with care
Shunn'd the dark den of pestilence, and stole
Fearfully from the tainted gale that breathed
Softly along the crisping wave—that sail
Hung loosely on its yard, and as it flapp'd,
Caught moving undulations from the light,
That silently came down, and gave the hills,
And spires, and walls, and roofs, a tint so pale,
Death seem'd on all the landscape—but so still,
Who would have thought that anything but peace
And beauty had a dwelling there! The world
Had gone, and life was not within those walls,
Only a few, who linger'd faintly on,
Waiting the moment of departure; or
Sat tending at their pillows, with a love
So strong it master'd fear—and they were few,
And she was one—and in a lonely house,
Far from all sight and sound of living thing,
She watched the couch of him she loved, and drew
Contagion from the lips that were to her
Still beautiful as roses, though so pale
They seem'd like a thin snow-curl. All was still,
And even so deeply hush'd, the low, faint breath
That trembling gasp'd away, came through the night
As a loud sound of awe. She pass'd her hand
Over those quivering lips, that ever grew
Paler and colder, as the only sign
To tell her life still linger'd—it went out!
And her heart sank within her, when the last
Weak sigh of life was over, and the room
Seem'd like a vaulted sepulchre, so lone
She dared not look around: and the light wind,
That play'd among the leaves and flowers that grew
Still freshly at her window, and waved back
The curtain with a rustling sound, to her,
In her intense abstraction, seem'd the voice
Of a departed spirit. Then she heard,
At least in fancy heard, a whisper breathe
Close at her ear, and tell her all was done,
And her fond loves were ended. She had watch'd
Until her love grew manly, and she check'd
The tears that came to flow, and nerved her heart
To the last solemn duty. With a hand
That trembled not, she closed the fallen lid,
And press'd the lips, and gave them one long kiss—

Then decently spread over all a shroud ;
 And sitting with a look of lingering love
 Intense in tearless passion, rose at length,
 And pressing both her hands upon her brow,
 Gave loose to all her gushing grief in showers,
 Which, as a fountain seal'd till it had swell'd
 To its last fulness, now gave way and flow'd
 In a deep stream of sorrow. She grew calm,
 And parting back the curtains, look'd abroad
 Upon the moonlight loveliness, all sunk
 In one unbroken silence, save the moan
 From the lone room of death, or the dull sound
 Of the slow-moving hearse. The homes of men
 Were now all desolate, and darkness there,
 And solitude and silence took their seat
 In the deserted streets, as if the wing
 Of a destroying angel had gone by,
 And blasted all existence, and had changed
 The gay, the busy, and the crowded mart
 To one cold, speechless city of the dead.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,
 But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.
 He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
 The while he holds his riot in that town.
 Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep ;
 And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
 To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
 O! how I love a mother's watch to keep,
 Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers
 My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.
 I had a husband once, who loved me—now
 He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
 And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
 As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip ;
 But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
 When I could hang for ever on his eye,
 And time who stole with silent swiftness by,
 Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
 I loved him then—he loved me too—My heart
 Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile ;

The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ;
 And though he often sting me with a dart,
 Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile,
 Caresses which his babe and mine should share ;
 Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
 His madness—and should sickness come, and lay
 Its paralyzing hand upon him, then
 I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,
 Until the penitent should weep, and say,
 How injured, and how faithful I had been.

THE CORAL GROVE.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
 Where the purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
 Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
 That never are wet with falling dew,
 But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
 Far down in the green and glassy brine.
 The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
 And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow ;
 From coral rocks the sea plants lift
 Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
 The water is calm and still below,
 For the winds and waves are absent there,
 And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
 In the motionless fields of upper air :
 There with its waving blade of green,
 The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
 And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
 To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter :
 There with a light and easy motion,
 The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea :
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
 Has made the top of the waves his own :
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
 And demons are waiting the wreck on shore ;

Then far below in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet, and gold-fish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

TO SENECA LAKE.

ON thy fair bosom, silver lake!
 The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
 And round his breast the ripples break,
 As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
 The dipping paddle echoes far,
 And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
 And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
 As blows the north wind, heave their foam;
 And curl around the dashing oar,
 As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
 Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
 And see the mist of mantling blue
 Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
 A sheet of silver spreads below,
 And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
 Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
 O! I could ever sweep the oar,
 When early birds at morning wake,
 And evening tells us toil is o'er.

CONSUMPTION.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
 When the light of beauty is fading away,

When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
 And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone,
 And darted around its glance of power,
 And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
 That ever in Pæstum's garden blew,
 Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
 When all that was bright and fair, has fled,
 But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
 Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose ;
 For a nameless charm around her plays,
 And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
 And a veil of spotless purity
 Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
 Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
 Has pour'd her softest tint of light ;
 And there is a blending of white and blue,
 Where the purple blood is melting through
 The snow of her pale and tender cheek ;
 And there are tones, that sweetly speak
 Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
 And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
 When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
 Its silent steps through a flowery path,
 And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
 Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
 When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
 In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
 The maiden may trip in the dance along,
 And think of the passing moment, that lies
 Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
 And yield to the present, that charms around
 With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
 Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
 With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
 And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
 And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
 With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
 For short is the stay of grief in her breast :
 In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
 The spirit may burn with a brighter power ;
 But dearer the calm and quiet day,
 When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
 And life wears out with no repining,

And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose,
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow ;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red and as transient too,
As the clouds, in autumn sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set:
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss ;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to his mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

THE SERENADE.

SOFTLY the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night—
Wake! O awake!
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar,

List ye ! O list !
To the lively guitar.

Trees cast a mellow shade
Over the vale,
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gaily and cheerily—
Wake ! O awake !

See the light pinnace
Draws nigh to the shore,
Swiftly it glides
At the heave of the oar,
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant car,
Nearer and nearer
The lively guitar.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested
Like diamonds shine,
They flash, where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon,
As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat
Like a wild swan is seen
On the waters to float ;
And the light dipping oars
Bear it smoothly along
In time to the air
Of the Gondolier's song.

And high on the stern
Stands the young and the brave,
As love-led he crosses
The star-spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove

The tones of the night,
That are sacred to love.

His gold-hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung,
And high waves the feather,
That dances and plays
On his cap where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

The maid from the lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle,
The bright billow break,
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

She opens the lattice,
And sits in the glow
Of the moonlight and starlight,
A statue of snow ;
And she sings in a voice,
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

His love-speaking pantomime
Tells her his soul—
How wild in that sunny clime
Hearts and eyes roll.
She waves with her white hand
Her white fazzolett,
And her burning thoughts flash
From her eyes' living jet.

The moonlight is hid
In a vapor of snow ;
Her voice and his rebeck
Alternately flow ;
Re-echoed they swell
From the rock on the hill ;
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.

HERE rest the great and good—here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre—green sods
Are all their monument, and yet it tells
A nobler history, than pillar'd piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them, and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute,
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting, than the fanes
Rear'd to the kings and demigods of old.

Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Call'd them unto the field of generous fame,
But the pure consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonish'd gaze of awe-struck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
Where first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshipping nothing but our own pure hearts,
And the one universal Lord. They need
No column pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
And there alone reposes. Let these elms
Bend their protecting shadow o'er their graves,
And build with their green roof the only fane,

Where we may gather on the hallow'd day,
 That rose to them in blood, and set in glory.
 Here let us meet, and while our motionless lips
 Give not a sound, and all around is mute
 In the deep sabbath of a heart too full
 For words or tears—here let us strew the sod
 With the first flowers of spring, and make to them
 An offering of the plenty, Nature gives,
 And they have render'd ours—perpetually.

SPRING.

AGAIN the infant flowers of Spring
 Call thee to sport on thy rainbow wing—
 Spirit of Beauty! the air is bright
 With the boundless flow of thy mellow light;
 The woods are ready to bud and bloom,
 And are weaving for Summer their quiet gloom;
 The turfed brook reflects, as it flows,
 The tips of the half-unopen'd rose,
 And the early bird, as he carols free,
 Sings to his little love, and thee.

See how the clouds, as they fleetly pass,
 Throw their shadowy veil on the darkening grass;
 And the pattering showers and stealing dews,
 With their starry gems and skyey hues,
 From the oozy meadow, that drinks the tide,
 To the shelter'd vale on the mountain side,
 Wake to a new and fresher birth
 The tenderest tribes of teeming earth,
 And scatter with light and dallying play
 Their earliest flowers on the zephyr's way.

He comes from the mountain's piny steep,
 For the long boughs bend with a silent sweep,
 And his rapid steps have hurried o'er
 The grassy hills to the pebbly shore;
 And now, on the breast of the lonely lake,
 The waves in silvery glances break,
 Like a short and quickly rolling sea,
 When the gale first feels its liberty,
 And the flakes of foam, like coursers, run,
 Rejoicing beneath the vertical sun.

He has cross'd the lake, and the forest heaves,
 To the sway of his wings, its billowy leaves,
 And the downy tufts of the meadow fly
 In snowy clouds, as he passes by,
 And softly beneath his noiseless tread
 The odorous spring-grass bends its head ;
 And now he reaches the woven bower,
 Where he meets his own beloved flower,
 And gladly his wearied limbs repose,
 In the shade of the newly-opening rose.

THE DESOLATE CITY.

I HAD a vision.—

A city lay before me, desolate,
 And yet not all decay'd. A summer sun
 Shone on it from a most ethereal sky,
 And the soft winds threw o'er it such a balm,
 One would have thought it was a sepulchre,
 And this the incense offer'd to the manes
 Of the departed.

In the light it lay
 Peacefully, as if all its thousands took
 Their afternoon's repose, and soon would wake
 To the loud joy of evening. There it lay,
 A city of magnificent palaces,
 And churches, towering more like things of heaven,
 The glorious fabrics, fancy builds in clouds,
 And shapes on loftiest mountains—bright their domes
 Threw back the living ray, and proudly stood
 Many a statue, looking like the forms
 Of spirits hovering in mid air. Tall trees,
 Cypress and plane, waved over many a hill
 Cumber'd with ancient ruins—broken arches,
 And tottering columns—vaults, where never came
 The blessed beam of day, but only lamps
 Shedding a funeral light, were kindled there,
 And gave to the bright frescoes on the walls,
 And the pale statues in their far recesses,
 A dim religious awe. Rudely they lay,
 Scarce marking out to the inquisitive eye
 Their earliest outline. But as desolate
 Slumber'd the newer city, though its walls
 Were yet unbroken, and its towering domes

Had never stoop'd to ruin. All was still ;
 Hardly the faintest sound of living thing
 Moved through the mighty solitude —and yet
 All wore the face of beauty. Not a cloud
 Hung in the lofty sky, that seem'd to rise
 In twofold majesty, so bright and pure,
 It seem'd indeed a crystalline sphere—and there
 The sun rode onward in his conquering march
 Serenely glorious. From the mountain heights
 Tinged with the blue of heaven, to the wide sea
 Glass'd with as pure a blue, one desolate plain
 Spread out, and over it the fairest sky
 Bent round and bless'd it. Life was teeming there
 In all its lower forms, a wilderness
 Of rank luxuriance ; flowers, and purpling vines
 Matted with deepest foliage, hid the ruins,
 And gave the semblance of a tangled wood
 To piles, that once were loudly eloquent
 With the glad cry of thousands. There were gardens
 Round stateliest villas, full of graceful statues,
 And temples rear'd to woodland deities ;
 And they were overcrowded with the excess
 Of beauty. All that most is coveted
 Beneath a colder sky, grew wantonly
 And richly there. Myrtles and citrons fill'd
 The air with fragrance. From the tufted elm,
 Bent with its own too massy foliage, hung
 Clusters of sunny grapes in frosted purple,
 Drinking in spirit from the glowing air,
 And dropping generous dews. The very wind
 Seem'd there a lover, and his easy wings
 Fann'd the gay bowers, as if in fond delay
 He bent o'er loveliest things, too beautiful
 Ever to know decay. The silent air
 Floating as softly as a cloud of roses,
 Dropp'd from Idalia in a dewy shower,—
 The air itself seem'd like the breath of heaven
 Filling the groves of Eden. Yet these walls
 Are desolate—not a trace of living man
 Is found amid these glorious works of man,
 And nature's fairer glories. Why should he
 Be absent from the festival of life,
 The holiday of nature ? Why not come
 To add to the sweet sounds of winds and waters—
 Of winds uttering Æolian melodies
 To the bright, listening flowers, and waters falling

Most musical from marble fountains wreathed
 With clustering ivy, like a poet's brow—
 Why comes he not to add his higher strains,
 And be the interpreter of lower things,
 In intellectual worship, at the throne
 Of the Beneficent Power, that gave to them
 Their pride and beauty?—"In these palaces,
 These awful temples, these religious caves,
 These hoary ruins, and these twilight groves
 Teeming with life and love,—a secret plague
 Dwells, and the unwary foot, that ventures here,
 Returns not.—Fly! To linger here is death."

WILLIAM E. GALLAUDET

WAS a native of Hartford, Connecticut. He was graduated at Yale College in 1815, and commenced the study of medicine in New York, but abandoned it for some mercantile views. These were however, terminated by his death at the age of 26, in 1821. He was a young man of uncommon promise. Poetry he wrote, but not much. We know of nothing that has been published, except the annexed piece which was included in Roscoe's Specimens of the American Poets.

LINES TO THE WESTERN MUMMY.

O STRANGER, whose repose profound
 These latter ages dare to break,
 And call thee from beneath the ground
 Ere nature did thy slumber shake!

What wonders of the secret earth
 Thy lip, too silent, might reveal!
 Of tribes round whose mysterious birth
 A thousand envious ages wheel!

'Thy race by savage war o'errun,
 Sunk down, their very name forgot ;
 But ere those fearful times begun,
 Perhaps, in this sequester'd spot,

By friendship's hand thine eyelids closed,
 By friendship's hand the turf was laid—
 And friendship here perhaps reposed,
 With moonlight vigils in the shade.

The stars have run their nightly round,
 The sun look'd out and pass'd his way,
 And many a season o'er the ground
 Has trod where thou so softly lay.

And wilt thou not one moment raise
 Thy weary head, awhile to see
 The later sports of earthly days,
 How like what once enchanted thee ?

Thy name, thy date, thy life declare—
 Perhaps a queen whose feathery band
 A thousand maids have sigh'd to wear,
 The brightest in thy beauteous band.

Perhaps a Helen, from whose eye
 Love kindled up the flame of war—
 Ah me! do thus thy graces lie
 A faded phantom and no more !

O ! not like thee would I remain,
 But o'er the earth my ashes strew,
 And in some rising bud regain
 The freshness that my childhood knew.

But has thy soul, O maid ! so long
 Around this mournful relict dwelt ?
 Or burst away with pinion strong,
 And at the foot of mercy knelt ?

Or has it in some distant clime
 With curious eye unsated stray'd,
 And down the winding stream of time
 On every changeful current play'd ?

Or lock'd in everlasting sleep
 Must we thy heart extinct deplore?
 Thy fancy lost in darkness, weep,
 And sigh for her who feels no more?

Or exiled to some humbler sphere,
 In yonder wood-dove dost thou dwell,
 And murmuring in the stranger's ear,
 Thy tender melancholy tell?

Whoe'er thou be, thy sad remains
 Shall from the muse a tear demand,
 Who, wandering on these distant plains,
 Looks fondly to a distant land.

EDWARD EVERETT.

MR EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Mass. His father was pastor to the New South Church in Boston. He studied at Harvard University, and was ordained as a minister over the Brattle Street Church in Boston, at the early age of eighteen. Upon the foundation of the professorship of Greek literature at Cambridge, he was called upon to fill the office, in consequence of which, he relinquished his pastoral duties in Boston. After making a visit to Europe, he entered upon his business as professor, and continued in that station till 1825. Since that time he has been a representative in Congress.

Mr Everett's reputation, both as a statesman and a scholar, is too widely extended to need any comments from us. Among the great variety of his labors, he has found moments to devote to the muse. The following piece, and a Phi Beta Kappa poem, written in his youth, are, we believe, all that have appeared in public.

DIRGE OF ALARIC, THE VISIGOTH,

Who stormed and spoiled the city of Rome, and was afterwards buried in the channel of the river Busentius, the water of which had been diverted from its course that the body might be interred.

WHEN I am dead, no pageant train
 Shall waste their sorrows at my bier,
 Nor worthless pomp of homage vain,
 Stain it with hypocritic tear ;
 For I will die as I did live,
 Nor take the boon I cannot give.

Ye shall not raise a marble bust
 Upon the spot where I repose ;
 Ye shall not fawn before my dust,
 In hollow circumstance of woes :
 Nor sculptured clay, with lying breath,
 Insult the clay that moulds beneath.

Ye shall not pile, with servile toil,
 Your monuments upon my breast,
 Nor yet within the common soil
 Lay down the wreck of Power to rest ;
 Where man can boast that he has trod
 On him, that was "the scourge of God."

But ye the mountain stream shall turn,
 And lay its secret channel bare,
 And hollow, for your sovereign's urn,
 A resting-place for ever there :
 Then bid its everlasting springs
 Flow back upon the King of Kings ;
 And never be the secret said,
 Until the deep give up his dead.

My gold and silver ye shall fling
 Back to the clods, that gave them birth ;—
 The captured crowns of many a king,
 The ransom of a conquered earth :
 For e'en though dead will I control
 The trophies of the capitol.

But when beneath the mountain tide,
 Ye 've laid your monarch down to rot,
 Ye shall not rear upon its side
 Pillar or mound to mark the spot ;

For long enough the world has shook
 Beneath the terrors of my look ;
 And now that I have run my race,
 The astonish'd realms shall rest a space.

My course was like a river deep,
 And from the northern hills I burst,
 Across the world in wrath to sweep,
 And where I went, the spot was cursed,
 Nor blade of grass again was seen
 Where Alaric and his hosts had been.

See how their haughty barriers fail
 Beneath the terror of the Goth,
 Their iron-breasted legions quail
 Before my ruthless sabaoth,
 And low the queen of empires kneels,
 And grovels at my chariot-wheels.

Not for myself did I ascend
 In judgment my triumphal car ;
 'T was God alone on high did send
 The avenging Scythian to the war,
 To shake abroad, with iron hand,
 The appointed scourge of his command.

With iron hand that scourge I rear'd
 O'er guilty king and guilty realm ;
 Destruction was the ship I steer'd,
 And vengeance sat upon the helm,
 When, launch'd in fury on the flood,
 I plough'd my ways through seas of blood,
 And in the stream their hearts had spilt
 Wash'd out the long arrears of guilt.

Across the everlasting Alp
 I pour'd the torrent of my powers,
 And feeble Cæsars shriek'd for help
 In vain within their seven-hill'd towers ;
 I quench'd in blood the brightest gem
 That glitter'd in their diadem,
 And struck a darker, deeper die
 In the purple of their majesty,
 And bade my northern banners shine
 Upon the conquer'd Palatine.

My course is run, my errand done :
 I go to Him from whence I came,
 But never yet shall set the sun
 Of glory that adorns my name ;
 And Roman hearts shall long be sick,
 When men shall think of Alaric.

My course is run, my errand done—
 But darker ministers of fate,
 Impatient, round the eternal throne,
 And in the caves of vengeance, wait ;
 And soon mankind shall blench away
 Before the name of Attila.

JOHN EVERETT,

BROTHER of the preceding, was born at Dorchester in 1801, and was graduated at Cambridge in 1818. He was a tutor in Transylvania university, and afterwards went to Europe in the suite of our minister to the Netherlands. Upon his return he studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He died in Boston, February 12th, 1826, at the age of 25.

SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

BEAUTIFUL, pure and simple, there thou stand'st,
 Fit temple for the pure and only God,
 Smiling in cold severity. The heart
 That views thee, fills with the bright memory
 Of other days ; the sunny lands of song,
 In their sad, lovely silence of decay,
 Rise up to the remembrance in thy sight.
 The thoughts of other days, when Plato stood
 At Sunium : when the imperial one, herself,
 Athena, visited the Parthenon :
 Or of the later age, when the proud Roman,
 Within the vast Pantheon's walls, beheld

One stream of purest lustre from above,
 Lighting the idol-habited Rotund.
 Not unacceptable was their ignorant worship
 To him they served in darkness, but to thee
 A nobler precept than Colonna heard,
 A purer light than the Pantheon saw
 Is given. Thy cherub songs, and wreathed flowers,
 Incense and sacrifice and gifts devote,
 Are prayer and penitence, the tearful eye,
 The innocent life, the broken, contrite heart.
 Simple in elegance, no mounting spire,
 Tower, minaret, nor gaily burnish'd dome
 Mars thy severe proportions. No device
 Of polish'd moulding, sculptured tracery,
 Not e'en the soft acanthine folds are there,
 Like the divine magnificence of virtue,
 Whose ornament would not obscure its worth.
 Now, while yon moonbeam gently steals along
 The columns of that simple peristyle,
 Silvering the massive shaft and plain volute
 Of yon extremest pillar, let me gaze
 With calm delight insatiate. There is given
 A moral feeling to a beautiful scene
 Of glorious art with nature join'd, like this,—
 And memory crown'd with moonlight roses, lives
 To hover o'er the storied names of old ;
 Heroes and sages deathless—the pure heart
 Of him* whose lip with sweetest nectar dew'd,
 Breathed the great lesson of his godlike teacher†—
 Martyr of freedom—him‡ of Syracuse—
 The glorious fratricide§, the immortal Theban||,
 And their bright heritors of guiltless suffering,
 Intrepid Algernon, and youthful Russell,—
 Till the remembrance softens. Not in vain,
 Oh! not in vain did the Athenians
 Ally the arts to freedom, and invite
 Blushing Pictura and her marble sister
 Up the stern heights of the Acropolis.
 So be it with our country. May she stand
 Like thee, modell'd on wisdom of the past,
 Yet with the lovely gracefulness of youth.

*Plato. †Socrates. ‡Dion. §Timoleon. ||Epaminondas.

SONG.

COME not to me, my dearest love,
 When hope is gay and wo is fled;
 Sad is my bower and high above,
 Deep trees their shroudlike branches spread.
 But when that wo tenfold returns,
 When in the dust those hopes shall be,
 When with deep pain thy bosom burns,
 Then thou, my love, must come to me.

For thee, my desert bower I'll dress,
 For thee will light my tearful eyes;
 For thee will braid each raven tress
 That now in wild disorder flies.
 And grief, who sits within my cell
 A constant visitor to me,
 Shall greet thee, for she knows full well
 How sadly sweet I'll sing to thee.

SONG.

SING to me as in old "lang syne,"
 Thy sweet neglected songs.
 To other hearts, oh! not to mine,
 Thy newer, lighter strain belongs,
 My desert memory it wrongs.

The strains thou lightly hurried'st o'er
 To charm the gallant and the gay,
 The brighter smile thy features wore,
 When ceased thy sportive roundelay,
 How changed from that more lovely day!

Then to the known, the loved, the few,
 Awoke each dear, familiar tone,
 Which every heart instinctive knew
 And thrilling answer'd with its own,
 Till not a note was felt alone.

Gone are the few—the known estranged;
 Perchance 'tis right thy melody

Like them and these and all be changed,
 And none preserve those songs but me
 To think on what has been, what ne'er shall be.

SONG.

TOM MOORE, again we're met—
 By the sparkles of thine eye,
 By thy lip with bright wine wet,
 Thou art glad as well as I.
 And thine eye shall gleam the brighter
 Ere our meeting shall be o'er
 And thy minstrelsy flow lighter
 With our healths to thee, Tom Moore.

For thy boyish songs of woman
 Thrown about like unstrung pearls,
 Ere thy armed spirit's summon
 Bade thee leave thy bright-hair'd girls;
 For thy satire's quenchless arrows
 On the foes thy country bore,
 For thy song of Erin's sorrows,
 Here's health to thee, Tom Moore.

Drink to Moore, drink to Moore—
 What though England renounce him,
 Her dark days shall soon be o'er,
 And her brightest band surrounds him.
 In the land, then, of the vine,
 To thee, its glittering drops we pour,
 And in warmest, reddest wine,
 Drink a health to thee, Tom Moore.

TO FANNI IN A BALL DRESS.

THOU hast braided thy dark flowing hair,
 And wreathed it with rosebuds and pearls;
 But dearer, neglected thy sweet tresses are,
 Soft falling in natural curls.

Thou delightest the cold world's gaze,
 When crown'd with the flower and the gem,

But thy lover's smile should be dearer praise
 Than the incense thou prizest from them.

The bloom on thy young cheek is bright
 With triumph enjoy'd too well,
 Yet less dear than when soft as the moonbeam's light,
 Or the tinge in a hyacinth bell.

And gay is the playful tone,
 As to flattery's voice thou respondest :
 But what is the praise of the cold and unknown,
 To the tender blame of the fondest ?

THOMAS O. FOLSOM

WAS born at Hallowell, Maine, in 1802. He received his education at the Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire, studied medicine in Boston, and entered into practice there, but his career was soon closed by a consumption. He died at Exeter, September 11th, 1827, at the age of 25.

He was for a year or two before his death, the editor of *The Boston Spectator*. In this, and other periodicals, he wrote a few poetical articles.

CLOUDS.

BEAUTIFUL clouds in the quiet sky,
 Whence come ye, floating so proudly by ?
 " We come from the land where the forest's gloom
 Frowns darkly around the old warrior's tomb,
 Where the ramparts he rear'd still their strength retain,
 Though ye seek their defender's name in vain.

" We have cross'd the streams of the boundless west,
 We have cluster'd in wreaths round the mountain's crest,
 We have swept the prairie's lonely green,
 O'er buffalo herds we have hung a screen,
 We have shadow'd the path that the hunters take,
 And obscured the gleam of the sunny lake."

Clouds that are skirted with golden light,
 What have ye seen in your airy flight?
 " We have seen stern gloom on the Indian's brow,
 And the grief that stung him, but could not bow,
 As he left the shore where his fathers rest,
 To seek a new home in the far-off west.

" We have seen the desert from wildness freed,
 And the hardy husbandman scattering seed,
 Villages rising by every stream,
 And the white sail glancing in morning's beam;
 Yet we saw that woes every scene deprave,
 For we look'd on many a fresh-dug grave."

Say, what is the end of your pilgrimage?
 " We have seen the mountain oak scathed by age,
 On the shiver'd crag there is writ—decay—
 Shall we be more happy and strong than they?
 Man's labors and glories doth time obscure—
 And shall we, things of vapor and shade, endure?"

" Beauteous and dense as we seem to you,
 We are vanishing fast from your wondering view,
 For the sweeping gust and the sunny ray
 Are hurrying and melting our fleeces away;
 When the morning comes in its glowing sheen,
 Not a mist will tell we have ever been."

Beautiful clouds, it is ever thus,
 Stern time is consuming our works and us;
 And ye—though storms in your robe are roll'd,
 Though the thunder sleep in your dusky fold,
 Though ye boast a heavenly home and birth
 Ye must fade away like things of earth.

WAR SONG.

Is it the welcome roar
 Of thundering signal gun?—
 Hark! for the sound bursts through once more,
 Rending night's robe of dun.
 It is the welcome sound,
 The joyous call to war,
 For the near bugle screams around
 The cry to arms—hurrah!

From beauty's straining arms
 And banquet pleasures spring,
 Bring out the trusty sword and steed,
 Our proud old banner bring ;
 The drum is rolling loud,
 Clatters the ponderous car,
 And mustering warriors onward crowd
 And blithely shout—hurrah !

The early dawn shall glance
 On the long gleaming line,
 Proudly the buoyant plume will dance,
 And burnish'd bayonet shine ;
 The soldier's heart will leap
 As trumpets ring afar,—
 They summon him away to reap
 His wreaths of fame—hurrah !

Lo! yonder comes the foe—
 Rush on with gun and glaive,
 For freedom 't is ye strike below
 The banner of the brave ;
 On—on, until they fly,
 Their fiercest daring mar—
 'T is well! fling down the brand and cry
 The victor shout—hurrah !

JONATHAN M. SCOTT,

A NATIVE of Connecticut, wrote "Blue Lights, or the Convention," published in 1817.

LAND of the East, whose fertile vales unfold
 The fairest product of the fruitful year ;
 Whose towering hills upon their summits hold
 A hardy race, to wildest freedom dear,

Unaw'd by danger, unrestrain'd by fear ;
 How are thy prospects changed ! the plough no more,
 Worn bright by labor, checks the panting steer
 Through reeking furrow toiling, as of yore,
 Nor clamorous seamen ply along the busy shore.

Around some tavern door thy children stand,
 Where swings the grating sign on windy day,
 Cheerless and sad, a melancholy band,
 Till draughts of whiskey wile their cares away ;
 Then loud of tongue, impetuous for affray,
 All raise at once of wisdom full the voice,
 And beardless valor, and experience gray,
 In hideous uproar wild increase the noise,
 While oft replenish'd cups exalt the noontide joys.

Oh, stream Lethean ! reeking from the still,
 How sweet thy stimulus at early dawn !
 When wakes the thirsty wretch, the welcome rill
 Dispels of recollection thoughts forlorn ;
 For oft the aching head at rising morn,
 A sad memento of the evening past,
 From long protracted slumber slowly drawn,
 Toward the accustom'd cup a look will cast,
 And sigh, perhaps in vain, to think that cup the last.

War's crimson banner broad unfurl'd,
 Waves horrid o'er the western world ;
 Full swells the note of rolling drum,
 Like distant thunder, hoarse and grum.
 And sharp and shrill the piercing fife
 Wakes the stern soul to deeds of strife.
 The peaceful scythe its form forsakes,
 The bending cutlass' curve it takes ;
 Wrenched from its shape by glowing heat,
 And on the groaning anvil beat ;
 The shining pitchfork strait is set,
 Transform'd to pointed bayonet,
 Disdainful of its former trade
 And proudly glitters on parade.

Each wayward youngster from the field
 In fancy grasps the victor shield,
 With beating heart he seeks the plain,
 Intent on glory and on gain ;
 Before his eyes, in beam divine,
 The rising hopes of plunder shine ;

For plunder, trade aside is cast—
 The cobbler leaves his mouldy last ;
 The homespun frock and beaver gray,
 Are changed to regimentals gay ;
 The tailor's work is left undone,
 While 'prentice lads to combat run ;
 And o'er each lately smiling brow
 Frowns pale and lurid anger now.

Is there a heart so wild and rude,
 But sickens at commencing feud ?
 Then let that rugged heart sojourn
 Beyond Caffraria's utmost bourn ;
 Pitch with the Arab wild his tent,
 Or on some desert island, rent
 From the mainland by torrent storm,
 His lonely habitation form.
 Alas! those fields, which late so gay
 Spread their broad surface to the day—
 Within the broad potato patch
 In vain for food the children scratch ;
 No longer are the swine debarr'd
 From entrance to the turnip yard ;
 Thy fields, O Weathersfield, of yore
 That many a pungent onion bore,
 Now overgrown with noisome weeds,
 No longer savory garlic feeds ;
 There many a harvest lost, his purse,
 Devoid of cash, the swain shall curse !
 And many a marriage long delay'd
 Rue the sad year when war was made.

Ah, me! how many tears that day
 Shrunk from their crystal source away!
 And many a damsel's cheek grew pale,
 And many a bosom heaved the sigh,
 And many a matron told the tale,
 The dismal tale, of battle nigh.
 Ah, me! unfit for warlike deed,
 For cannon's roar, or charging steed ;
 Ill suits the sabre's ruthless blade
 The hand accustom'd to the spade ;
 And nerves that wont to wield the hoe,
 Relax before the deadly blow.
 Land of my sires! that spirits stern
 Within thy children's bosoms burn,

Full well I know ; on muster day,
 When thoughts of war were far away,
 How oft the sun that cloudless rose,
 At eve has witness'd many a nose
 With blood defiled ; and many an eye
 The rainbow's varied tints defy.
 Though, cramp'd with age, my sluggish blood
 Rolls through my veins in languid flood,
 Still swells with life renew'd, the vein,
 As memory views the young campaign ;
 And many a scar upon my head
 Recalls the day of battle fled.

Yet in this youthful warrior-school,
 Stern wisdom held her rigid rule ;
 Unlike the sons of southern shore,
 Who bathe their blades in foeman's gore ;
 Whose boiling blood in realms of fire
 Delighted sees his foe expire ;
 And from the combat lifeless drops,
 Or limping homeward wounded hops.
 With us, the brawny fist supply'd
 The pistol's place at battle tide ;
 By dint of lusty thump and kick,
 Or aid of massy walking stick ;
 By hand, and teeth, and stubborn foot,
 Was settled every dire dispute ;
 We wisely shunn'd the hissing ball,
 And knew life lost, was loss of all.

* * * *

Alas ! how oft the poet's line
 Has mourn'd the fickle mind of man ;
 The theme of every sage divine,
 Since tythes and sermons first began.
 Mournful the poet, at midnight hour,
 Beholds the politician sage,
 He sees the world his worth adore,
 His name descend to latest age ;
 Let morning come, the hammer's sound
 Recalls him to his daily trade ;
 And while the lapstone rings around,
 He fairly is a cobbler made.
 Even thus, at ward-room table too,
 Behold the chiefs of England's crew ;
 Ere yet across its social bound

The tenth decanter has gone round,
 Who but would think assembled there,
 Souls that might Alexander dare ;
 Beat Hannibal in bloody work,
 Or wrench his whiskers from the Turk ;
 Eclipse the Swedish Charles in war,
 Or show with Nelson scar for scar ;
 Brave the wild savage war-whoop yell,
 And bear the palm from William Tell ?

GEORGE BANCROFT,

PRINCIPAL of the seminary at Round Hill, Northampton, in Massachusetts. A small volume of poems written principally during a tour in Europe, was published by him in 1823.

THE FAIRY OF THE WENGERN-ALP.

ON Wenger's verdant height I stood ;
 Rapt in delight I gazed around
 O'er mountain, glacier, valley, wood,
 The "*Virgin's*" own enchanted ground.
 By Fancy's strangest phantoms led,
 My spirit wander'd far and high ;
 I long'd on hills of snow to tread,
 And o'er the seas of ice to fly.

Hope whisper'd, Nature could unbind
 The heavy chains of earth, and give
 Wings to the ransom'd soul that pined
 With beings of the air to live,
 Who rule each mighty element,
 (As well is sung by bards of old)
 And oft, by mightier spirit sent,
 Earth's mysteries to man unfold.

Or are the days of marvel past ?
 Does Magic wave no more her wand ?

Has wondering Faith retired at last ?
 And leads no path to fairy land ?
 But if e'en now as bards believe,
 Still roams and rules the fairy race,
 Then, Spirits, bid me cease to grieve,
 And soar the Genius of the place.

I turned to where the Virgin rose
 In still communion with the sky ;
 Eternity hath heap'd its snows
 Round her in unstain'd purity.
 O'er her fair features gently hung
 The morning's thin transparent cloud ;
 While round her breast was rudely flung
 The vapors' denser, darker shroud.

But near the "*Silver Peak*" was seen
 With his fair snow-heaps, like a gay
 And gallant page beside a queen,
 That frowns in armor's stern array.
 His sides, that like the cygnet's breast
 Were white and crisped, beam'd afar ;
 The sun but touch'd his topmost crest,
 That sparkled like the evening star.

Right glad such beauty to behold,
 Plead thou for me, sweet star, I cried ;
 For 't is thy light that makes me bold ;
 Oh loveliest star ! be thou my guide.
 Then toward the Virgin's form I knelt ;
 " O spotless Virgin ! hear my prayer ;
 Command this earthly flesh to melt ;
 My soul would wander free in air."

And as I still admiring bow'd,
 And hoped a kind reply to hear,
 From the deep bosom of the cloud,
 A gentle voice fell on my ear.
 " Like mountain air would'st thou be free,
 Be pure as is the mountain air ;
 Mortal ! from vice and pleasure flee,
 And gladly will I grant thy prayer."

" Then, Virgin, deign my wish to grant ;
 Though but the meanest of thy train,

This lovely spot I'd rather haunt,
Than o'er the world beside to reign.
My heart like thine is pure and chaste,
On nature's bosom oft I've leant,
And oft the morning wind embraced ;
But ne'er my neck hath pleasure bent.

To thee a virgin heart would bear
Its earliest fruits. Unveil thy brow ;
Thy holy love I long to share,
O! take me to thy bosom now."
See, the dark clouds asunder roll,
And yon tall form sublimely gleams
In dazzling beauty ; on the soul
Burst life and rapture with its beams.

Is it the sun, that gently checks
His fiery steeds o'er Alps' fair child,
Gilding with glory all her peaks ?
No! 't was the Virgin queen that smiled.
O'er me her hallow'd light she throws ;
She blends with majesty divine
Mildness, and whispers from her snows ;
"Come thou to me, for thou art mine."

Farewell, thou lower earth, farewell !
I haste to rush in foaming floods,
Where elves and fairies roam to dwell,
To woo the nymphs of tannen woods,
With Iris watch the waterfall,
And smile and shine in glittering spray,
To heed the Virgin's beckoning call,
And haste o'er earth her will to obey.

An eagle pass'd ; I cried aloud,
Away swift bird, I'll soar with thee.
Rushing we pierced the lofty cloud,
Beneath us waved the tannen tree ;
Even to the glacier's tallest height,
We soar'd o'er fields of icy blue ;
Long round its gay transparent light,
Pleased with the novel scene, I flew.

"Blue is the light of beauty's eye ;
And blue the waves where swells the sea ;

And blue at noon my native sky ;
 But nought is fair and blue like thee,
 Thou lovely pyramid of light !
 Thou graceful daughter of the snows
 Thy sire the sun is ne'er so bright,
 As when his beams on thee repose."

From rock to rock the ice to dash,
 That totter'd on its base, I sprung ;
 Now tumbling with a fearful crash,
 To every peak it lends a tongue ;
 'Tis dash'd to dust ; the frozen spray
 Sweeps onward o'er the precipice,
 Resplendent in the eye of day,
 A sparkling cataract of ice.

And where it stood there open'd wide
 A chasm of azure, dark and deep ;
 'Tis there the mountain spirits glide,
 To where their court the fairies keep.
 I did not fear, but ventured too
 Along the glittering icy walls,
 Full many a fathom downwards flew,
 And came to Nature's inmost halls.

A Paradise of light I found,
 Where Nature builds of vilest earth
 Her crystal home, and under ground
 Brings all that's beautiful to birth.
 And o'er her ever youthful face
 Wisdom hath spread a light serene ;
 While round her throne the fairy race
 Are floating in unearthly sheen.

Some hearken'd to their mistress' call ;
 Some sported 'mid the heaps of snow ;
 Some glided with the waterfall ;
 Some sat above its glittering bow,
 Seeming o'er Nature's works to muse ;
 And some their little limbs array'd ;
 These dew-drops for their mirror use ;
 Of light and air their robes are made.

And others bent with serious look
 To prove the new made crystals' light ;

While earth's dark substance others took,
And changed the mass to diamonds bright.
But as I gain'd the fairy ground,
They ceased awhile from toil and sport,
And the young stranger gathering round,
Cried—"Welcome, youth, to Nature's court."

A fairy then with accents bland
Gently, as fairies wont to do,
Came near and said, "This wondrous land
Of airy sprites I'll lead thee through."
Guided by her I dared to gaze
Where Nature's servants restless toil
The rocks of sand and chalk to raise,
The granite's tall unyielding pile.

And oft a narrow space they leave,
Where vitriol's azure drops to pour,
Or thinnest threads of silver weave
In baser metals' glittering ore.
And when they mingle air and light
With iron black or sluggish lead,
Eye hath not seen so fair a sight,
Such brilliant hues, green, white, and red.

I saw the home of every wind ;
And where the ocean's base is laid ;
And where the earthquake sleeps confined,
Till Destiny demands its aid ;
And where from magazines of snow
The mighty rivers foaming well ;
And more than mortals e'er can know,
And more than fairy's tongue can tell.

Long did I stand enraptured there,
Nor ceased to gaze in full delight.
Mother of beauty, thou art fair !
O Nature, lovely is thy might.
For ever would I dwell with thee !
For ever to thy train belong.
Then she that led me, smiled to see
My admiration deep and strong,

And thus in kindest mood began ;
"O ! wouldst thou Nature's love return,

Remember that thou once wast man,
 Young elf; to heal man's sorrows learn;
 Spread calmness round the couch of pain;
 Comfort the mourning; soothe disease;
 Support the wavering; and sustain
 The form that shrinks at winter's breeze;

A guardian power, o'er virtue bend;
 Shed round the young sweet influence;
 To the lone wanderer vigor lend;
 And anxious watch o'er innocence;
 From pleasure's wiles preserve the fair;
 Then shall the Virgin love thee well,
 And haply trust to thee the care
 Of vales, where peace and virtue dwell.

And now thou'rt one of us; canst roam
 In fire, earth, air, o'er ocean's wave;
 Canst fly to bless thy ancient home,
 From age and pain thy parents save;
 And rest awhile delighted where
 Thy youthful sisters harmless play,
 Nor deem their brother hovering near,
 To drive each guilty thought away.

For know, we bless the infant's head;
 We guard the fair; the good we shield;
 We teach the young, to virtue bred,
 Her arms victoriously to wield;
 We paint with light the opening flowers;
 Of every herb we know the name;
 The sea is ours; the earth is ours;
 We rule the air; we rule the flame."

The social fairy ceased to speak.
 There's many a joy, that mortals know;
 But oft when pleasure's flower they seek,
 The leaves conceal the worm of wo;
 'T is sweet to watch the kindling eye
 Of parents, kin, or friends, or wife;
 But sweeter 't is in air to fly,
 And happiest is the fairy's life.

JOHN RUDOLPH SUTERMEISTER

WAS born in the island of Curaçao in the West Indies. He was of a Swiss family. At the age of eight years, he came to New York, and after a short stay in that city, removed with his father's family to Rhinebeck, in Dutchess county, where he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr Quitman of the Lutheran church, and began his studies. His father returned with the rest of his family to the West Indies, and he was sent to the seminary at Cooperstown, the birth place of the celebrated American novelist. Here he continued two or three years, and subsequently pursued his studies alternately at Rhinebeck and Hartwick Academy in Otsego county. Upon the return of his father with his family to Rhinebeck, he began the study of law in that village. In the spring of 1824, he was admitted to the bar, and visited New York, where he wrote the poem for the celebration of the birth of Linnæus. He had before written many poetical articles for various newspapers in New York. In June 1824, he began a tour of the western part of the state, with the intent to select a place for the exercise of his profession. He fixed upon Syracuse, in Onondaga county and there entered upon the practice of the law, but did not meet with a success consonant to his wishes. He undertook the editorial management of the Syracuse Gazette for a brief period, but in July 1825, he left that place for New York, where his friends procured him a suitable and lucrative situation, and a flattering prospect opened upon him, but this was speedily closed by his death. He died of the small-pox, January 16th, 1826, at the age of 23.

His writings are all of a pensive, and even melancholy cast, they are nevertheless, such as will be appreciated by every feeling heart. It was not affected misanthropy, but the peculiar circumstances and the loneliness in which his early youth was passed, that imparted this tincture of sadness to his thoughts. He was in a strange land without a relative near him, and of a retiring disposition, which kept him from

cultivating the intimacy of many associates. He seemed to have some prophetic vision, which gave token of his early and melancholy death. This appears to have been constantly present to his mind, by the frequent allusion made to it in his poems.

A CONTRASTED PICTURE.

THE morning sun!—the morning sun!—
 How o'er the earth his lustres move;—
 When his first glance he throws upon
 The bright, the glowing heaven above!—
 The birds seek now each verdant spray—
 Now glide, on light and joyous wing,
 To pour on air their roundelay,—
 To wake on high their carolling!

The soul of halcyon repose
 Sleeps on the soft and silver air;
 The zephyr's breath is on the rose
 And on the woodbine's blossoms fair:—
 The dew reflects the orient sun,
 Whose magic tints to it are given;
 O, man's fond eye ne'er look'd upon
 A fairer earth—a brighter heaven!

The morning sun—the morning sun!—
 Joy wakes to view his glories spread,
 When night hath chased the clouds of dun
 Whose gloomy folds waved overhead:—
 When Nature wakes from soft repose—
 While sports young May in earth's green bowers,
 Joy wakes to breathe the fragrant rose—
 The woodbine's rich and matchless flowers:—

To dash, with foot-fall light, away
 From the green sward, the dews of heaven;—
 To list the wild-bird's varied lay
 While on the breeze their plumes are given:—
 How blest is joy's o'erflowing heart,
 To bask beneath the golden dawn:—
 To view the sun his light impart
 To the bright flowers and dewy lawn!

The dying sun—the dying sun!—
 How sink his languid rays to rest,
 When twilight throws her shroud upon
 The pale and melancholy west;
 The rose that bloom'd in early May,
 Droops now on its deserted stem;—
 O'er its sere leaves and blighted spray
 Pours the night-wind its requiem!

The birds, which sung, in summer's light,
 And danced on bright and purple wing,
 Wake not the tuneless ear of night,—
 Hush'd is their blithesome carolling!
 Their rest is where their song hath been—
 They sleep upon each fading flower
 Ah! sorrow's eye can show no scene
 More welcome than pale twilight's hour!

The dying sun—the dying sun!—
 Oh, sorrow loves its failing light—
 It breathes a kindred glow upon
 The breast, wrapt in the gloom of night—
 Pale sorrow loves the wither'd spray—
 The flowers o'er which the blight hath past;—
 These speak of raptures past away,—
 Of cherish'd joys too bright to last!

What though the wild-bird's loved retreat
 Gives back no more their warblings dear;—
 The strain of gladness is not meet
 For sorrow's lone and tuneless ear!—
 Better to list the breeze of night
 O'er each sere leaf and dying flower;—
 Ah! earth can show no sadder sight
 Than meets the eye at twilight hour!

THE LAMENT.

GIVE not to me the wreath of green—
 The blooming vase of flowers;—
 They breathe of joy that once hath been;—
 Of gone and faded hours!—
 I cannot love the rose, though rich—
 Its beauty will not last;—

Give me, give me the bloom, o'er which
 The early blight hath pass'd ;
 The yellow buds—give them to rest,
 On my cold brow and joyless breast,
 Where life is failing fast !

Take far from me the wine-cup bright,
 In hours of revelry ;
 It suits glad brows, and bosoms light—
 It is not meet for me ;
 Oh, I can pledge the heart no more
 I pledged in days gone by ;
 Sorrow hath touch'd my bosom's core,
 And I am left to die ;
 Give me to drink of Lethe's wave—
 Give me the lone and silent grave,
 O'er which the night-winds sigh !

Wake not, upon my tuneless ear
 Soft music's stealing strain ;
 It cannot soothe—it cannot cheer
 My anguish'd heart again :
 But place the Æolian harp upon
 The tomb of her, I love ;—
 There, when heaven shrouds the dying sun,
 My weary steps will rove,
 As o'er its chords night pours its breath,
 To list the serenade of death,
 Her silent bourne above !

Give me to seek the lonely tomb,
 Where sleeps the sainted dead,
 Now the pale nightfall throws its gloom
 Above the narrow bed ;
 There, while the winds which sweep along,
 O'er the harp-strings are driven,
 And the funereal soul of song
 Upon the air is given ;
 Oh let my faint and parting breath
 Be mingled with that song of death,
 And flee with it to heaven !

FADED HOURS.

Oh ! for my bright and faded hours
 When life was like a summer stream,

On whose gay banks the virgin flowers
Blush'd in the morning's rosy beam ;
Or danced upon the breeze that bare
Its store of rich perfume along,
While the wood-robin pour'd on air
The ravishing delights of song.

The sun look'd from his lofty cloud,
While flow'd its sparkling waters fair—
And went upon his path-way proud,
And threw a brighter lustre there ;
And smiled upon the golden heaven,
And on the earth's sweet loveliness,
Where light, and joy, and song were given,
The glad and fairy scene to bless !

Ah ! these were bright and joyous hours,
When youth awoke from boyhood's dream,
To see life's Eden dress'd in flowers,
While young hope bask'd in morning's beam !
And proffer'd thanks to heaven above,
While glow'd his fond and grateful breast,
Who spread for him that scene of love
And made him so supremely blest !

That scene of love !—where hath it gone ?
Where have its charms and beauty sped ?
My hours of youth, that o'er me shone—
Where have their light and splendor fled ?
Into the silent lapse of years—
And I am left on earth to mourn :
And I am left ! to drop my tears
O'er memory's lone and icy urn !

Yet why pour forth the voice of wail
O'er feeling's blighted coronal ?
Ere many gorgeous suns shall fail,
I shall be gather'd in my pall ;
Oh, my dark hours on earth are few—
My hopes are crush'd, my heart is riven ;—
And I shall soon bid life adieu,
To seek enduring joys in heaven !

MARY A. BROOKS.

MRS BROOKS is a native of Medford, Massachusetts, and a descendant of an ancient Welch family, of the name of Gowen, not unknown in the history of Wales. She now resides in the Island of Cuba, and is engaged in the continuation of a poetical work, the first canto of which was published in Boston, in 1825.

Her education was zealously prosecuted, without great advantages, at an early period of life. Ambitious of excellence in all the accomplishments desired by females of aspiring minds, she has obtained, by self-instruction, a very good acquaintance with ancient literature, and a perfect knowledge of the refined modern languages, together with exquisite skill in music and painting. Constant and severe discipline has given her a power and versatility of thought, which promises for her future life a harvest of renown. She paid frequent visits to the Castalian fount, in early youth, and the inspiration gained there, if at first uncertain and feeble, has been steadily increasing, till it has risen to a vigor, that surprises us in one of "the most delicate of women."

"Judith and Esther," with a collection of fugitive pieces, consisting of her childish productions, was her first publication. It contains, of course, much imperfection; many things, that mature minds cannot dwell upon with increasing satisfaction; but it also evinces a delicate and lively fancy, a dawn of that intellectual brightness, which has been realized in the subsequent publication of the first canto of Zophiel, and which she is now engaged in completing. In this poem, a new style and a fresh power, is manifested. The study of many languages, a residence where the Spanish is almost exclusively spoken, a fervent contemplation of the old masters of the English lyre, and a struggle to shake off the feebleness, attached, by common consent, and confirmed by submissive habit, to the minds of women, all conspired to give an unusual energy to the efforts of her muse.

Zophiel is the production of a vigorous imagination, and a warm fancy, in the stately manner of the old English verse. It is often harsh, and frequently obscure, on account of the numerous elisions and inversions but is also replete with rich and just thought, that well repays the study necessary for its comprehension. From the extreme softness which characterized her early fugitive pieces, Mrs Brooks suddenly, and unfortunately for her popularity, seems to have run into a style in the opposite extreme; but when more experience has corrected her judgment, it is not extravagant to expect from her pen, poetry of the highest and purest kind.

The subject of Zophiel was unfortunately chosen, for while it was in progress in the Island of Cuba, Moore and Byron preoccupied the field, by the story of the Loves of the Angels; a more difficult and dangerous task is therefore, imposed upon the fair author, in attempting to complete the work in competition with these master spirits.

After an examination of the first canto, and learning that it did not succeed in this, the native country of the writer, Mr Southey wrote her a letter requesting that the subsequent cantos might be published in England and offering to superintend their introduction to the public. We hope she will not be obliged to accept this foreign hospitality through the indifference or neglect of her countrymen.

ZOPHIEL.

SEPHORA held her to her heart, the while
Grief had its way—then saw her gently laid,
And bade her, kissing her blue eyes, beguile,
Slumbering, the fervid noon. Her leafy bed

Sigh'd forth o'erpowering breath, increased the heat;
Sleepless had been the night; her weary sense
Could now no more. Lone in the still retreat,
Wounding the flowers to sweetness more intense,

She sank. 'Tis thus, kind Nature lets our wo
Swell till it bursts forth from the o'erfraught breast ;
Then draws an opiate from the bitter flow,
And lays her sorrowing child soft in the lap of rest.

Now all the mortal maid lies indolent,
Save one sweet cheek which the cool velvet turf
Had touch'd too rude, though all with blooms besprent,
One soft arm pillow'd. Whiter than the surf

That foams against the sea-rock, look'd her neck,
By the dark, glossy, odorous shrubs relieved,
That close inclining o'er her seem'd to reck
What 't was they canopied ; and quickly heaved

Beneath her robe's white folds and azure zone,
Her heart yet incomposed ; a fillet through
Peep'd brightly azure, while with tender moan
As if of bliss, Zephyr her ringlets blew

Sportive ;—about her neck their gold he twined,
Kiss'd the soft violet on her temples warm,
And eyebrow—just so dark might well define
Its flexile arch ;—throne of expression's charm.

As the vex'd Caspian, though its rage be past
And the blue smiling heavens swell o'er in peace,
Shook to the centre, by the recent blast,
Heaves on tumultuous still, and hath not power to cease—

So still each little pulse was seen to throb
Though passion and its pains were lull'd to rest,
And "ever and anon" a piteous sob
Shook the pure arch expansive o'er her breast.

Save that 't was all tranquillity ; that reign'd
O'er fragrance, sound and beauty ; all was mute—
Save where a dove her dear one's absence plain'd
And the faint breeze mourn'd o'er the slumberer's lute.

It chanced, that day, lured by the verdure, came
Zophiel, now minister of ill ; but ere
He sinn'd, a heavenly angel. The faint flame
Of dying embers, on an altar, where

Raguel, fair Egla's sire, in secret vow'd
 And sacrificed to the sole living God,
 Where friendless shades the sacred rites enshroud ;—
 The fiend beheld and knew ; his soul was awed,

And he bethought him of the forfeit joys
 Once his in heaven ;—deep in a darkling grot
 He sat him down ;—the melancholy noise
 Of leaf and creeping vine accordant with his thought.

When fiercer spirits howl'd, he but complain'd
 Ere yet 't was his to roam the pleasant earth,
 His heaven-invented harp he still retain'd
 Though tuned to bliss no more ; and had its birth

Of him, beneath some black infernal clift
 The first drear song of wo ; and torment wrung
 The spirit less severe where he might lift
 His plaining voice—and frame the like as now he sung :

“ Wo to thee, wild ambition, I employ
 Despair's dull notes thy dread effects to tell,
 Born in high heaven, her peace thou couldst destroy,
 And, but for thee, there had not been a hell.

“ Through the celestial domes thy clarion peal'd,—
 Angels, entranced, beneath thy banners ranged,
 And straight were fiends ;—hurl'd from the shrinking field,
 They waked in agony to wail the change.

“ Darting through all her veins the subtle fire
 The world's fair mistress first inhaled thy breath,
 To lot of higher beings learn'd to aspire,—
 Dared to attempt—and doom'd the world to death.

“ Thy thousand wild desires, that still torment
 The fiercely struggling soul, where peace once dwelt,
 But perish'd ;—feverish hope—drear discontent,
 Impoisoning all possest—Oh ! I have felt

“ As spirits feel—yet not for man we mourn
 Scarce o'er the silly bird in state were he,
 That builds his nest, loves, sings the morn's return,
 And sleeps at evening ; save by aid of thee,

“ Fame ne'er had roused, nor song her records kept
 The gem, the ore, the marble breathing life,

The pencil's colors,—all in earth had slept,
Now see them mark with death his victim's strife.

“Man found thee death—but death and dull decay
Baffling, by aid of thee, his mastery proves ;—
By mighty works he swells his narrow day,
And reigns, for ages, on the world he loves.

“Yet what the price? with stings that never cease
Thou goad'st him on ; and when, too keen the smart,
He fain would pause awhile—and sighs for peace,
Food thou wilt have, or tear his victim heart.”

Thus Zophiel still,—“though now the infernal crew
Had gain'd by sin a privilege in the world,
Allay'd their torments in the cool night dew,
And by the dim star-light again their wings unfurl'd.”

And now, regretful of the joys his birth
Had promised ; deserts, mounts and streams he crost,
To find, amid the loveliest spots of earth,
Faint likeness of the heaven he had lost.

And oft, by unsuccessful searching pain'd,
Weary he fainted through the toilsome hours ;
And then his mystic nature he sustain'd
On steam of sacrifices—breath of flowers.

Sometimes he gave out oracles, amused
With mortal folly ; resting on the shrines ;
Or, all in some fair Sibyl's form infused,
Spoke from her quivering lips, or penn'd her mystic lines.

And now he wanders on from glade to glade
To where more precious shrubs diffuse their balms,
And gliding through the thick inwoven shade
Where the young Hebrew lay in all her charms,

He caught a glimpse. The colors in her face—
Her bare white arms—her lips—her shining hair—
Burst on his view. He would have flown the place ;
Fearing some faithful angel rested there,

Who'd see him—reft of glory—lost to bliss—
Wandering and miserably panting—fain
To glean a scanty joy—with thoughts like this—
Came all he'd known and lost—he writhed with pain.

Ineffable—But what assail'd his ear,
 A sigh?—surprised, another glance he took;
 Then doubting—fearing—gradual coming near—
 He ventured to her side and dared to look;

Whispering, "yes, 'tis of earth! So, new-found life
 Refreshing, look'd sweet Eve, with purpose fell
 When first sin's sovereign gazed on her, and strife
 Had with his heart, that grieved with arts of hell,

"Stern as it was, to win her o'er to death!—
 Most beautiful of all in earth, in heaven,
 Oh! could I quaff for aye that fragrant breath,
 Couldst thou, or being likening thee, be given

"To bloom for ever for me thus—still true
 To one dear theme, my full soul flowing o'er,
 Would find no room for thought of what it knew—
 Nor picturing forfeit transport, curse me more.

"But oh! severest pain!—I cannot be
 In what I love, blest even the little span—
 (With all a spirit's keen capacity
 For bliss) permitted the poor insect man.

"The few I've seen and deem'd of worth to win
 Like some sweet floweret mildew'd, in my arms,
 Wither'd to hideousness—foul even as sin—
 Grew fearful hags; and then with potent charm

"Of mutter'd word and harmful drug, did learn
 To force me to their will. Down the damp grave
 Loathing, I went at Endor, and upturn
 Brought back the dead; when tortured Saul did crave,

"To view his pending fate. Fair—nay, as this
 Young slumberer, that dread witch; when, I array'd
 In lovely shape, to meet my guileful kiss
 She yielded first her lip. And thou, sweet maid—
 What's it I see?—a recent tear has stray'd
 And left its stain upon her cheek of bliss.—

"She's fallen to sleep in grief—haply been chid,
 Or by rude mortal wrong'd. So let it prove
 Meet for thy purpose: 'mid these blossoms hid,
 I'll gaze; and when she wakes, with all that love

“ And art can lend, come forth. He who would gain
A fond full heart, in love’s soft surgery skill’d,
Should seek it when ’t is sore ; allay its pain—
With balm by pity prest ’t is all his own ;— so heal’d,

“ She may be mine a little year—even fair
And sweet as now—Oh ! respite ! while possess
I lose the dismal sense of my despair—
But then—I will not think upon the rest.

“ And wherefore grieve to cloud her little day
Of fleeting life ?—What doom from power divine
I bear eternal ! thoughts of ruth, away !
Wake pretty fly !—and—while thou mayst,—be mine.

“ Though but an hour—so thou suppliest thy looms
With shining silk, and in the cruel snare
Seest the fond bird entrapp’d, but for his plumes
To work thy robes, or twine amidst thy hair.”

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY,

Son of the late Hon. William Pinkney, of Baltimore, was born in London, in October, 1802, while his father was minister of the United States at the court of St James. He passed his infancy in England, and on the return of his father to this country, he was placed as a student in Baltimore College, at the age of ten or eleven. Two or three years after this, he obtained the post of midshipman in the United States navy. In this station he continued nine years, visiting in the course of his service, various parts of the globe. On the death of his father he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to the practice of the law. He died in 1828. His volume of poems was published in 1825.

ITALY.

Know 'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
 Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
 In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
 The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
 Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
 Rich fruits hang high upon the verdant trees;
 And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves
 Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.
 Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
 Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and nought shall meet thine eye
 But fairy isles like paintings on the sky;
 And, flying fast and free before the gale,
 The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
 And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
 Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
 When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
 Lovely as loved! towards that smiling shore
 Bear we our household gods, to fix for ever more.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
 The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
 Nature is delicate and graceful there,
 The place of genius, feminine and fair;
 The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
 The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
 Save where volcanoes send to heaven their curled
 And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
 Thrice beautiful! to that delightful spot
 Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
 Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
 And there are forms in which they both conspire
 To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
 The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
 Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
 And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame
 —The meanest stone is not without a name.
 Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
 To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

A HEALTH.

I FILL this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
 To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
 A form so fair, that like the air, 't is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
 And something more than melody dwells ever in her words ;
 The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each
 flows
 As one may see the burthen'd bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measure of her hours ;
 Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness, of young
 flowers ;
 And lonely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
 The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
 And of her voice in echoing hearts a round must long remain,
 But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
 When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's, but
 hers.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
 A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
 Her health ! and would on earth there stood some more of
 such a frame,
 That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

SONG.

WE break the glass, whose sacred wine
 To some beloved health we drain,
 Lest future pledges, less divine,
 Should e'er the hallow'd toy profane ;
 And thus I broke a heart that poured
 Its tide of feeling out for thee,
 In draughts, by after-times deplored,
 Yet dear to memory.

But still the old impassion'd ways
 And habits of my mind remain,
 And still unhappy light displays
 Thine image chamber'd in my brain.
 And still it looks as when the hours
 Went by like flights of singing birds,
 On that soft chain of spoken flowers,
 And airy gems, thy words.

A PICTURE SONG.

How may this little tablet feign the features of a face,
 Which o'er-informs with loveliness its proper share of space ;
 Or human hands on ivory enable us to see
 The charms, that all must wonder at, thou work of gods, in
 thee !

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile familiar stories tells,
 And I should know those placid eyes, two shaded crystal
 wells ;
 Nor can my soul, the limner's art attesting with a sigh,
 Forget the blood that deck'd thy cheek, as rosy clouds the
 sky.

They could not seem what thou art, more excellent than
 fair,
 As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain air ;
 But here are common, earthly hues, to such an aspect wrought,
 That none, save thine, can seem so like the beautiful of thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
 Of something better, which is now a memory to me,
 Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot,
 Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding task forgot.

The sportive hopes that used to chase their shifting shadows
 on,
 Like children playing in the sun, are gone—for ever gone ;
 And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
 Like Janus, when his gates are shut, looks forward and be-
 hind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, awhile upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breaking harp
string's tone ;
And thus my heart, though wholly now from early softness
free,
If touch'd, will yield the music yet, it first received of thee.

JOHN NEAL

Is a native of Portland, Maine. He received a common school education, and was put apprentice to a shop keeper at twelve years of age. Behind the counter he continued till he was past twentyone. During this time he gave no indications of possessing that ability, for which he has afterwards become in some degree remarkable. At about eighteen, he tried his hand at poetry, but could make nothing of it ; and the only paragraph in prose, which he ever attempted during his minority, except letters and advertisements, was a political squib, which found its way into one of the eastern newspapers. He removed to Baltimore in 1815. At this time, his powers began to develop themselves ; he studied law, wrote poetry, novels, criticisms, and history, and after practising for a short time at the bar, left this country for England, in 1823. During his absence, he contributed largely to several of the British periodicals. He returned in 1827, and has since that time lived in Portland. In January, 1828, he began *The Yankee*, a weekly journal, which he still conducts.

Mr Neal must be allowed to be among the most remarkable of our writers, whether of poetry or prose. He is gifted with an almost magical facility of literary composition. What to others is a work of careful study, and severe labor, is to him a pastime. His writings have in most cases been thrown off with a rapidity that almost surpasses belief. "Seventy Six," his best novel, was the work of odd hours, and executed in less than a month. In other cases, he has rewritten a tale

from ten to forty times, and in his own judgment, never failed to spoil it as a story, if he had leisure sufficient, or felt any anxiety for its success.

We here offer a catalogue of his various productions.

About 500 pages octavo, of prose and poetry chiefly however, criticism, published in *The Portico*, a monthly journal, conducted by Tobias Watkins, at Baltimore.

Keep Cool, a novel in two volumes.

The Battle of Niagara, a poem.

Goldau, a poem, with others.

Otho, a tragedy, (entirely re-written in *The Yankee* for 1828.)

Allen's History of the American Revolution, beginning with the chapter upon the declaration of Independence, and continuing to the end of the volume.

Newspaper essays, and criticisms to the amount of three or four volumes, octavo, chiefly in the *Baltimore Telegraph*, and *Allen's Journal of the Times*.

Logan, a novel in two large volumes, republished in England in four.

Randolph, a novel in two volumes.

Seventy Six, a novel in two volumes.

Errata, a novel in two volumes.

Brother Jonathan, a novel in three volumes, published in England.

Criticisms on literature, and the Fine Arts, reviews, essays, stories, biographical sketches, &c, altogether, about three good sized octavos, in the different periodicals of Great Britain, chiefly *Blackwood's Magazine*, the *European* and *Monthly*.

Yankee for 1828, contains from six to ten octavos of original matter by the editor.

Rachel Dyer, a novel in one volume.

It appears therefore that what Mr Neal has published, would exceed fifty volumes duodecimo, as they are usually printed in England; and this has been accomplished in about twelve years!

His novels are the most striking of his works, and perhaps afford the fairest proofs of his talents, as well as of his peculiarities. They certainly baffle the powers of criticism. They are like nothing of the kind ever before seen, being alike remarkable for incoherence and wildness in plan, and for occasional passages of great splendor and eloquence.

The *Battle of Niagara* and *Goldau*, are his chief poems. There is not much of story in either. The narrative is altogether subordinate to the description, and has no precision or distinctness of outline. The narrative, however, is not what the author mainly relied upon for the interest of his poetry. His strength is laid out on the appendages of the tale, and the descriptive passages which his poems afford in abundance, are uncommonly bold and sometimes magnificent. They are high wrought, brilliant and striking, and the objects are surrounded with every possible association of rich and dazzling imagery. His fancy however, is apt to run riot, and his conceptions are often invested in such a cloudy assemblage of thoughts, that his pictures have a confused, vague, and dreamy character. He overloads them with an exuberance of metaphor and similitudes, in such a manner as to obscure, rather than illustrate them; we cannot see heaven for the very stars. His fervor and impetuosity take away the faculty of seeing with distinctness the objects before him, and he is therefore perpetually deviating from the straight-forwardness of his direction; he is blinded by the swiftness of his course, like a charioteer wrapt in a cloud of smoke from his own axletree. The faults indeed of his poetry, are the faults of the man, of his constitution. We have his own words upon this point—
‘It is no merit in me to compose rapidly. I claim no praise for it. I wish I could move more slowly, less capriciously; but I cannot. Had I a dozen hands, I could keep them all employed when I am writing poetry. I know such things only expose me to the reiterated charge of vanity, and perhaps folly; but I cannot help saying, that when fairly absorbed in the contemplation of a subject, my whole soul is in a tu-

mult. I feel myself shut out from the world ; a strange kindling comes over me, a kind of mental exhilaration, a 'drunkenness of heart' that I cannot describe, scarcely wish to experience again ; but hope I shall never lose the memory of."

Mr Neal's poetry has not been so popular as that of many others who never possessed his power. The circumstance may be partly ascribed to the false taste in which his works are mostly composed, and partly to this, that it is addressed to the fancy, rather than the feeling ; not that he wants poetical sensibility, or a delicate and refined conception of what is beautiful and tender and moving in the works of nature, or the emotions in the human bosom, for he has all these ; and he has besides a passionate and overpowering sense of grandeur and sublimity. But his poetry is wanting in natural sentiment ; it does not touch the heart—it does not awaken our sensibilities, or stir up from their recesses the "thoughts that lie too deep for words." If he is less read, however, than he might seem to deserve, he has been fully aware of the peculiar quality in his poetry, which has occasioned it. "I know its faults," says he, "they are innumerable and great. It has no calm, tranquil prettiness of character. It is no neutral, no hermaphrodite—such as you cannot blame, 't is true, but you may sleep over in reading. It is poetry, or it is the most outrageous nonsense ; one or the other it must be." Poetry it is, doubtless, and with all its blemishes, poetry of a high rank. It is not, however, in a sufficiently close accordance with those models which will continue to direct public taste, to enjoy a great degree of favor. It is still true, in our opinion, that Neal's finest passages have seldom been excelled.

THE EAGLE.

THERE'S a fierce gray bird—with a sharpen'd beak ;
 With an angry eye, and a startling shriek :
 That nurses her brood where the cliff-flowers blow,
 On the precipice-top—in perpetual snow—

Where the fountains are mute, or in secrecy flow—
 That sits—where the air is shrill and bleak,
 On the splinter'd point of a shiver'd peak—
 Where the weeds lie close—and the grass sings sharp,
 To a comfortless tune—like a wintry harp—
 Bald-headed and stripp'd!—like a vulture torn
 In wind and strife!—with her feathers worn,
 And ruffled and stain'd—while scattering—bright,
 Round her serpent-neck—that is writhing, bare—
 Is a crimson collar of gleaming hair!—
 Like the crest of a warrior thinn'd in the fight,
 And shorn—and bristling—see her! where
 She sits in the glow of the sun-bright air!

With wing half-poised—and talons bleeding—
 And kindling eye—as if her prey

Had—suddenly—been snatch'd away—

While she was tearing it, and feeding!

A Bird that is first to worship the sun,
 When he gallops in flame—'till the cloud tides run
 In billows of fire—as his course is done:

Above where the fountain is gushing in light;
 Above where the torrent is forth in its might—
 Like an imprison'd blaze that is bursting from night!

Or a lion that springs—with a roar—from his lair!

Bounding off—all in foam—from the echoing height—
 Like a rank of young war-horses—terribly bright,
 Their manes all erect!—and their hoofs in the air!
 The earth shaking under them—trumpets on high—
 And banners unfurling away in the sky—

With the neighing of steeds! and the streaming of hair
 Above where the silvery flashing is seen—

The striping of waters, that skip o'er the green,
 And soft, spongy moss, where the fairies have been,
 Bending lovely and bright in the young Morning's eye
 Like ribands of flame—or the bow of the sky:

Above that dark torrent—above the bright stream—
 The gay ruddy fount, with the changeable gleam,
 Where the lustre of heaven eternally plays—

The voice may be heard—of the thunderer's bird,
 Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,
 As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam;

While her young are laid out in his rich red blaze;

And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays:

Proud bird of the cliff! where the barren-yew springs—
 Where the sunshine stays—and the wind-harp sings,
 Where the heralds of battle sit—pluming their wings—

A scream! she's awake!—over hill-top and flood;
 A crimson light runs!—like the gushing of blood—
 Over valley and rock!—over mountain and wood
 That bird is abroad—in the van of her brood!

* * * * *
 * * * * * The Bird that laves

Her sounding pinions in the sun's first gush—
 Drinks his meridian blaze and sunset flush:
 Worships her idol in his fiercest hour:
 Bathes her full bosom in his hottest shower:
 Sits amid stirring stars, and bends her beak,
 Like the slipp'd falcon—when her piercing shriek
 Tells that she stoops upon her cleaving wing,
 To drink anew some victim's clear-red spring.
 That monarch Bird! that slumbers in the night
 Upon the lofty air-peak's utmost height:
 Or sleeps upon the wing—amid the ray
 Of steady—cloudless—everlasting day!
 Rides with the Thunderer in his blazing march:
 And bears his lightnings o'er yon boundless arch:
 Soars wheeling through the storm, and screams away
 Where the young pinions of the morning play.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

THE SOLDIER'S VISIT TO HIS FAMILY.

AND there the stranger stays: beneath that oak,
 Whose shatter'd majesty hath felt the stroke
 Of heaven's own thunder—yet it proudly heaves
 A giant sceptre wreathed with blasted leaves—
 As though it dared the elements, and stood
 The guardian of that cot—the monarch of that wood.

Beneath its venerable vault he stands:
 And one might think, who saw his outstretch'd hands,
 That something more than soldiers e'er may feel,
 Had touch'd him with its holy, calm appeal:
 That yonder wave—the heaven—the earth—the air
 Had call'd upon his spirit for her prayer.
 His eye goes dimly o'er the midnight scene:
 The oak—the cot—the wood—the faded green—
 The moon—the sky—the distant moving light—
 All! all are gathering on his dampen'd sight.

His warrior-helm and plume, his fresh-dyed blade
 Beneath a window, on the turf are laid ;
 The panes are ruddy through the clambering vines
 And blushing leaves, that Summer intertwines
 In warmer tints than e'er luxuriant Spring,
 O'er flower-embosom'd roof led wandering.
 His pulses quicken—for a rude old door
 Is open'd by the wind : he sees the floor
 Strew'd with white sand, on which he used to trace
 His boyhood's battles—and assign a place
 To charging hosts—and give the Indian yell—
 And shout to hear his hoary grandsire tell,
 How he had fought with savages, whose breath
 He felt upon his cheek like mildew till his death.

Hark !—that sweet song !—how full of tenderness !—
 O, who would breathe in this voluptuous press
 Of lulling thoughts !—so soothing and so low ;
 Like singing fountains in their faintest flow—
 It is as if some holy—lovely thing,
 Within our very hearts were murmuring.
 The soldier listens, and his arms are prest
 In thankfulness, and trembling on his breast :
 Now—on the very window where he stands
 Are seen a clambering infant's rosy hands :
 And now—ah heaven !—blessings on that smile !—
 Stay, soldier stay—O, linger yet awhile !
 An airy vision now appears, with eyes—
 As tender as the blue of weeping skies :
 Yet sunny in their radiance, as that blue
 When sunset glitters on its falling dew :
 With form—all joy and dance—as bright and free
 As youthful nymph of mountain Liberty :
 Or naked angels dreamt by poesy :
 A blooming infant to her heart is prest ;
 And ah—a mother's song is lulling it to rest !
 A youthful mother ! God of heaven !
 A thing beneath the skies, so holy or so fair !
 A single bound ! our chief is standing by
 Trembling from head to foot with ecstasy—
 “ Bless thee ! ” at length he murmur'd—“ bless thee, love !
 “ My wife !—my boy : ”—Their eyes are raised above.
 His soldier's tread of sounding strength is gone :
 A choking transport drowns his manly tone.
 He sees the closing of that mild, blue eye,
 His bosom echoes to a faint low cry :
 His glorious boy springs freshly from his sleep ;

Shakes his thin sun-curls, while his eye-beams leap
 As half in fear, along the stranger's dress,
 Then, half advancing, yields to his caress:—
 Then, peers beneath his locks, and seeks his eye
 With the clear look of radiant infancy,
 The cherub smile of love, the azure of the sky.

The stranger now is kneeling by the side
 Of that young mother,—watching for the tide
 Of her returning life:—it comes—a glow
 Goes—faintly—slowly—o'er her cheek and brow :
 A rising of the gauze that lightly shrouds
 A snowy breast—like twilight's melting clouds—
 In nature's pure, still eloquence, betrays
 The feelings of the heart that reels beneath his gaze.

She lives ! she lives—see how her feelings speak,
 Through what transparency of eye and cheek !
 Her color comes and goes, like that faint ray,
 That flits o'er lilies at the close of day.
 O, nature, how omnipotent!—that sigh—
 That youthful mother in her ecstasy,
 Feels but the wandering of a husband's eye.
 Her lip now ripens, and her heaving breast
 Throbs wildly in its light, and now subsides to rest.

* * * *

'T is dark abroad. The majesty of night
 Bows down superbly from her utmost height:
 Stretches her starless plumes across the world;
 And all the banners of the wind are furl'd.
 How heavily we breathe amid such gloom!
 As if we slumber'd in creation's tomb.
 It is the noon of that tremendous hour,
 When life is helpless, and the dead have power:
 When solitudes are peopled: when the sky
 Is swept by shady wings that, sailing by,
 Proclaim their watch is set; when hidden rills
 Are chirping on their course; and all the hills
 Are bright with armor:—when the starry vests
 And glittering plumes, and fiery twinkling crests
 Of moon-light sentinels, are sparkling round,
 And all the air is one rich floating sound:
 When countless voices, in the day unheard,
 Are piping from their haunts: and every bird
 That loves the leafy wood, and blooming bower,
 And echoing cave, is singing to her flower:
 When every lovely—every lonely place,

Is ringing to the light and sandal'd pace
 Of twinkling feet ; and all about, the flow
 Of new-born fountains murmuring as they go :
 When watery tunes are richest—and the call
 Of wandering streamlets, as they part and fall
 In foaming melody, is all around :

Like fairy harps beneath enchanted ground,
 Sweet drowsy distant music ! like the breath
 Of airy flutes that blow before an infant's death.

It is that hour when listening ones will weep
 And know not why : when we would gladly sleep
 Our last—last sleep ; and feel no touch of fear,—

Unconscious where we are—or what is near,
 Till we are startled by a falling tear,
 That unexpected gather'd in our eye,
 While we were panting for yon blessed sky :
 That hour of gratitude—of whispering prayer,
 When we can hear a worship in the air :
 When we are lifted from the earth, and feel
 Light fanning wings around us faintly wheel,
 And o'er our lids and brow a blessing steal :
 And then—as if our sins were all forgiven—
 And all our tears were wiped—and we in heaven
 It is that hour of quiet ecstasy,

When every ruffling wind, that passes by
 The sleeping leaf, makes busiest minstrelsy ;
 When all at once ! amid the quivering shade,
 Millions of diamond sparklers are betray'd !
 When dry leaves rustle, and the whistling song
 Of keen-tuned grass, comes piercingly along :
 When windy pipes are heard—and many a lute
 Is touch'd amid the skies, and then is mute :
 When even the foliage on the glittering steep,
 Of feathery bloom—is whispering in its sleep :
 When all the garlands of the precipice,
 Shedding their blossoms, in their moonlight bliss,
 Are floating loosely on the eddying air,
 And breathing out their fragrant spirits there :
 And all their braided tresses fluttering—bright,
 Are sighing faintly to the shadowy light :
 When every cave and grot—and bower and lake,
 And drooping floweret-bell, are all awake :
 When starry eyes are burning on the cliff
 Of many a crouching tyrant too, as if
 Such melodies were grateful even to him :
 When life is loveliest—and the blue skies swim

In lustre, warm as sunshine—but more dim :
 When all the holy sentinels of night
 Step forth to watch in turn, and worship by their light.

Such is the hour!—the holy, breathless hour,
 When such sweet minstrelsy hath mightiest power ;
 When sights are seen, that all the blaze of day
 Can never rival, in its fierce display :

Such is the hour—yet not a sound is heard ;
 No sights are seen—no melancholy bird
 Sings tenderly and sweet ; but all the air
 Is thick and motionless—as if it were
 A prelude to some dreadful tragedy ;
 Some midnight drama of an opening sky !

The genius of the mountain, and the wood ;
 The stormy eagle, and her rushing brood ;
 The fire-eyed tenant of the desert cave ;
 The gallant spirit of the roaring wave ;
 The star-crown'd messengers that ride the air ;
 The meteor watch-light, with its streamy hair,
 Threatening and sweeping redly from the hill ;
 The shaking cascade—and the merry rill
 Are hush'd to slumber now—and heaven and earth are still.

And now the day-light comes :—slowly it rides,
 In ridgy lustre o'er the cloudy tides,
 Like the soft foam upon the billow's breast ;
 Or feathery light upon a shadowy crest ;
 The morning breezes from their slumbers wake,
 And o'er the distant hill-tops cheerly shake
 Their dewy locks, and plume themselves, and poise
 Their rosy wings, and listen to the noise
 Of echoes wandering from the world below :
 The distant lake, rejoicing in its flow :
 The bugle's ready cry : the laboring drum :
 The neigh of steeds—and the incessant hum
 That the bright tenants of the forest send :
 The sunrise gun : the heave—the wave—and bend
 Of everlasting trees, whose busy leaves
 Rustle their song of praise, while ruin weaves
 A robe of verdure for their yielding bark ;
 While mossy garlands—rich, and full, and dark,
 Creep slowly round them. Monarchs of the wood !
 Whose mighty spectres sway the mountain brood !
 Whose aged bosoms, in their last decay,
 Shelter the wing'd idolators of day ;
 Who, 'mid the desert wild, sublimely stand,
 And grapple with the storm-god hand to hand !

Then drop like weary pyramids away ;
 Stupendous monuments of calm decay !
 As yet the warring thunders have not rent
 The swimming clouds, the brightening firmament,
 The lovely mists that float around the sky—
 Ruddy and rich with fresh and glorious dye,
 Like hovering seraph wings—or robe of poesy !

Now comes the sun forth ! not in blaze of fire :
 With rainbow-harness'd coursers, that respire
 An atmosphere of flame. No chariot whirls
 O'er reddening clouds. No sunny flag unfurls
 O'er rushing smoke. No chargers in array
 Scatter through heaven and earth their fiery spray.
 No shouting charioteer, in transport flings
 Ten thousand anthems, from tumultuous strings :
 And round and round, no fresh-plumed echoes dance :
 No airy minstrels in the flush light glance :
 No rushing melody comes strong and deep :
 And far away no fading winglets sweep :
 No boundless hymning o'er the blue sky rings,
 In hallelujahs to the King of kings :
 No youthful hours are seen. No riband lash,
 Flings its gay stripings like a rainbow flash,
 While starry crowns, and constellations fade
 Before the glories of that cavalcade,
 Whose trappings are the jewelry of heaven,
 Embroider'd thickly on the clouds of even.

No!—no!—he comes not thus in pomp, and light !
 A new creation bursting out of night !
 But he comes darkly forth ! in storm array'd—
 Like the red tempest marshall'd in her shade,
 When mountains rock ; and thunders travelling round,
 Hold counsel in the sky—and midnight trumps resound.

GOLDAU.

SWITZERLAND ! my country ! 't is to thee,
 I rock my harp in agony :—
 My country ! nurse of Liberty,
 Home of the gallant, great and free,
 My sullen harp I rock to thee.

O, I have lost ye all !
 Parents—and home—and friends :
 Ye sleep beneath a mountain pall ;

A mountain-plumage o'er ye bends.
 The cliff-yew in funereal gloom,
 Is now the only mourning plume,
 That nods above a people's tomb.
 Of the echoes that swim o'er thy bright blue lake,
 And deep in its caverns, their merry bells shake ;
 And repeat thy young huntsman's cry :
 That clatter and laugh, when the goatherds take
 Their browsing flocks at the morning's break,
 Far over the hills—not one is awake
 In the swell of thy peaceable sky.
 They sit on that wave with a motionless wing ;
 And their cymbals are mute and the desert birds sing
 Their unanswer'd notes to the wave and the sky—
 One startling, and sudden—unchangeable cry—
 As they stoop their broad wing, and go sluggishly by :
 For deep in that blue-bosom'd water is laid
 As innocent, true, and as lovely a maid
 As ever in cheerfulness carol'd her song,
 In the blithe mountain air, as she bounded along :
 The heavens are all blue, and the billow's bright verge
 Is frothily laved by a whispering surge,
 That heaves incessant, a tranquil dirge,
 To lull the pale forms that sleep below :
 Forms—that rock as the waters flow.
 That bright lake is still as a liquid sky,
 And when o'er its bosom the swift clouds fly,
 They pass like thoughts o'er a clear blue eye !
 The fringe of thin foam that their sepulchre binds,
 Is as light as a cloud that is borne by the winds ;
 While over its bosom the dim vapors hover,
 And flutterless skims the snowy-wing'd plover :
 Swiftly passing away—like a haunted wing ;
 With a drooping plume—that may not fling
 One sound of life—or a rustling note—
 O'er that sleepless tomb—where my loved ones float.
 Oh cool and fresh is that bright blue lake,
 While over its stillness no sounds awake :
 No sights—but those of the hill-top fountain
 That swims on the height of a cloud-wrapp'd mountain—
 The basin of the rainbow-stream,
 The sunset gush—the morning gleam—
 The picture of the poet's dream.
 Land of proud hearts ! where freedom broods
 Amid her home of echoing woods,
 The mother of the mountain floods—

Dark, Goldau is thy vale ;
 The spirits of Rigi shall wail
 On their cloud-bosom'd deep, as they sail
 In mist where thy children are lying—
 As their thunders once paused in their headlong descent,
 And delay'd their discharge—while thy desert was rent
 With the cries of thy sons who were dying.
 No chariots of fire on the clouds career'd ;
 No warrior-arm, with its falchion rear'd :—
 No death-angel's trump o'er the ocean was blown ;
 No mantle of wrath o'er the heaven was thrown ;
 No armies of light—with their banners of flame—
 Or neighing steeds—through the sunset came,
 Or leaping from space appear'd !
 No earthquakes reel'd—no Thunderer storm'd ;
 No fetterless dead o'er the bright sky swarm'd ;
 No voices in heaven were heard !
 But the hour when the sun in his pride went down
 While his parting hung rich o'er the world :
 While abroad o'er the sky his flush mantle was blown,
 And his red-rushing streamers unfurl'd ;—
 An everlasting hill was torn
 From its eternal base—and borne—
 In gold and crimson vapors drest
 To where—a people are at rest !
 Slowly it came in its mountain wrath,
 And the forests vanish'd before its path :
 And the rude cliffs bow'd—and the waters fled—
 And the living were buried, while over their head
 They heard the full march of their foe as he sped—
 And the valley of life—was the tomb of the dead !
 The clouds were all bright : no lightnings flew :
 And over that valley no death-blast blew :
 No storm pass'd by on his cloudy wing :
 No twang was heard from the sky-archer's string—
 But the dark, dim hill in its strength came down,
 While the shedding of day on its summit was thrown,
 A glory all light, like a wind-wreathed crown—
 While the tame bird flew to the vulture's nest,
 And the vulture forbore in that hour to molest.—

The mountain sepulchre of all I loved !

The village sank—and the monarch trees
 Lean'd back from the encountering breeze—
 While this tremendous pageant moved !
 The mountain forsook his perpetual throne—
 Came down from his rock—and his path is shown—

In barrenness and ruin—where
 The secret of his power lies bare—
 His rocks in nakedness arise :
 His desolation mocks the skies.

THE BIRTH OF A POET.

On a blue summer night,
 While the stars were asleep,
 Like gems of the deep,
 In their own drowsy light ;
 While the newly mown hay
 On the green earth lay,
 And all that came near it went scented away ;
 From a lone woody place,
 There looked out a face,
 With large blue eyes,
 Like the wet warm skies,
 Brimful of water and light ;
 A profusion of hair
 Flashing out on the air,
 And a forehead alarmingly bright :
 'T was the head of a poet ! He grew
 As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness grow,
 In the dropping of natural dew,
 Unheeded—alone—
 Till his heart had blown—
 As the sweet strange flowers of the wilderness blow ;
 Till every thought wore a changeable stain
 Like flower-leaves wet with the sunset rain :
 A proud and passionate boy was he,
 Like all the children of Poesy ;
 With a haughty look and a haughty tread,
 And something awful about his head ;
 With wonderful eyes
 Full of wo and surprise,
 Like the eyes of them that can see the dead.
 Looking about,
 For a moment or two, he stood
 On the shore of the mighty wood ;
 Then ventured out,
 With a bounding step and a joyful shout,
 The brave sky bending o'er him !
 The broad sea all before him !

AMBITION.

I LOVED to hear the war-horn cry,
 And panted at the drum's deep roll ;
 And held my breath, when—flaming high—
 I saw our starry banners fly,
 As challenging the haughty sky,
 They went like battle o'er my soul :
 For I was so ambitious then,
 I burn'd to be the slave—of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,
 A standard swaying far and free ;
 And loved it like the conqu'ring flight
 Of angels floating wide and bright
 Above the stars, above the fight
 Where nations warr'd for liberty.
 And thought I heard the battle cry
 Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sail'd upon the dark-blue deep :
 And shouted to the eaglet soaring ;
 And hung me from a rocking steep,
 When all but spirits were asleep ;
 And oh, my very soul would leap
 To hear the gallant waters roaring ;
 For every sound and shape of strife
 To me, was but the breath of life.

But, I am strangely alter'd now—
 I love no more the bugle voice—
 The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
 The mountain with his clouded brow—
 The thunder when his blue skies bow,
 And all the sons of God rejoice—
 I love to dream of tears and sighs
 And shadowy hair and half-shut eyes.

THE SLEEPER.

WRITTEN THE DAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF BYRON.

I STOOD above the sea. I heard the roar
 Of waters far below me. On the shore

A warrior-ship, with all her banners torn,
 Her broad sails flying loose, lay overborne
 By tumbling surges. She had swept the main,
 Braved the loud thunder—stood the hurricane ;
 To be, when all her danger was o'erpast,
 Upon her native shore, in wreck and ruin cast.

I thought of Greece—the proud one dead ;
 Struck—with his heart in flower ;
 Wreck'd—with his bright wings all outspread,
 In his descent,
 From that forbidden firmament,
 O'er which he went,
 Like some Archangel in his power :

The everlasting ocean lay
 Below my weary eyes ;
 While overhead there roll'd away
 The everlasting skies :

A thousand birds around me flew,
 Emerging from the distant blue,
 Like spirits from the summer deep,—
 Then, wheeling slowly, one by one,
 All disappearing in the sun,
 They left me—and I fell asleep :

But soon a loud, strong trumpet blew,
 And by, an armed angel flew,
 With tresses all on fire, and wings of color'd flame :
 And then the thunder broke
 About me, and I woke—
 And heard a voice above proclaim
 The warrior-poet's name !
 The island bard ! that came
 Far from his home, to die
 In martyrdom to Liberty :

I started—wonder'd—where was I?—
 Above me roll'd a Grecian sky ;
 Around me Grecian isles were spread,
 O'erpeopled with great shadowy dead,
 Assembled there to celebrate
 Some awful rite :
 Again the iron trump was blown

With overpowering might ;
 And lo ! upon a rocky throne,
 Appear'd a dead man that I knew ;
 His hair unbound, his forehead wet with dew,
 And then the angel, standing o'er him, said
 This incantation, with her wings outspread.

INCANTATION.

Bard of the ocean, wake !
 The midnight skies
 Of solid blue,
 That roll away above thee, shed
 O'er thy unshelter'd head
 A most untimely dew !
 Wake, Sleeper, wake !
 Arise !
 And from thy marble forehead shake
 The shadow of the dead !
 Arise ! Arise !
 Thou last of all the Giants ! Tear
 Thy silken robes away—
 Shake off the wine-dew from thy hair—
 The crush'd and faded roses there,
 And let it play,
 A glittering shadow on the air,—
 Like the young Spartan's when he set
 His foot—and met
 The Persian in array :

Byron, awake !
 Stand up and take
 Thy natural shape upon thee ! bare
 Thy bosom to the winds that blow—
 Not over bowers,
 Heavy with scented flowers—
 But over drifted snow ;
 Not o'er the perfumed earth,
 Sweltering in moonlight rain,
 Where even the blossoms that have birth,
 Breathe on the heavens a stain—
 But o'er the rude,
 Cold Grecian solitude :

Up, Byron, up ! with eyes
 Dark as Egyptian skies,

Where men may read their destinies !
 Up! in thy golden panoply complete
 Transfigured—all prepared to meet
 The Moslem foe !

What! still unmoved, thou Sleeper! still
 Untroubled by the sounds that fill
 Thy agitated air !
 Thy forehead set—
 Thy bosom wet—
 Still undisturbed !
 Thy proud lip curb'd—
 The death-dew on thy hair !

Awake thee, Byron! Thou art call'd,
 Thou man of power! to break
 The thralldom of the nations—wake !
 Arise !

The heathen are upon thee! Lo, they come
 Without a flute, or bell, or drum,
 Silent as death,
 Holding their breath ;
 Appall'd—

Like them of old, that crept
 On the shorn Samson, while he slept,
 In their barbarian power afraid
 Of one—a *woman* had betray'd !
 Or, like the pirate-band that stole
 The sleeping God of wine ;
 Each, as he came, through all his soul,
 Thrilling with awe divine,—
 An armed multitude, to take
 A giant by surprise :

Awake, anointed one, awake !
 The awful sky
 Is full of lamentation—all the air
 With sweet, remote,
 Low sounds, afloat—
 And solemn trumpeting and prayer.
 And lo !

The waters of the mountain lake
 O'ershadow'd by the flowery wood,
 Tremble and shake—
 And change their hue
 Of quiet blue,

As if they felt a spirit go
O'er their transparent solitude :

The great hills darken—all the valleys quake
With one continual throe,—
The green earth is wet
With a fragrant sweat,
Like the fine small dew,
That filters through
Rich moss, by the foot subdued ;
And the olive trees there
Their blossoms throw
On the motionless air,
Like a shower of snow,
Perpetually—
Trembling as if they felt the tread
Of the stout invisible dead—
The buried nations of all the earth—
All struggling upward into birth,
To subterranean melody :

And see! another band appear,
Unarm'd with helm, or sword, or spear,
Or buckler, guard, or shield ;
A band of giants! on they go,
Each—by himself—to meet the foe,
Alone in yonder field :
Three hundred Spartan shadows they,
I know them by their flying hair,
Rejoicing as it floats away,
A lustre on the troubled air :
Behold! they gather round
The marble Sleeper, where he lies
Reposing on the scented ground,—
His head with dripping roses bound—
A shadow in his eyes :

Behold them slowly trace,
With sorrow in each noble face,
The print of naked feet about the holy place :
Awake! awake!
Thou sleeping warrior-Bard! O break
Thy trance profound!
The Spartans are about thee—
They will not go without thee—
Awake!

They claim thee for the last
 Of all that valiant race ;
 The Grecians of the past,—
 To whom the battle and the chase,
 The war-ship tumbling to the blast,
 The stormy night,
 The thunder and the fight,
 Were pastime and repose ?
 Up, then, and take thy stand
 Amid the shadowy band !
 Outspread thy banner o'er them,
 Go, as thou should'st, before them ;
 Hear thou their call,
 Awake ! and fall !
 Like the bright thunder on their foes !

On with thy helmet ! set thy foot
 Where'er thou art—
 Strike down the infidel, and put
 Thy mailed hand upon thy slumbering heart,
 Or on the nearest altar, where,
 Unstain'd with revel, blood, or wine,
 Stands many an everlasting shrine,
 Wrapp'd in perpetual cloud,
 For ever echoing loud,
 And sounding to the mountain air,
 With voices wild, remote, and high,
 Like fanes of ancient prophecy—
 Built by the cherubim, of solid rock,
 Into the broad blue heaven—to mock
 The thunder and the Moslem shock—
 The armies of the earth and sky !

O Thou !

Of steadfast eye,
 And cold, intrepid brow,
 Whose marble amplitude
 Is frightful now,

There is thy place of worship—there !
 And this the hour !

Go up, thou Sleeper ! go with loosen'd hair ;
 Go up into the cloud, and then forbear
 To join the awful interlude,
 The wild and solemn harmony
 Of that afflicted solitude,

Bard of the Ocean, if thou canst, in one eternal prayer !

What!
 Still changing not,
 Still motionless and pale,
 And damp, and cold,
 Unmoved by trumpet, prayer, or song,
 The stirring gale,
 Or noise of coming strife,
 Or thunder near thee roll'd:
 The nations that have known thee long
 Unheeded marching by,
 Where thou art lying;
 The Spartan wise—the Spartan strong,
 Scared women with their garments flying,
 As if pursued
 By some great multitude—
 Young children all about thee crying,
 And thou, alone,
 Immoveable as if—thy blood were turn'd to stone!
 Why! what art thou,
 Man of the solid brow;
 O what!
 To alter not,
 Nor change, nor stir thyself, nor wake,
 Though all the nations try to break
 Thy trance profound!
 Nay, though they altogether take
 The place of supplication round
 The silent spot,
 The cold extinguished ground,
 Where thou art now,
 Until
 They overcast
 Thy spirit, Sleeper, with a last
 And most awakening spell—
 A spell of power and sorcery
 For all that dwell
 Beneath the water or the sky.
 Or fill
 The vaulted mystery,
 That silent flies
 For ever o'er our upturn'd eyes—
 Showering the dew
 Like a shower of light
 From the beautiful blue
 Of a beautiful night:
 Up, then, awake!

Up from thy charmed slumber! break
Thy long and sorrowful trance!

Now! Now!

Advance!

Ye of the snowy brow,
Each in her overpowering splendor!

The young and great,

Superb and desolate,

The beautiful and tender!

Advance!

Ye shadows of his child and wife,
And thrill the sleeper into life!

* * *

Now heaven be thanked! he lies

Regardless of our cries.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

Children of Greece, rejoice!

No change nor trouble shall come again
To the island-bard of the deep blue main;

Nor blight nor blast

To overcast

The brightness of his name;

Rejoice! Rejoice!

All ye that have loved the man, rejoice,

Throughout the world!

He cannot, now,

From the precipice brow

Of Glory's hill be hurl'd?

And you, ye men of Greece,

For his heart is yours

While time endures—

A flame

That will burn eternally—

And sound that will never cease!

And ye that have loved him, where

There's freedom in the air,

O peace!

For his beautiful eyes,

Under Grecian skies,

Were shut by the hands of Grecian men

And the voice of his heart

Will never depart

Away from the land of the brave again:

O peace!
 For he lifted his head,
 With a sorrowful look,
 When the spirit fled,
 And the temple shook,
 Forgetful of all that were nearest;
 And he thought of his home
 O'er the ocean foam;
 And call'd upon them that were dearest;
 The mother and the blue-eyed child,*
 Far, far away,
 And all that in his morning smiled
 When he was innocent as they—
 O peace!
 For his loving voice will haunt the place
 Of their green repose,
 Where'er they may lie interr'd,
 Like his own sweet, unseen bird,
 That pale and blighted rose: †
 But where the warriors of the household lie,
 And they that dwelt in minstrelsy,
 His voice will sound with a warlike tone,
 Like the distant cry
 Of trumpets when the wind is high:
 O peace!
 Peace to the ancient halls!
 Peace to the darken'd walls!
 And peace to the troubled family,
 For never again shall one of them be
 A moment on earth alone,
 A spirit, wherever they go,
 Shall go for ever before them;
 A shelter from every foe,
 A guardian hovering o'er them;
 O peace!
 For every trace
 Of his glorious face
 Shall be preserved in the sculptured stone!
 Embalm'd by Greece,
 And multiplied
 On every side,
 Instinct with immortality—

* The last words of Byron related to his wife and child.

† In the Giaour.

His rest for aye in the warrior-grave—
 His heart in the tomb of the Grecian brave ;
 His marble head
 Enthroned on high, to be
 Like the best of her ancient dead,
 A sculptured thought of liberty—
 A boding forth of Poesy
 To wake the youthful ages hence,—
 The gifted of Omnipotence.

ODE TO PEACE.

UP with thy banners! Out with all thy strength
 Rock-hearted country of the brave and wise!
 Huge fortress of the North! unfurl at length
 All thy sharp streamers o'er the flashing skies

Thou that of old, if but a shadow fell—
 The shadow only of a coming foe,
 Athwart thy bulwarks—heard the stormy swell
 Of countless armies gathering below

Thy deep foundations ; all thy ancient woods
 Upwaking with a heavy solemn roar,
 Thy rocks, thy rivers and thy solitudes,
 And the great sea that broke upon thy shore,

Out-thundering to the nations! with the noise
 Of strange artillery in the earth and sky,
 Chariots and horsemen, such as God employs,
 When he would startle to new energy

The o'ertired Universe. Up with thee now!
 Child of the North—New England—Up and heave
 Thy sumptuous drapery to the wind! Thy brow
 Begirt with adamant, lay bare ; and leave

The lurid panoply of death ; and go
 Forth like the mightiest and the best of them
 Who, if they move to grapple with a foe,
 Put on a snowy robe—a diadem

Of triple stars. Up with thee, in thy grave
 And awful beauty! Let the nations hear

The language of endurance from the brave ;
The song of peace from such as know not fear.

Shall War prevail for ever? Must we be
For ever and for ever bound to wage,
Like the devouring creatures of the sea,
Unceasing battle for our heritage?

Are we to sleep in armor? To lie down
With lighted thunderbolts, year after year,
Lest they who saw their monarch veil his crown
At our approach of old, may venture near?

What though a fourth of thy brave empire now
Is put upon the casting of a die?
The land our fathers bled for—that which Thou
Regardest as a portion of the sky—

And justly too. What though thy outstretch'd hands
Are vast and powerful? Thy rocky earth,
Rough though it be, more precious than the lands
That burn with gold and gems? Of greater worth

To thy stout people, Country of the free!
Than if thy waters rang o'er beds of pearls,
Flashing and sounding with the great high sea,—
Or when their wrath was up—in drifts and whirls

Threw diamonds—rubies—lumps of light ashore;
The wealth of India, or the glorious coil
Of shipwreck'd empires freighted with the store
Of gone-by ages—founder'd with their spoil.

From the four quarters of our strength, are we
To keep for ever thundering, night and day?
Will nothing do but warfare? Must we be
Arm'd to the teeth for ever? arm'd to slay?

Are the proud creatures of our soil—our youth,
Our fruitage and our hope—are they to go
Not reasoning as they ought with words of truth,
Along the way of life, but arm'd as though

The brave and beauteous earth whereon they tread,
Were fashion'd by the Builder of the Skies,

Not for his living Image, but the dead—
A place for slaughter and for sacrifice;

The Golgotha of nations. Must they be
Bred up to butchery from their earliest breath?
Made to believe that they are serving thee,
Our Father! when they sweep a storm of death,

O'er portions of thy goodliest heritage,
Tearing a path to empire—laying bare
The Vineyards of the world, age after age,
Or clamoring with ten thousand trumpets where

The shadowy monsters of the Great Deep dwell,
With star-drift—fire—and shapes magnificent,
Creatures that watch thy roaring citadel—
The broad black sea—the sun-dropp'd firmament.

Father of men! Jehovah! What are they,
The rulers of the earth, that they should dare,
To set aside thy law—to bid man slay
Where thou, their God, hast told him to forbear?

New England, rouse thee from thy heavy sleep!
Storehouse of nations—Lighted of the sky—
Great northern hive—Long cherish'd of the deep—
Mother of States! To thee we turn our eye!

Up with thy heart in prayer, and cry aloud
Peace to the Nations; to our Borders peace!
Why roll your banners like a thunder-cloud,
O'er sky and earth for ever? Let war cease!

Let our brave Country lift her arms and swear
By Him that dwelleth in eternity,
That henceforth and for ever she will wear
About her warrior brow, the flowering olive-tree!

JOSEPH HAZARD,

Of New York, wrote a volume of poems, published in 1814.

 THE FASHIONABLE RAKE.

Now far advanced had pass'd the second day,
 And fainter shone the sun's declining ray,
 When Austin's walk approach'd a gloomy pile.
 Large was the structure and of antique style—
 Two oaks before the white impalement grew,
 Which far around a circling umbrage threw
 Poultry at nightly lodging here would stay,
 And work was done beneath their boughs by day.
 Beneath one's shade a draw-knife's horse was stood,
 And many a tool was made of useful wood;
 Here many a youngster whistled in his cheer,
 For oft was rake, hoe, scythe, new-handled here—
 Its fellow oak unto the sight display'd
 Full many a piece of season'd wood uplaid,
 For cart, helve, sled, reserved in squared style,
 And future use, arose the goodly pile.
 An oval pond spread near the white impale,
 Its muddled surface to the curling gale;
 'T was here the gander march'd in noisy pride,
 And led his mate and young ones to the tide,
 The clamorous geese oft sail'd the troubled pool,
 And tribes of goslings here repair'd to cool—
 Here duck and drake with all their numerous throng,
 Quack'd in right gleeful cheer, and swam along.

To the large edifice young Lovegrace drew,
 Which he some wealthy farmer's mansion knew.
 An arch'd large porch projecting rose before,
 Secured by outer and with inner door,
 Above two rows of light in order show,
 Which round the entrance feeble day-light throw;
 On either side led up the front of stone,
 Two wild grape vines long since transplanted grown.

* * * *

The town *Arcadia* situate near the waves,
 Whose yellow sands a stream of commerce laves,

Presented to the pleased spectator's view,
 United, rural scene and city too.
 On a large square its architecture stood,
 While down each side roll'd a broad silver flood ;
 Ships of all sizes here safe in harbor lay,
 And parti-color'd pendants deck the bay.
 The streets were broad and even length'ning drawn,
 And in its centre smiled a spacious lawn.
 Chinese precinct'ring work enclosed its ground,
 And trees of pride of India bloom'd around,
 Two outward rows at equal distance grew,
 Form'd shade and walk of use and beauty too.
 Their flowers a native extra worth assume,
 And pride themselves in long continued bloom ;
 These too again in inner walks are seen
 With balm of Gilead interplac'd between.
 Through the whole lawn now pride of India shows,
 And here an aromatic balm of Gilead grows.
 The fence was lined throughout its ample square,
 And different shrubbery different colors wear.
 Here stands the laurel crown'd in generous bloom,
 Here breathes the honeysuckle's sweet perfume.
 The pale white rose attracts the passing eye,
 And here the damask scented richer dye,
 The inner walks with tints continued glow,
 As some decline new opening beauties flow.
 * * * Around the lawn are seen,
 Four summer houses which adorn the green,
 Whose opening diamond work invites the air,
 And vine of grapes and jessamines livery wear,
 Luxuriant branches o'er their archings run,
 And loveliest verdure shades the unwelcome sun.

NATHANIEL H. CARTER

WAS formerly one of the professors at Dartmouth College, and is now the editor of the New York Statesman. He is extensively known as the author of two volumes of Travels in Europe, published in 1827. His poetry consists of short pieces, chiefly occasional.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

In hymns of praise, eternal God!
 When thy creating hand
 Stretch'd the blue arch of heaven abroad,
 And meted sea and land,
 The morning stars together sung,
 And shouts of joy from angels rung.

Than Earth's prime hour, more joyous far
 Was the eventful morn,
 When the bright beam of Bethlehem's star
 Announced a *Saviour* born!
Then sweeter strains from heaven began—
 "Glory to God—good will to man."

Babe of the manger! can it be?
 Art *thou* the Son of God?
 Shall subject nations bow the knee,
 And kings obey thy nod?
 Shall thrones and monarchs prostrate fall
 Before the tenant of a stall?

'Tis He! the hymning seraphs cry,
 While hovering, drawn to earth;
 'Tis he! the shepherds' songs reply,
 Hail! hail Emmanuel's birth!
 The rod of peace those hands shall bear,
 That brow a crown of glory wear!

'Tis He! the eastern sages sing,
 And spread their golden hoard;
 'Tis He! the hills of Sion ring,
 Hosanna to the Lord!
 The Prince of long prophetic years
 To day in Bethlehem appears!

He comes! the Conqueror's march begins,
 No blood his banner stains;
 He comes to save the world from sins,
 And break the captive's chains!
 The poor, the sick and blind shall bless
 The Prince of Peace and Righteousness.

Though now in swaddling-clothes he lies,
 All hearts his power shall own,
 When he, with legions of the skies,
 The clouds of heaven his throne,
 Shall come to judge the quick and dead,
 And strike a trembling world with dread.

PAINS OF THE IMAGINATION.

ON ocean's cliff, see beauty wild and pale,
 Watching alone the fury of the gale :
 Amid the dangers of the rugged coast,
 She marks her sailor's gallant vessel tost ;
 Frantic with grief, her sunny locks she tears,
 As the red lightning on the breakers glares,
 And o'er the tumult of the boiling deep,
 Mad whirlwinds howl, and dark tornadoes sweep.
 Shall she, delighted, hear the tempest rave,
 And list the murmurs of the dashing wave !
 Think ye the grandeur of the scene can charm
 Her heart, that throbs at every gust alarm !

Behold yon volumes of sulphureous smoke,
 Roll in black wreaths, and heaven with vapor choke !
 The mountain trembles, and the earth afar
 Feels the dread shock of elemental war ;
 Loud roars the ocean, and the mingled din
 Breaks on the ear from rumbling caves within :
 Then flames the crater : to the skies aspire
 The liquid gushes of volcanic fire.
 Aghast the peasant of Campania stands,
 And mourns his ruin'd cot, his deluged lands,
 Perchance his wife, his children's hapless doom,
 Buried in flame, and hurried to the tomb.
 While his lorn bosom is with anguish wrung,
 Cares he what bards the scene sublime have sung ?
 How many Plinies once admired the sight,
 Its grandeur traced, then perish'd in delight ?

But hark !—in southern climes along the ground,
 Like distant thunders, runs a hollow sound :
 Wide and more wide extends the sullen jar,
 As when conflicting chariots rush to war ;

Rocks, woods, and plains the wild commotion feel,
 And the tall Andes to their bases reel;
 In mountain waves, the undulating lea
 Heaves, like the tossings of a troubled sea;
 Impending ruin mocks the force of art,
 And ghastly terror seizes every heart.
 Then yawns the fathomless abyss, and down
 At once are hurl'd the works of old renown,
 The monuments of ages; all that man,
 His genius, taste, and luxury could plan:
 All, all in one promiscuous grave repose,
 O'er which the earth, and gushing waters close,
 And hence along the stagnant lake and plain,
 Shall solitude and desolation reign.

Oh! who hath not in fancy trod alone,
 The trackless deserts of the burning zone,
 Nor felt a dreariness oppress his soul,
 To mark the sands in eddies round him roll,
 Like ocean's billows, threatening to o'erwhelm,
 His wilder'd march, through many a weary realm?
 No verdure smiles, no crystal fountains play,
 To quench the arrows of the god of day,
 No breezy lawns, no cool, meandering streams,
 Allay the fervor of his torrid beams;
 No whispering zephyrs fan the glowing skies;
 But o'er long tracts the mournful siroc sighs,
 Whose desolating march, whose withering breath
 Sweeps through the caravan with instant death;
 The wandering Arab, startled at the sound,
 Mantles his face, and presses close the ground,
 Till o'er his prostrate, weary limbs hath pass'd,
 In sullen gusts, the poison-wafting blast.

'T is night: but there the sparkling heavens diffuse
 No genial showers, no soft-distilling dews;
 In the hot sky, the stars, of lustre shorn,
 Burn o'er the pathway of the wanderer lorn,
 And the red moon, from Babelmandel's strand,
 Looks, as she climbs, through pyramids of sand,
 That whirl'd aloft, and gilded by her light,
 Blaze the lone beacons of the desert night.
 From distant wilds is heard the dismal howl
 Of hideous monsters, that in darkness prowl:
 Urged by gaunt famine from his lair and home,

Along the waste, the tiger's footsteps roam,
 And from afar, the fierce hyena's scream
 At midnight breaks the traveller's fitful dream.

MOSES Y. SCOTT,

AUTHOR of *The Fatal Jest*, and other pieces, published at
 New York, in 1819.

POCAHONTAS.

RUDE was the storm, and her fallen hair
 Stream'd in the gale from her bosom bare ;
 As alone, through the forest's blacken'd shade,
 On errand of fear came the Indian maid.

Wild was her look ; but her eye was bright
 With the melting beam of Mercy's light—
 Her speech was hurried ; but kindness hung
 On the accents bland of her warning tongue.

“ White men, beware of Havoc's sweep !
 He is waked in the forest, from sullen sleep—
 He would drink your blood, in a guardless hour,
 And your wives and slumbering babes devour.

“ Beware!—for, the tempest, chain'd so long,
 Shall burst tonight, in its fury strong—
 The trees must root them against its sway,
 And their branches cling, or be scatter'd away !

“ The fire shall rage ; for, the breeze is blowing—
 The smoke rolls hither—the flames are glowing ;
 They climb the hills ; to the vales they spread—
 The night is black ; but the forest is red.

“White men, beware!—And when at last,
Your fears are dead, and your dangers past,
Shall the voice of the warner be e'er betray'd—
Shall white men forget the Indian maid?”

HENRY WARE, JR.

MINISTER of the Second Congregational Church in Hanover Street, Boston. He is more distinguished as a writer of prose than poetry; though in the latter, he has executed some beautiful things. Several of the best articles of criticism in the North American Review are from his pen.

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright;
No dimness rested on the glittering light,
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high
Those distant suns burn'd on with quiet ray;
The placid planets held their modest way;
And silence reign'd profound o'er earth, and sea, and sky.

Oh what an hour for lofty thought!
My spirit burn'd within; I caught
A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawn'd, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision pass'd upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless sons of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night,

When, lo, upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,

In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
 Proud in its strength and years, the pond'rous pile
 Flung up its time-defying towers ;
 Its lofty gates seem'd scornfully to smile
 At vain assault of human powers,
 And threats and arms deride.
 Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride
 In giant masses graced the walls above,
 And dungeons yawn'd below.
 Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
 Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze,
 See, within, a sudden blaze !
 So small at first, the zephyr's slightest swell,
 'That scarcely stirs the pine tree top,
 Nor makes the wither'd leaf to drop,
 The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.

But soon it spread—
 Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,
 From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
 Raging with resistless power ;
 Till every fervent pillar glow'd,
 And every stone seem'd burning coal,
 Instinct with living heat, that flow'd
 Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
 Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
 At length a crackling sound began ;
 From side to side, throughout the pile it ran ;
 And louder yet, and louder grew,
 Till now in rattling thunder-peals it grew,
 Huge shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke,
 Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
 The shatter'd walls were rent and riven,
 And piecemeal driven
 Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.
 'T is done ; what centuries had rear'd,
 In quick explosion disappear'd,
 Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,—
 Bright with more than human grace,
 Robed in more than mortal seeming,
 Radiant glory in her face,

And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,
 Rose a fair majestic form,
 As the mild rainbow from the storm.
 I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye ;
 And when, with gesture of command,
 She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,
 My slumbers fled mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
 How truly it unlock'd the word of fate?
 Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
 And spreads it not, and burns in every state?
 And when their old and cumbrous walls,
 Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,
 Vainly they rear their impotent defence—
 The fabric falls!
 That fervent energy must spread,
 Till despotism's towers be overthrown;
 And in their stead,
 Liberty stands alone!

Hasten the day, just Heaven!
 Accomplish thy design;
 And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
 Freely on all men shine;
 Till equal rights be equally enjoy'd,
 And human power for human good employ'd;
 Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
 And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
 And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
 His light is on all below and above,
 The light of gladness and life and love.
 Oh, then, on the breath of this early air,
 Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
 And the gathering darkness of night comes on.
 Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows
 To shade the couch where his children repose.
 Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
 And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer ;—for the day that God has blest
 Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest.
 It speaks of creation's early bloom ;
 It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
 Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
 And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
 For her new-born infant beside her lies.
 Oh hour of bliss ! when the heart o'erflows
 With rapture a mother only knows.
 Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer ;
 Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
 Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
 What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
 As the bride bids parents and home farewell !
 Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
 And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
 And pray for his soul through him who died.
 Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow ;
 Oh what is earth and its pleasures now ?
 And what shall assuage his dark despair,
 But the penitent cry of humble prayer ?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
 And hear the last words the believer saith.
 He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends ;
 There is peace in his eye that upwards bends ;
 There is peace in his calm confiding air ;
 For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier !
 A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
 It commends the spirit to God who gave ;
 It lifts the thoughts from the cold dark grave ;
 It points to the glory where he shall reign,
 Who whisper'd, " Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
 But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
 The ransom'd shout to their glorious King,
 Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
 But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
 And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
 To join that holy band at length.
 To Him, who unceasing love displays,
 Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
 To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
 For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

JOHN E. HALL

Was born in Philadelphia. He was educated for the law, but turned his attention from that to literature, and became the editor of the Port Folio, after the death of Dennie. He was also the conductor of a law journal, and translated Emerigon. A variety of articles in prose and verse in the Port Folio, are from his pen.

REFLECTIONS OF A RECLUSE.

DAYS of my youth, ah, whither have ye fled!
 Moments of innocence, of health and joy,
 Unruffled by the thoughts of worldly care,
 With throbs of sad delight, how oft I sigh,
 When Recollection paints thy scenes anew,
 My steps ye led to halls where minstrels struck
 The breathing lyre, to sing of Beauty's charms,
 Or chivalry's heroic deeds.

Not then, I pour'd
 The melancholy song of memory;
 No solitary tale my idle hours could tell
 Of sorrow; Hope departed; or Despair.
 My dulcet harp was strung to Rapture's notes;

Its jocund strings re-echoed themes of love,
 Or careless caroll'd what young joys could teach.
 When twilight came, I sought the mountain's brow,
 To mark her solemn grandeur hastening near.
 Then, ah! then, I woo'd the charms of silence,
 Far from the pageant show of restless man,
 The pomp of pride, the sneer of haughtiness :
 Malice, with quivering lip, and knawing care :
 Envy, that blasts the buds whose perfumed dyes
 She fain would equal : green-eyed Jealousy :
 And spectres of despair, whom memory brings
 To haunt the slumbering dreams of guilty men,
 Of these, yet ignorant and their powers unfelt,
 I rioted in youth's gay harvest,
 And quaff'd the cup of roseate health and joy.

But I am changed now !

If e'er I smile, 't is as the flower of spring,
 Whose tincture blooms through drops of morning dew !
 And when the once loved charms of solitude
 I woo, amid the valley's silence,
 Or on the high hill top, where thunders loud
 Proclaim to man the majesty of God,
 'T is not to bathe in dreams of shadowy bliss,
 Or fondly dwell on scenes of wild romance :
 To weave a sonnet for my mistress' brow,
 Or con an artless song to soothe her ear !
 No cheerful thoughts like these entice my feet
 Through tangled dells or o'er the mountain's height.
 Hopeless and sad in gloomy nooks retired,
 I love to watch the slow revolving moon,
 And muse on visions fled of treacherous love,
 Of joys departed, and deceitful hopes :
 Me now, no more the balmy breeze of spring,
 Nor summer's streamlets murm'ring through the grove,
 Nor changeful winds that yellow autumn brings,
 Can yield delight—stern winter's joyless gloom
 Suits with my bosom's cold and cheerless state !
 Life's purple tide no more salubrious flows ;
 The vernal glow of hope is fled : and joy,
 Shall glad no more my once contented cot :
 False, fickle woman drove her smiles away.

All hail, December's chilling skies !

Come darken more the anguish of my soul.
 Bring with thy gloomy hours despair's sad shades—
 Bring all the load that misery prepares,
 To gall us through the miry road of life :

Bring silent sorrow with her bitter brow :
Bring lovely woman, with her syren smile,
Like transient meteor to seduce our steps :
Bring care, with self-consuming wants oppress'd,
And doubt, to lead us from our onward path,
And sharp solitudes to vex our nights :
Let war, too, throw her lurid glare around,
And turn the savage from his hunter toils,
To raise the tomahawk and bend the bow.
In her funereal train attendant,
Let famine stalk, and, with insatiate hand,
Fell plunder, knowing neither friend nor foe,
And violence, to stain the soldier's name.
Let bloody slaughter loose, to dye with gore
Our soil, and teach the world what evils wait
On madden'd counsels and ambitious schemes.
Accursed schemes ! that saw no wrath denounced
On souls remorseless shedding human blood.
Detested plans ! which bade the cymbals strike,
Roused the loud clarion, and made the cannon roar,
To drown the Saviour's voice proclaiming loud,
To God on high be glory given : on earth,
Let peace among mankind for ever reign.

CARLOS WILCOX

WAS born at Newport, New Hampshire, October 22d, 1794. He studied at Middlebury College, Vermont, and afterwards at the Theological Seminary at Andover. In 1824, he was settled as a preacher at Hartford, in Connecticut. He published a small poem, entitled *The Age of Benevolence*, No. 1, which was a work of merit. His ill health obliged him soon after to relinquish his situation, and he died on the 29th of May, 1827. A volume of his poetry and sermons, with a memoir, was published the last year. As a preacher he was uncommonly eloquent and interesting.

THE RELIGION OF TASTE.

'T WAS one of summer's last and loveliest days,
 When at the dawn, with a congenial friend
 I rose to climb the mount, that with the gaze
 Of expectation high we long had kenn'd,
 While travelling toward it as our journey's end :—
 Height after height we reach'd that seem'd the last ;
 But far above, where we must yet ascend,
 Another and another rose, till fast
 The sun began to sink ere all but one were past.

Upon that loftiest one awhile we stood
 Silent with wonder and absorbing awe ;
 A thousand peaks, the lowest crown'd with wood,
 The highest of bare rock at once we saw,
 In ranges spread till seeming to withdraw
 Far into heaven, and mix their softer blue ;
 While ranges near, as if in spite of law,
 With all wild shapes and grand fill'd up the view
 And o'er the deep dark gulf fantastic shadows threw.

Here billows heaved in one vast swell, and there
 In one long sweep, as on a stormy sea,
 Drawn to a curling edge, seem'd held in air,
 Ready to move as from a charm set free,
 And roar, and dash, and sink, and cease to be ;
 While firm and smooth as hewn of emerald rock,
 Below them rose to points of one proud tree,
 Green pyramids of pine, that seem'd to mock
 In conscious safety proud, their vainly threaten'd shock.

Here while the sun yet shone, abysses vast
 Like openings into inner regions seem'd
 All objects fading, mingling, sinking fast,
 Save few that shut up where the sun yet beam'd ;
 But soon as his last rays around us stream'd
 Thick darkness wrapt the whole, o'er which the glow
 Of western skies in feeble flashes gleam'd,
 While bright from pole to pole extending slow
 Along the wide horizon ere it sunk below.

'T was midnight, when from our sequester'd bower
 I stole with sleepless eyes to gaze alone ;
 For 't is alone we feel in its full power,

The enchantment o'er a scene so awful thrown:—
 Through broken flying clouds the moon now shone,
 And light and shade cross'd mountain-top and vale;
 While with imparted motion, not their own,
 The heavens and earth to fancy seem'd to sail
 Through boundless space like her creation bright but frail.

Ere long the clouds were gone, the moon was set;
 When deeply blue without a shade of gray,
 The sky was fill'd with stars that almost met,
 Their points prolong'd and sharpen'd to one ray;
 Through their transparent air the milky-way
 Seem'd one broad flame of pure resplendent white,
 As if some globe on fire, turn'd far astray,
 Had cross'd the wide arch with so swift a flight,
 That for a moment shone its whole long track of light.

At length in northern skies, at first but small,
 A sheet of light meteorous begun
 To spread on either hand, and rise and fall
 In waves, that slowly first, then quickly run
 Along its edge, set thick but one by one
 With spiry beams, that all at once shot high,
 Like those through vapors from the setting sun;
 Then sidelong as before the wind they fly,
 Like streaking rain from clouds that flit along the sky.

Now all the mountain-tops and gulfs between
 Seem'd one dark plain; from forests, caves profound,
 And rushing waters far below unseen,
 Rose a deep roar in one united sound,
 Alike pervading all the air around,
 And seeming e'en the azure dome to fill,
 And from it through soft ether to resound
 In low vibrations, sending a sweet thrill
 To every finger's end from rapture deep and still.

Spent with emotion, and to rest resign'd,
 A sudden sleep fell on me, and subdued
 With visions bright and dread my restless mind;—
 Methought that in a realm of solitude,
 All indistinctly like the one just view'd,
 With guilt oppress'd and with foreboding gloom,
 My lonely way bewilder'd I pursued,
 Mid signs of terror that the day of doom,
 And lovely nature's last dissolving hour had come.

The sun and moon in depths of ether sunk
 Till half extinct, shed their opposing light
 In dismal union, at which all things shrunk ;—
 Anon they both, like meteors streaming bright,
 Ran down the sky and vanished—all was night ;
 With that a groan as from earth's centre rose,
 While o'er its surface ran, o'er vale and height,
 A waving as of woods when wild wind blows,
 A heaving as of life in its expiring throes.

Far in the broad horizon dimly shone
 A flood of fire, advancing with a roar,
 Like that of ocean when the waves are thrown
 In nightly storms high on a rocky shore ;—
 Spreading each way it came, and sweeping o'er
 Woodlands like stubble, forests wide and tall
 In thick ranks falling, blooming groves before
 Its fury vanishing too soon to fall,
 And mountains melting down—one deluge covering all.

Before it, striking quick from cloud to cloud,
 Stream'd its unearthly light along the sky,
 Flashing from all the swift wings of a crowd
 Of frightened birds at random soaring high,
 And from the faces of lost men that fly
 In throngs beneath, as back they snatch'd a look
 Of horror at the billows rolling nigh,
 With thundering sound at which all nature shook,
 And e'en the strength of hope their sinking hearts forsook.

No more I saw, for while I thought to flee,
 What seem'd the swoon of terror held me fast,
 My senses drowned, and set my fancy free,
 Waked not, but back to sleep unconscious cast
 My troubled spirit ; one dark moment pass'd,
 And, all revived again, my dream went on ;
 But in that interval what changes vast !
 The earth and its lost multitudes were gone ;
 A new creation bless'd eternity's bright dawn.

Myself I found borne to a heavenly clime
 I knew not how, but felt a stranger there ;
 Still the same being that I was in time,
 E'en to my raiment ; on the borders fair
 Of that blest land I stood in lone despair ;
 Not its pure beauty and immortal bloom,

Its firmament serene and balmy air,
 Nor all its glorious beings, broke the gloom
 Of my foreboding thoughts, fix'd on some dreadful doom.

There walk'd the ransom'd ones of earth in white,
 As beautifully pure as new-fallen snow,
 On the smooth summit of some eastern height,
 In the first rays of morn that o'er it flow,
 Nor less resplendent than the richest glow
 Of snow-white clouds, with all their stores of rain
 And thunder spent, roll'd up in volumes slow
 O'er the blue sky just clear'd from every stain,
 Till all the blaze of noon they drink and long retain.

Safe landed on these shores, together hence
 That bright throng took their way to where insphered
 In a transparent cloud of light intense,
 With starry pinnacles above it reared,
 A city vast, the inland all appear'd,
 With walls of azure, green and purple stone,
 All to one glassy surface smooth'd and clear'd,
 Reflecting forms of angel guards that shone
 Above the approaching host as each were on a throne.

And while that host moved onward o'er a plain
 Of living verdure, oft they turn'd to greet
 Friends that on earth had taught them heaven to gain ;
 Then hand in hand they went with quicken'd feet ;
 And bright with immortality, and sweet
 With love ethereal, were the smiles they cast ;
 I only wander'd on with none to meet
 And call me dear, while pointing to the past,
 And forward to the joys that never reach their last.

I had not bound myself by any ties
 To that bless'd land ; none saw me and none sought ;
 Nor any shunn'd, or from me turn'd their eyes ;
 And yet such sense of guilt and conscience wrought,
 It seem'd that every bosom's inmost thought
 Was fix'd on me ; when back as from their view
 I shrunk, and would have fled or shrunk to nought,
 As some I loved and many that I knew
 Pass'd on unmindful why or whither I withdrew

Whereat of sad remembrances a flood
 Rush'd o'er my spirit, and my heart beat low
 As with the heavy gush of curdling blood :—
 Soon left behind, awhile I follow'd slow,
 Then stopp'd and round me look'd, my fate to know,
 But look'd in vain ;—no voice my doom to tell ;—
 No arm to hurl me down the depths of wo ;—
 It seem'd that I was brought to heaven to dwell
 That conscience might alone do all the work of hell.

Now came the thought, the bitter thought of years
 Wasted in musings sad and fancies wild,
 And in the visionary hopes and fears
 Of the false feeling of a heart beguiled
 By nature's strange enchantment, strong and wild ;
 Now with celestial beauty blooming round,
 I stood as on some naked waste exiled ;
 From gathering hosts came music's swelling sound,
 But deeper in despair my sinking spirits drown'd.

At length methought a darkness as of death
 Came slowly o'er me, and with that I woke ;
 Yet knew not in the first suspended breath
 Where I could be, so real seem'd the stroke,
 That in my dream all earthly ties had broke ;
 A moment more, and melting in a tide
 Of grateful fervor, how did I invoke
 Power from the Highest to leave all beside,
 And live but to secure the bliss my dream denied.

The day soon dawn'd, and I could not but view
 Its purple tinge in heaven, and then its beams
 Revealing all around me, as they flew
 From peak to peak, and striking in soft gleams
 On the white mists that hung o'er winding streams
 Through trackless forests, and o'er clustering lakes
 In valleys wide, where many a green height seems
 An isle above the cloud that round it breaks,
 As with the breeze it moves and its deep bed forsakes.

SAMUEL B. BEACH,

WROTE *Escalala*, an American Tale, published at Utica, New York, in 1824.

 ESCALALA.

The war-whoop's boding sound
 Rose fearfully and shrill :
 By echo's thousand voices, round,
 Wide wafted over dale and hill,
 It volley'd through the distant plain,
 That peal'd its thunders back again.
 The wolf aroused him from his den,
 Far northward, in the wildest glen
 On Simcoe's dreary shore ;
 And, high o'er Alleghany's peak,
 The vulture heard, and trimm'd his beak
 To feast on human gore.
 The runners, by their Chief's command,
 The war-club, tinged with fearful red,
 Rear'd high in air, a signal dread,
 And waved it through the land.
 It glanced amid the pathless wood
 That shadow'd Susquehannah's flood ;
 And down Ontario's wilds, afar,
 Told proudly of the coming war :
 On dark Missouri's turbid stream
 The countless tribes beheld it gleam,
 And blithely, for the field array'd,
 Obedience to its summons paid.
 By its own gallant chieftains led on to the fight,
 Each tribe musters proudly its numbers and might,
 And—like mountain streams rushing to mingle their foam
 In the dell's troubled bosom—all darkly they come ;

* * * *

The line is forming, broad and bright,
 Like meteors on the brow of night,
 As to the wind their light folds stream,
 Standards and banners o'er it gleam ;
 And plumes and shields and helmets, glancing

From mail-clad chiefs in hurried motion,
Rise, sink and glow, like bubbles dancing
Upon the storm-vex'd face of ocean.

In front, and facing to the fosse,
O'er which the coming foe must cross—
Their left arms bare, and round the waist
Their quivers, stored with arrows, braced,
Ready of eye and firm of hand,
The light and active archers stand ;
Each with his bow of ample length,
Well proved for vigor and for strength,
And cloth-yard shafts—that to the heart
May pierce, when from the string they part.
Supporting these—with rearward sweep,
In darkening columns, broad and deep—
Fast to their posts wheel silently
The close-rank'd veteran infantry,
The sinews of the host—who bear
The tug and burden of the war,
When man to man his might opposes
In long and fierce and doubtful strife,
And one or both must part with life
Before the awful contest closes.

Upon the wings form, prompt and free,
The light and heavy cavalry ;

And the snort and the neigh of each bounding steed,
As his rider is curbing his headlong speed,
And the foam on the bit which he angrily champs,
And the short, hollow moan of the ground, as he stamps
And spurns it impatiently—tell to the eye
And the ear, he is conscious the battle is nigh ;
And pants for the moment when, loose from the rein,
He shall rush on the flying and trample the slain.

* * * *

Far down Ohio's vale, the pilgrim sees
The rank grass floating, in the grateful breeze,
Above the hallow'd mould, where sleep the brave
Of ages past, in the neglected grave ;
And of the peasant, as his labors turn
The whitening bones above their earthly urn,
Pauses a moment, o'er his reckless share,
To wonder whose sad relics moulder there :
Yet, nor the peasant nor the pilgrim knows
The record of their fame, the story of their woes.
But viewless spirits linger round the scene

Where valor, worth and glory erst have been ;
 Bidding each gale, as far its sweets are shed,
 Sigh nature's requiem o'er the mighty dead :
 While their high harps, responsive, wake again
 The echoes of the sadly-pleasing strain,
 To prompt from pity's eye the willing tear
 And tell their wondrous tale in Fancy's ear.

Soothed by the sound, the native minstrel caught
 A portion of the lay their numbers taught,
 And from his rustic lyre, by Freedom strung
 Its plaintive wild-notes fearlessly he flung.
 Rude is the theme he chose, and small the praise
 He claims, to recompense his artless lays :
 Content, if Genius, from her boundless mines,
 Hath lent one gem, to deck the wreath he twines ;
 Or taste shall find one native flowret there,
 Which claims her plaudits and his country's care.

To thee, my country! and to thine, belong
 The fame, the labors of thy "sons of song:"
 Be thine, henceforth, the pleasing task, to give
 The boon which bids that fame, those labors live ;
 Nor deem, of course, the chaplet little worth,
 Whose wreaths are twined from flowers of native growth.
 Proud of their freedom, let thy children be
 In taste and science, as in spirit, free ;
 So shall thy daring minstrels soon aspire
 With bolder sweep to wake the slumbering lyre ;
 Till, o'er the broad Atlantic echoing round,
 Admiring Europe hail the heavenly sound,
 And, roused to rapture by its magic charms,
 Confess thy bards as matchless as thy arms.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Is the son of Dr. Peter Bryant of Cummington, Massachusetts, and was born in that place on the third of November, 1794. At ten years, he felt an inclination for poetry, and wrote various pieces in verse, one of which was published in the Hampshire Gazette, at Northampton. In 1810, he entered Williams College, where he studied a year or two, and ob-

taining a dismissal on his own application, he turned his attention to the law. After completing the usual studies, he was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, in 1815. He removed to New York in 1820, and was one of the editors of the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*. In 1828, he became associate editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

Mr Bryant published in 1808, at Boston, a volume of poems with the title of "*The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times.*" Although the author was but fourteen years of age, the book was so well received, that it was reprinted the next year. In 1821, appeared the volume containing *The Ages, Thanatopsis* and other pieces. He also furnished many of the poetical articles in the *United States Literary Gazette*.

As a poet, he is entitled to rank with the most eminent among us for originality, and finished, chaste execution. He does not offend us by abruptness and inequality. He presents us with here and there a bold image, but the tenor of his poetry is even and sustained. He shows good judgment, and a careful study of the materials of his verse. He does not aim with an over-daring attempt at those lofty and bewildering flights which too often fills the poet's pages with cloudy and confused representations. His delineations are clear and distinct, and without any indications of an endeavor to be startling and brilliant by strange metaphors, or unlicensed boldness of phraseology. His writings are marked by correct sentiment and propriety of diction.

Mr Bryant stands high in the general estimation, and his works have been the subject of frequent notice. The pages of our periodical criticism show the manner in which he is appreciated by the highest literary authorities. His poetry has been so justly estimated in the *North American Review*, that were we to go into a further analysis of it, we should but repeat in another shape the opinions which that journal has given upon the subject. We shall take the liberty, therefore, of concluding this notice by an extract from the fifty-first number of that work. We subscribe fully to the judgment therein contained.

“His poetry has truth, delicacy, and correctness, as well as uncommon vigor and richness; he is always faithful to nature, his delineations are accurate, vivid, and forcible; he selects his groups and images with judgment, and sketches with spirit and exactness. He writes as one, ‘who, in the love of nature, holds communion with her visible forms.’ Nothing is borrowed, nothing artificial; his pictures have an air of freshness and originality, which could come from the student of nature alone. He is alive to the beautiful forms of the outward world. These forms hold a language to his heart. Nature to him is not an inert mass, mere dead matter; it is almost a feeling, and a sentiment. His poetry is always refreshing; the scenes of stillness and repose, into which he introduces us, seem fitted to exclude care and sorrow; he draws us from the haunts of men, where we become familiar with loathsome forms of vice and misery, where our hearts are torn with anxiety, or wounded by neglect and ingratitude, and makes us ‘partake of the deep contentment,’ which the mute scenes of earth breathe. He is less the poet of artificial life, than of nature and the feelings. There is something for the heart, as well as for the understanding and fancy, in all he writes; something which touches our sensibility, and awakens deep toned, sacred reflections.

“Again, Mr Bryant charms us by his simplicity. Like all true lovers of nature, he is fond of those chaste beauties, which strike on the heart at once, and are incapable of being heightened by any extraneous ornament. His pictures are never overcharged. Nothing is turgid or meretricious, strange or fantastic. His heart is open to the healthful influences of nature; he muses among her gay and beautiful forms, and throws out upon the world his visions and feelings in a garb of attractive simplicity and grace. His strains, moreover, are exquisitely finished. He leaves nothing crude and imperfect; he throws off no hasty sketches, no vague, shadowy, and ill assorted images. His portraits have a picturesque distinctness; the outlines are accurately traced, and the colors laid on with delicacy and skill. We are never disgusted with

grossness; nothing appears overstrained or feeble, deformed, misshapen, or out of place.

“To write such poetry at any time would be no trifling distinction. Mr Bryant deserves the greater praise, as he has exhibited a pure and classical standard in an age, the tendency of which is, in some respects, toward lawless fanaticism and wildness. There is a fashion in literature, as in everything else. The popular style is now the rapid, the hasty, the abrupt, and unfinished. The age is certainly not a superficial one. It is distinguished beyond any former period for habits of deep, earnest thought. But one of its characteristics seems to be an impatience of restraint. It is fond of strong excitement, however produced. Whatever excites the mind into a state of fervor, whatever powerfully awakens the feelings, is listened to and applauded. It may be vague, fantastic, and shapeless, produced by a sort of extemporaneous effort, and sent abroad without the labor of revision. It will not have the less chance of becoming, for a time at least, popular. The press was never more prolific than at present. A great deal is written, and, as might be naturally supposed, much is written in haste. The mass of popular literature is swelling to an overgrown bulk; but much of it is crude, coarse, and immature. Mr Bryant has not been seduced by the temptations to slovenliness and negligence, which the age holds out to view; but, on the contrary, he affords a happy specimen of genuine, classical English. We are gratified to meet with such examples, especially among the distinguished and favored poets of our own country. It augurs well for the interests of taste and letters.

“We cannot express in too strong terms our approbation of the moral and devotional spirit, that breathes from all which Mr Bryant writes. Poetry, which is conversant with the deeper feelings of the heart, as well as the beautiful forms of outward nature, has, we conceive, certain affinities with devotion. It is connected with all our higher and holier emotions, and should send out an exalting, a healing, and sustaining influence. We are pleased to find such an influence pervading

every strain, uttered by a poet of so much richness of fancy, of so much power and sweetness, as Mr Bryant. No sentiment or expression ever drops from him, which the most rigid moralist would wish to blot. His works we may put into the hands of youth, confident, that in proportion as they become familiar with them, the best sympathies of their nature will be strengthened, and the moral taste be rendered more refined and delicate. Much of his poetry is description; but his descriptions are fitted to 'instruct our piety,' and impart a warmth and glow of moral feeling."

THE AGES.

WHEN, to the common rest that crowns our days,
 Call'd in the noon of life, the good man goes,
 Or full of years, and ripe in wisdom, lays
 His silver temples in their last repose;
 When, o'er the buds of youth, the death-wind blows,
 And blights the fairest; when our bitterest tears
 Stream, as the eyes of those that love us close,
 We think on what they were, with many fears
 Lest Godness die with them, and leave the coming years.

And therefore, to our hearts, the days gone by,—
 When lived the honor'd sage whose death we wept,
 And the soft virtues beam'd from many an eye,
 And beat in many a heart that long has slept,—
 Like spots of earth where angel-feet have stept—
 Are holy; and high-dreaming bards have told
 Of times when worth was crown'd, and faith was kept,
 Ere friendship grew a snare, or love wax'd cold—
 Those pure and happy times—the golden days of old.

Peace to the just man's memory,—let it grow
 Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
 Of ages; let the mimic canvas show
 His calm benevolent features; let the light
 Stream on his deeds of love, that shunn'd the sight
 Of all but heaven, and, in the book of fame,
 The glorious record of his virtues write,
 And hold it up to men, and bid them claim
 A palm like his, and catch from him the hallow'd flame.

But oh, despair not of their fate who rise
 To dwell upon the earth when we withdraw;
 Lo! the same shaft, by which the righteous dies,
 Strikes through the wretch that scoff'd at mercy's law,
 And trode his brethren down, and felt no awe
 Of him who will avenge them. Stainless worth,
 Such as the sternest age of virtue saw,
 Ripens, meanwhile, till time shall call it forth
 From the low modest shade, to light and bless the earth.

Has Nature, in her calm majestic march,
 Falter'd with age at last? does the bright sun
 Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue arch,
 Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,
 Less brightly? when the dew-lipp'd spring comes on,
 Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky
 With flowers less fair than when her reign begun?
 Does prodigal autumn, to our age, deny
 The plenty that once swell'd beneath his sober eye?

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
 In her fair page; see, every season brings
 New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
 Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
 Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
 And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
 Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
 The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep
 In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

Will then the merciful One, who stamp'd our race
 With his own image, and who gave them sway
 O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,
 Now that our flourishing nations far away
 Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,
 Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed
 His latest offspring? will he quench the ray
 Infused by his own forming smile at first,
 And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed?

Oh no! a thousand cheerful omens give
 Hope of yet happier days whose dawn is nigh
 He, who has tamed the elements, shall not live
 The slave of his own passions; he whose eye
 Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,

And in the abyss of brightness dares to span
 The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
 In God's magnificent works his will shall scan—
 And love and peace shall make their paradise with man.

Sit at the feet of history—through the night
 Of years the steps of virtue she shall trace,
 And show the earlier ages, where her sight
 Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er their face;—
 When, from the genial cradle of our race,
 Went forth the tribes of men, their pleasant lot
 To choose, where palm-groves cool'd their dwelling place,
 Or freshening rivers ran; and there forgot
 The truth of heaven, and kneel'd to gods that heard them not.

Then waited not the murderer for the night,
 But smote his brother down in the bright day,
 And he who felt the wrong, and had the might,
 His own avenger, girt himself to slay;
 Beside the path the unburied carcass lay;
 The shepherd, by the fountains of the glen,
 Fled, while the robber swept his flock away,
 And slew his babes. The sick, untended then,
 Languish'd in the damp shade, and died afar from men.

But misery brought in love—in passion's strife
 Man gave his heart to mercy pleading long,
 And sought out gentle deeds to gladden life;
 The weak, against the sons of spoil and wrong,
 Banded, and watch'd their hamlets, and grew strong.
 States rose, and, in the shadow of their might,
 The timid rested. To the reverent throng,
 Grave and time-wrinkled men, with locks all white,
 Gave laws, and judged their strifes, and taught the way of
 right.

Till bolder spirits seized the rule, and nail'd
 On men the yoke that man should never bear,
 And drove them forth to battle: Lo! unveil'd
 The scene of those stern ages! What is there?
 A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
 Moans with the crimson surges that intomb
 Cities and banner'd armies; forms that wear
 The kingly circlet, rise, amid the gloom,
 O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallow'd in its womb.

Those ages have no memory—but they left
 A record in the desert—columns strown
 On the waste sands, and statues fall'n and cleft,
 Heap'd like a host in battle overthrown ;
 Vast ruins, where the mountain's ribs of stone
 Were hewn into a city ; streets that spread
 In the dark earth, where never breath has blown
 Of heaven's sweet air, nor foot of man dares tread
 The long and perilous ways—the cities of the dead ;

And tombs of monarchs to the clouds up-piled—
 They perish'd—but the eternal tombs remain—
 And the black precipice, abrupt and wild,
 Pierced by long toil and hollow'd to a fane ;—
 Huge piers and frowning forms of gods sustain
 The everlasting arches, dark and wide,
 Like the night heaven when clouds are black with rain.
 But idly skill was task'd, and strength was plied,
 All was the work of slaves, to swell a despot's pride.

And virtue cannot dwell with slaves, nor reign
 O'er those who cower to take a tyrant's yoke ;
 She left the down-trod nations in disdain,
 And flew to Greece, when liberty awoke,
 New-born, amid those beautiful vales, and broke
 Sceptre and chain with her fair youthful hands,
 As the rock shivers in the thunder stroke.
 And lo ! in full-grown strength, an empire stands
 Of leagued and rival states, the wonder of the lands.

Oh Greece ! thy flourishing cities were a spoil
 Unto each other ; thy hard hand oppress'd
 And crush'd the helpless ; thou didst make thy soil
 Drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best ;
 And thou didst drive, from thy unnatural breast,
 Thy just and brave to die in distant climes ;
 Earth shudder'd at thy deeds, and sigh'd for rest
 From thine abominations ; after times
 That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes.

Yet there was that within thee which has saved
 Thy glory, and redeem'd thy blotted name ;
 The story of thy better deeds, engraved
 On fame's unmouldering pillar, puts to shame
 Our chiller virtue ; the high art to tame

The whirlwind of thy passions was thine own ;
 And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
 Far over many a land and age has shone,
 And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne.

And Rome, thy sterner, younger sister, she
 Who awed the world with her imperial frown,
 Drew the deep spirit of her race from thee,—
 The rival of thy shame and thy renown.
 Yet her degenerate children sold the crown
 Of earth's wide kingdoms to a line of slaves ;
 Guilt reign'd, and wo with guilt, and plagues came down,
 Till the North broke its flood gates, and the waves
 Whelm'd the degraded race, and welter'd o'er their graves.

Vainly that ray of brightness from above,
 That shone around the Galilean lake,
 The light of hope, the leading star of love,
 Struggled, the darkness of that day to break ;
 Even its own faithless guardians strove to slake,
 In fogs of earth, the pure immortal flame ;
 And priestly hands, for Jesus' blessed sake,
 Were red with blood, and charity became
 In that stern war of forms, a mockery and a name.

They triumph'd, and less bloody rites were kept
 Within the quiet of the convent cell ;
 The well-fed inmates patter'd prayer, and slept,
 And sinn'd, and liked their easy penance well.
 Where pleasant was the spot for men to dwell,
 Amid its fair broad lands the abbey lay,
 Sheltering dark orgies that were shame to tell
 And cowl'd and barefoot beggars swarm'd the way,
 All in their convent weeds, of black, and white, and gray.

Oh, sweetly the returning muses' strain
 Swell'd over that famed stream, whose gentle tide
 In their bright lap the Etrurian vales detain,
 Sweet, as when winter storms have ceased to chide,
 And all the new leaved woods, resounding wide,
 Send out wild hymns upon the scented air.
 Lo ! to the smiling Arno's classic side
 The emulous nations of the west repair,
 And kindle their quench'd urns, and drink fresh spirit there.

Still, heaven deferr'd the hour ordain'd to rend
 From saintly rottenness the sacred stole ;
 And cowl and worshipp'd shrine could still defend
 The wretch with felon stains upon his soul ;
 And crimes were set to sale, and hard his dole
 Who could not bribe a passage to the skies ;
 And vice beneath the mitre's kind control,
 Sinn'd gaily on, and grew to giant size,
 Shielded by priestly power, and watch'd by priestly eyes.

At last the earthquake came—the shock, that hurl'd
 To earth, in many fragments dash'd and strown,
 The throne, whose roots were in another world,
 And whose far stretching shadow awed our own.
 From many a proud monastic pile, o'erthrown,
 Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rush'd and fled ;
 The web, that for a thousand years had grown
 O'er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
 Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen thread.

The spirit of that day is still awake,
 And spreads himself, and shall not sleep again ;
 But through the idle mesh of power shall break,
 Like billows o'er the Asian monarch's chain ;
 Till men are fill'd with him, and feel how vain,
 Instead of the pure heart and innocent hands,
 Are all the proud and pompous modes to gain
 The smile of heaven ;—till a new age expands
 Its white and holy wings above the peaceful lands.

For look again on the past years ;—bchold,
 Flown, like the night-mare's fearful dreams, away
 Full many a horrible worship, that, of old,
 Subdued the shuddering realms to its dark sway ;
 And crimes that fear'd not once the eye of day,
 Rooted from men, without a name or place ;
 And nations blotted out from earth, to pay
 The forfeit of deep guilt ;—with glad embrace
 The fair disburden'd lands welcome a nobler race.

Thus error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven ;
 They fade, they fly—but truth survives their flight ;
 Earth has no shades to quench that beam of heaven ;
 Each ray, that shone, in early time, to light
 The faltering footsteps in the path of right,

The broader glow of brightness, shed to aid
 In man's maturer day his bolder sight,
 All blended, like the rainbow's radiant braid,
 Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that cannot fade.

Late, from this western shore, that morning chased
 The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
 O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
 Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud
 Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
 Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
 Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
 Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
 Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yell'd near.

And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
 Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
 And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
 Young group of grassy islands born of him,
 And, crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
 Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
 The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
 And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
 The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

Then, all his youthful paradise around,
 And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
 Cool'd by the interminable wood, that frown'd
 O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
 Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
 Through the grey giants of the sylvan wild;
 Yet many a shelter'd glade, with blossoms gay,
 Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
 Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
 Spread its blue sheet that flash'd with many an oar,
 Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
 And the deer drank—as the light gale flew o'er,
 The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
 And while that spot, so wild and lone and fair,
 A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
 And peace was on the earth and in the air,
 The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

Not unavenged—the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood;
All died—the wailing babe—the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the day-beam play'd;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreath'd and blue,
And ever, by their lake, lay moor'd the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchain'd strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race.
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravell'd path of light
Into the depths of ages: we may trace,
Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong, and might not chafe in vain
Against them, but shake off the vampyre train
That batten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children—thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings shower'd on all—
These are thy fetters—seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where

- Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
 Thou laugh'st at enemies : who shall then declare
 The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
 How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language ; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And gentle sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
 Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
 Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
 Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again ;
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
 To mix for ever with the elements,
 To be a brother to th' insensible rock
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
 Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
 Yet not to thy eternal resting place
 Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
 Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,

All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
 Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods—rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks
 That make the meadows green ; and pour'd round all,
 Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
 The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
 Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
 Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
 The globe are but a handful to the tribes
 That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
 Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
 Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
 Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
 Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
 And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
 So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
 Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
 Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
 And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
 Shall one by one be gather'd to thy side,
 By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy shelter'd nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.

WHEN spring to woods and wastes around,
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murder'd traveller's bones were found,
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch, above him, hung
Her tassels in the sky ;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded, careless, by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'erhead,
And fearless near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away,
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert snow,
Unarm'd, and hard beset ;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead ;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dress'd the hasty bier,
And mark'd his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoisten'd by a tear.

But long they look'd, and fear'd, and wept,
Within his distant home ;
And dream'd, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come.

So long they look'd—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died
Far down that narrow glen.

AN INDIAN STORY.

I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower,
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower.

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting ground on the hills;
'T is a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirr'd,
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quicken'd tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-hair'd maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;

And Maquon's sylvan labors are done,
 And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
 He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
 Strange traces along the ground—
 At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,
 He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
 And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
 And all from the young shrubs there
 By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
 And there hangs, on the sassafras broken and bent,
 One tress of the well known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour,
 Ever watch'd his coming to see,
 She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower,
 He calls—but he only hears on the flower
 The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
 Nor a time for tears to flow,
 The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—
 He grasps his war axe and bow, and a sheaf
 Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
 Where he bore the maiden away ;
 And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
 Than the blast that hurries the vapor and sleet
 O'er the wild November day.

'T was early summer when Maquon's bride
 Was stolen away from his door ;
 But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,
 And the grape is black on the cabin side,—
 And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,
 Where the yellow leaf falls not,
 Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
 There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
 In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass way,
 Point out the ravisher's grave ;
 " And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
 " Return'd the maid that was borne away
 From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night
 Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;
 The glorious host of light
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires :
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,
 Her constellations come, and round the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they :
 Through the blue fields afar,
 Unseen, they follow in his flaming way :
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
 Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them set.
 Alone, in thy cold skies,
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,
 And eve, that round the earth
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,
 The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
 High towards the star-lit sky
 Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—
 The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze
 The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,
 Fixes his steady gaze,
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast ;
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
 Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
 Did in thy beams behold
 A beauteous type of that unchanging good,
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
 The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

SONG OF THE STARS.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
 And the world in the smile of God awoke,
 And the empty realms of darkness and death
 Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
 And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
 From the void abyss, by myriads came,
 In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
 Through the widening wastes of space to play,
 Their silver voices in chorus rung,
 And this was the song the bright ones sung.

Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
 The fair blue fields that before us lie :
 Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,
 Each planet poised on her turning pole,
 With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
 And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the source of glory uncovers his face,
 And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;
 And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
 In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;
 Lo, yonder the living splendors play !
 Away, on our joyous path away !

Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
 In the infinite azure, star after star,

How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !
 How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass !
 And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
 Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
 How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower ;
 And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
 Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews ;
 And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
 With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

Away, away !—in our blossoming bowers,
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
 See, love is brooding, and life is born,
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres !
 To weave the dance that measures the years.
 Glide on in the glory and gladness sent
 To the farthest wall of the firmament,
 The boundless visible smile of him
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

AUTUMN WOODS.

ERE, in the northern gale,
 The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
 The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
 Have put their glory on.

The mountains that in fold
 In their wide sweep, the color'd landscape round,
 Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
 That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
 The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
 Where the gay company of trees look down
 On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks ; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet ;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;
Their sunny-color'd foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

But, 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad ;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah, 't were a lot too blest
For ever in thy color'd shades to stray
Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and
sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove the wither'd leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddyng gust and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood top calls the crow, through all the gloomy
day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprung and stood,

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves—the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours:
The rain is falling where they lie—but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died, amid the summer's
glow;

But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague
on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now when comes the calm mild day—as still such days
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.

In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a lot so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

SAMUEL WEBBER

Is a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the son of the late President of Harvard University. He wrote "Logan, an Indian Tale," published in 1821; and "War, a poem," in 1824.

LOGAN.

TEN suns upon the woods had shone,
Ten times the evening star had thrown
The lustre of its steady ray
Through the dim shades of closing day,
Ere Logan turn'd him from the chase,
His wandering footsteps to retrace.
Of all the scenes through which he pass'd,
By far the loveliest was the last.
Beyond his mid-day bound the sun
Upon his circling course had run,
And on the forest's top his rays
Pour'd in one broad unbroken blaze,
Yet fail'd to pierce the leafy screen,
Whose canopy of living green
High o'er the forest's vast arcade
Spread its thick, deeply tinted shade.
Beneath was stern and solemn gloom,
As in some vast and vaulted tomb.
There rose the towering trunks, whose pride
The shock of ages had defied;
Vast as the pillar'd shafts that stand
'Mid Egypt's ever shifting sand,
Where Carnac's ruins rise sublime,
Mocking the feeble hand of Time.
Far from the earth they rose on high,
In straight, unbroken symmetry,

Then spread at once their branches wide,
Where bough met bough on every side,
And from the upward gazing eye
Shut the blue glimpses of the sky.
Beneath no humbler growth was found
With tangled copse to hide the ground,
But at their roots the greensward lay,
And flowers that loved the dubious day ;
No sound was wafted on the air
To break the stillness slumbering there,
Save the deep moaning of the breeze
That struggled mid the mighty trees,
And more than stillness o'er the mind
Threw feelings deep by awe refined.
There Logan pass'd, towards the west
With firm unwavering course he press'd,
Till through the trunks upon his sight
Pour'd the full blaze of golden light ;
With swifter step he hurried on,
And soon the forest's boundary won.
Great was the contrast then ! the wood
Behind in gloomy grandeur stood ;
A spacious plain before him lay
Bright with the cheering beams of day.
Far westward stretch'd, in vain the eye
Its distant limits would descry ;
By woods on either side embraced,
It seem'd a lake of verdure placed
Amid that dark and gloomy wild,
Where scarce a wandering sun-beam smiled.
The western breeze with balmy sigh
Waved the tall grass of sunny dye,
Whose undulations rose and fell
Like ocean's soft and vernal swell,
When poets feign'd upon its breast
The wave-nursed Halcyon's floating nest.
Amid that verdant lake appear'd,
Like islands 'mid the billows rear'd,
Dark tufted groves, the cool retreat
Of wild deer from the noontide heat.
There stretch'd amid the breezy shade
The timid foresters were laid,
Or bounded o'er the plain as light
As the swift swallow's sportive flight.
—All now was light and life, the ear
A softly murmuring sound might hear,

As Nature's various voices join'd
 With notes of harmony combined.
 The whispering grass, the rustling tree,
 The mellow humming of the bee,
 The buzz of insect tribes, in play
 And sunshine sporting life away,
 Floating upon the fragrant air,
 As if to feed on odors there.
 Slow sunk the sun, and twilight deep
 Lull'd all that loved his ray to sleep.
 'Mid gorgeous clouds that robed the west
 The sun was sinking to his rest.
 When Logan reach'd his home, with toil
 Nigh wearied and his forest spoil.
 While on a hill-top far aloof,
 With straining gaze he mark'd the roof,
 To see if through its crevice broke
 The faint blue wreath of evening smoke,
 That oft his longing heart had cheer'd,
 When first in distance it appear'd,
 And spoke of welcome that should greet
 His safe return with pleasure meet.
 —In vain! the thin, transparent air,
 Unstain'd by vapor, rested there.
 How could this be! the new moon's bow
 But once had shed its silver glow,
 When from her home Oana went,
 And ere one half its course was spent
 She promised to return again;
 —But now the moon was in its wane,
 And scarcely half her orb'd face
 Lent to the night a mournful grace.
 At other time this had been nought,
 But now of late to anxious thought,
 And undefined, his mind was prone;
 More than himself would lightly own.
 He reach'd his hut, the door was closed,
 Within in stillness all reposed
 As when he left it, not a change
 Was there, but sameness still and strange;
 As if no hand had oped the door,
 Or footstep cross'd the threshold floor.
 He sate him down in silence stern,
 Wishing, yet fearful too, to learn
 What evil tidings might await,
 —Why thus his home was desolate.

He heard a footstep, at his door
One enter'd, one well known before,
Of firm, unfailing friendship proved
In times that faithless hearts had moved.
Then Logan mann'd himself to bear
All he might hear with unmoved air.
'With thee be peace!' the chieftain said,
His friend the greeting fair repaid.
Logan look'd keenly in his face,
As if he sought his thoughts to trace.
—Vainly; all there was cold and still
As midnight on the ice bound rill.
A moment's pause, then calm and brief
The visitant address'd the chief.
'Logan, I bring thee tidings dread,
The storm of war above thy head
Has burst, and thou art left alone,
For to the land of souls are gone
Thy children and thy wife,'—no more.
The flash that wakes the tempest's roar,
Bursting around the wanderer's head
With sheeted flames and thunder dread,
Scarcely each shrinking sense confounds,
As Logan's now these dreadful sounds.
As one upon a rugged steep,
High beetling o'er the roaring deep,
Supported by some slender vine
Whose tendrils round the rocks entwine,
Feels when it breaks, and far beneath
He plunges living into death,
So Logan felt, his mind was toss'd,
In chaos and confusion lost,
His brain whirl'd dizzily, and sight,
And sense, and thought were banish'd quite.
All hope was reft, and far below
Roll'd the deep gulf of rayless wo.
Joys that had been, and those that he
Had fondly thought in time should be,
—All he had lost, together came
Bursting upon his mind like flame,
With the dread sense that nought could save
Or rush between them and the grave.
—'T was but an instant; like the light
Of meteor darting through the night,
So swiftly that the gazer's eye
Scarce marks it as it passes by,

Vanish'd that tempést of the soul,
 Which then resumed its self-control,
 Struggling each outward sign to hide
 Of softness that might shame his pride,
 And stain his lofty, warrior fame
 With weakness of unmanly name.
 'Tis well,' he said and paused,—the tone
 Firm and majestic was his own ;
 His tearless eye was calm and bright,
 His dark lip show'd no tinge of white,
 And his whole mien was self possess'd
 As if no passion stirr'd his breast.

LEVI FRISBIE

WAS born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1784. He was the son of a clergyman of that place. He was graduated at Cambridge in 1802, and began the study of law, but was obliged to desist by a disorder of his eyes. In 1805, he was appointed Latin Tutor in Harvard University. In 1811, he became Professor of Latin, and in 1817, Professor of Moral Philosophy. This last office he retained till his death, July 9th, 1822. He never recovered his sight, and in the latter part of his life, wrote by means of a machine. A collection of his miscellaneous works, with a biographical sketch by Professor Norton, was published in Boston the year after his death. It contains a few pieces in verse.

MORNING HYMN.

WHILE nature welcomes in the day,
 My heart its earliest vows would pay
 To Him whose care hath kindly kept
 My life from danger while I slept.

His genial rays the sun renews ;
 How bright the scene with glittering dews !

The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,
And breathe more rich their sweet perfume.

So may the Sun of righteousness
With kindest beams my bosom bless,
Warm into life each heavenly seed,
To bud and bear some generous deed.

So may the dews of grace distil
And gently soften all my will,
Somay my morning sacrifice
To heaven a grateful incense rise.

Wilt Thou this day my footsteps guide,
And kindly all I need provide,
With strength divine my bosom arm
Against temptation's powerful charm.

Where'er I am, oh may I feel
That God is all around me still,
That all I say, or do, or mean ;
By his all-searching eye is seen.

Oh may each day my heart improve,
Increase my faith, my hope, my love,
And thus its shades around me close
More wise and holy than I rose.

EVENING HYMN.

My soul, a hymn of evening praise
To God, thy kind preserver, raise,
Whose hand this day hath guarded, fed,
And thousand blessings round me shed.

Forgive my sins this day, Oh Lord,
In thought or feeling, deed or word ;
And if in aught thy law I've kept,
My feeble efforts Lord accept.

While nature round is hush'd to rest,
Let no vain thought disturb my breast ;
Shed o'er my soul religion's power,
Serenely solemn as the hour.

Oh bid thy angels o'er me keep
 Their watch to shield me while I sleep,
 Till the fresh morn shall round me break,
 Then with new vigor may I wake.

Yet think, my soul, another day
 Of thy short course has roll'd away ;
 Ah think how soon in deepening shade
 Thy day of life itself shall fade.

How soon death's sleep my eyes must close
 Lock every sense in dread repose,
 And lay me 'mid the awful gloom
 And solemn silence of the tomb.

This very night; Lord, should it be,
 Oh may my soul repose in thee,
 Till the glad morn in heaven shall rise,
 Then wake to triumph in the skies.

DREAM. TO ***

STAY, stay, sweet vision, do not leave me—
 Soft sleep, still o'er my senses reign ;
 Stay, loveliest phantom, still deceive me ;
 Ah ! let me dream that dream again.

Thy head was on my shoulder leaning ;
 Thy hand in mine was gently prest ;
 Thine eyes so soft and full of meaning,
 Were bent on me and I was blest.

No word was spoken, all was feeling,
 The silent transport of the heart ;
 The tear that o'er my cheek was stealing ;
 Told what words could ne'er impart.

And could this be but mere illusion?
 Could fancy all so real seem ?
 Here fancy's scenes are wild confusion—
 And can it be I did but dream.

I'm sure I felt thy forehead pressing,
 Thy very breath stole o'er my cheek,
 I'm sure I saw those eyes confessing
 What the tongue could never speak.

Ah! no, 't is gone, 't is gone, and never
 Mine such waking bliss can be ;
 Oh I would sleep, would sleep for ever,
 Could I thus but dream of thee.

MRS LITTLE,

OF Boston. She is the daughter of the Hon. Ashur Robbins, of Massachusetts. She has made her writings acceptable to the public under the signature of Rowena. The piece we have selected possesses great merit, and shows both taste and talent.

THANKSGIVING.

It is thanksgiving morn—'t is cold and clear ;
 The bells for church ring forth a merry sound ;
 The maidens, in their gaudy winter gear,
 Rival the many-tinted woods around ;
 The rosy children skip along the ground,
 Save where the matron reins their eager pace,
 Pointing to him who with a look profound
 Moves with his ' people ' toward the sacred place
 Where duly he bestows the manna crumbs of grace.

Of the deep learning in the schools of yore
 The reverend pastor hath a golden stock :
 Yet, with a vain display of useless lore,
 Or sapless doctrine, never will he mock
 The better cravings of his simple flock ;
 But faithfully their humble shepherd guides
 Where streams eternal gush from Calvary's rock ;
 For well he knows, not learning's purest tides
 Can quench the immortal thirst that in the soul abides.

The anthem swells ; the heart's high thanks are given :
 Then, mildly as the dew on Hermon fall,
 Begins the holy minister of heaven.
 And though not his the burning zeal of Paul,
 Yet a persuasive power is in his call ;
 So earnest, though so kindly, is his mood,
 So tenderly he longs to save them all,
 No bird more fondly flutters o'er her brood,
 When the dark vulture screams above their native wood.

"For all his bounties, dearest charge," he cries,
 "Your hearts are the best thanks ; no more refrain ;
 Your yielded hearts he asks in sacrifice.
 Almighty Lover ! shalt thou love in vain ;
 And vainly woo thy wand'ers home again ?
 How thy soft mercy with the sinner pleads !
 Behold ! *thy* harvest loads the ample plain ;
 And the same goodness lives in all thy deeds,
 From the least drop of rain, to those that Jesus bleeds."

Much more he spake, with growing ardor fired :
 Oh that my lay were worthy to record
 The moving eloquence his theme inspired !
 For like a free and copious stream outpour'd
 His love to man and man's indulgent Lord.
 All were subdued ; the stoutest, sternest men,
 Heart-melted, hung on every precious word :
 And as he utter'd forth his full amen,
 A thousand mingling sobs re-echoed it again.

Behold that ancient house on yonder lawn,
 Close by whose rustic porch an elm is seen :
 Lo ! now has past the service of the morn ;
 A joyous group are hastening o'er the green,
 Led by an aged sire of gracious mien,
 Whose gay descendants are all met to hold
 Their glad thanksgiving in that sylvan scene,
 That once enclosed them in one happy fold,
 Ere waves of time and change had o'er them roll'd.

The hospitable doors are open thrown ;
 The bright wood-fire burns cheerly in the hall ;
 And, gathering in, a busy hum makes known
 The spirit of free mirth that moves them all.
 There, a youth hears a lovely cousin's call,
 And flies alertly to unclasp the cloak ;

And she, the while, with merry laugh lets fall
 Upon his awkwardness some lively joke,
 Not pitying the blush her bantering has woke.

And there the grandam sits, in placid ease,
 A gentle brightness o'er her features spread :
 Her children's children cluster round her knees,
 Or on her bosom fondly rest their head.
 Oh, happy sight, to see such blossoms shed
 Their sweet young fragrance o'er such aged tree !
 How vain to say, that, when short youth has fled,
 Our dearest of enjoyments cease to be ;
 When hoary eld is loved but the more tenderly.

And there the manly farmers scan the news ;
 (Strong is their sense, though plain the garb it wears ;)
 Or, while their pipes a lulling smoke diffuse,
 They look important from their elbow chairs,
 And gravely ponder on the nation's cares.
 The matrons of the morning sermon speak,
 And each its passing excellence declares ;
 While tears of pious rapture, pure and meek,
 Course in soft beauty down the christian mother's cheek.

Then, just at one, the full thanksgiving feast,
 Rich with the bounties of the closing year,
 Is spread ; and, from the greatest to the least,
 All crowd the table, and enjoy the cheer.
 The list of dainties will not now appear ;
 Save one I cannot pass unheeded by,
 One dish, already to the muses dear,
 One dish, that wakens memory's longing sigh—
 The genuine far famed Yankee pumpkin pie.

Who e'er has seen thee in thy flaky crust
 Display the yellow richness of thy breast,
 But, as the sight awoke his keenest gust,
 Has own'd thee of all cates the choicest, best ?
 Ambrosia were a fool, to thee compared,
 Even by the ruby hand of Hebe drest ;
 Thee, pumpkin pie, by country maids prepared,
 With their white rounded arms above the elbow bared.

Now to the kitchen come a vagrant train,
 The plenteous fragments of the feast to share.
 The old lame fiddler wakes a merry strain,

For his mull'd cider and his pleasant fare,—
 Reclining in that ancient wicker chair. *
 A veteran soldier he, of those proud times
 When first our freedom's banner kiss'd the air :
 His battles oft he sings in untaught rhymes,
 When wakening memory his aged heart sublimes.

But who is this, whose scarlet cloak has known
 Full oft the pelting of the winter storm ?
 Through its fringed hood a strong wild face is shown,—
 Tall, gaunt, and bent with years, the beldam's form ;—
 There's none of all these youth with vigor warm,
 Who dare by slightest word her anger stir.
 So dark the frown that does her face deform,
 That half the frighted villagers aver
 The very de'il himself incarnate is in her.

Yet now the sybil wears her mildest mood ;
 And round her see the anxious silent band.
 Falls from her straggling locks the antique hood,
 As close she peers in that fair maiden's hand,
 Who scarce the struggles in her heart can stand ;
 Affection's strength has made her nature weak ;
 She of her lovely looks hath lost command ;
 The flecker'd red and white within her cheek—
 Oh, all her love it doth most eloquently speak !

Thy doting faith, fond maid, may envied be,
 And half excused the superstitious art.
 Now, when the sybil's mystic words to thee
 The happier fortunes of thy love impart,
 Thrilling thy soul in its most vital part,
 How does the throb of inward ecstasy
 Send the luxuriant blushes from thy heart
 All o'er thy varying cheek, like some clear sea
 Where the red morning-glow falls full but tremblingly !

*T is evening ; and the rural ball begins :
 The fairy call of music all obey ;
 The circles round domestic hearths grow thin ;
 All, at the joyful signal, hie away
 To yonder hall with lights and garlands gay.
 There, with elastic step, young belles are seen
 Entering, all conscious of their coming sway :
 Not oft their fancies underrate, I ween,
 The spoils and glories of this festal scene,

New England's daughters need not envy those
 Who in a monarch's court their jewels wear;
 More lovely they, when but a simple rose
 Glows through the golden clusters of their hair.
 Could light of diamonds make her look more fair,
 Who moves in beauty through the mazy dance,
 With buoyant feet that seem'd to skim the air,
 And eyes that speak, in each impassion'd glance,
 The poetry of youth, love's sweet and short romance?

He thinks not so, that young enamor'd boy
 Who through the dance her graceful steps doth guide,
 While his heart swells with the deep pulse of joy.
 Oh, no; by nature taught, unlearn't in pride,
 He sees her in her loveliness array'd,
 All blushing for the love she cannot hide;
 And feels that gaudy art could only shade
 The brightness nature gave to his unrivall'd maid.

Gay bands, move on; your draught of pleasure quaff;
 I love to listen to your joyous din;
 The lad's light joke, the maiden's mellow laugh,
 And the brisk music of the violin.
 How blithe to see the sprightly dance begin!
 Entwining hands, they seem to float along,
 With native rustic grace that well might win
 The happiest praises of a sweeter song,
 From a more gifted lyre than doth to me belong.

While these enjoy the mirth that suits their years,
 Round the home-fires their peaceful elders meet.
 A gentler mirth their friendly converse cheers;
 And yet, though calm their pleasures, they are sweet
 Through the cold shadows of the autumn day
 Oft breaks the sunshine with as genial heat,
 As o'er the soft and sapphire skies of May,
 Though nature then be young and exquisitely gay.

On the white wings of peace their days have flown;
 Nor wholly were they thrall'd by earthly cares;
 But from their hearts to heaven's paternal throne
 Arose the daily incense of their prayers.
 And now, as low the sun of being wears,
 The God to whom their morning vows were paid,
 Each grateful offering in remembrance bears;—
 And cheering beams of mercy are display'd,
 To gild with heavenly hopes their evening's pensive shade

But now, farewell to thee, thanksgiving day!
Thou angel of the year! one bounteous hand
The horn of deep abundance doth display,
Raining its rich profusion o'er the land;
The other arm, outstretch'd with gesture grand,
Pointing its upraised finger to the sky,
Doth the warm tribute of our thanks demand
For Him, the Father God, who from on high
Sheds gleams of purest joy o'er man's dark destiny.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,

Is a native of Guilford, Connecticut, where he was born in 1795. Here he lived till his eighteenth year, when he went to New York, where he has since resided, having been occupied generally in pursuits of a mercantile character.

Mr Halleck has been a writer of poetry from an early period of his life; but he first attracted public attention in 1819, by a series of Pindaric Odes, published in the New York Evening Post, under the signature of "Croaker & Co." These were generally of a light and playful character, seasoned with occasional touches of keen satire, and racy humor. They produced a considerable sensation at the time, and curiosity was busy to detect the authors. It was at length discovered that Mr Halleck was the principal writer, and that his friend Dr Drake, now deceased, was his associate.

The first work which Mr Halleck published in a volume, was "Fanny;" it appeared in 1819, and although its principal topics are of a local nature, and its allusions, many of them, refer to passing incidents of the day, yet it has been read with interest in every part of the country, and has been twice reprinted in Great Britain. It was written in haste, (it having been only three weeks from the commencement of the work to the day of its publication) and was doubtless looked upon by the author as an ephemeral affair. Yet it not

unfrequently happens, that the least elaborated performances of a man of real talent, outlive those which are constructed with more serious effort, and finished with more anxious care. We are by no means certain, that this may not be the fact in respect to the poem under consideration.

In 1827, a small volume, entitled "Alnwick Castle and other poems," appeared in New York, and is Mr Halleck's last publication. It seems to comprise such of the author's works as he is willing to have preserved, and we suspect was intended rather to make his other productions forgotten, than to perpetuate those it embraced. We do not believe, however little the author may wish to hear about them, that he has succeeded in casting either the "Croakers" or "Fanny," into oblivion; and "Alnwick Castle, and other poems," would have lived, if the author had not collected and published them in a volume. If a man wishes to be quiet and unnoticed, he should not write like this author.

We cannot better close our observations than by an extract from an article which appeared some time since in New York, from the pen, we believe, of Mr Leggett.

"As a poet, Mr Halleck ranks very high. He has not written much, but what he has written is almost faultless. If tenderness and warmth of feeling, playfulness of fancy, imagery not abundant, but appropriate, and great copiousness, and invariable euphony of language, constitute a claim to excellence, his effusions are excellent. There is one censure*—we have already named it—in which all concur; and we most cordially hope that Mr Halleck will speedily amend the fault that occasions it. But whether he write more or not, as the poet is to be estimated by the quality, and not the quantity of his works, he is entitled to a place which but few can hope to attain.

"There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with poesy's
Purer and holier fires :

* That he writes too little!

Yet read the names that know not death ;
 Few nobler ones than his are there ;
 And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair."

ALNWICK CASTLE.

HOME of the Percys' high-born race,
 Home of their beautiful and brave,
 Alike their birth and burial place,
 Their cradle, and their grave !
 Still sternly o'er the Castle gate
 Their house's Lion stands in state,
 As in his proud departed hours ;
 And warriors frown in stone on high,
 And feudal banners "flout the sky"
 Above his princely towers.
 A gentle hill its side inclines,
 Lovely in England's fadeless green,
 To meet the quiet stream which winds
 Through this romantic scene
 As silently and sweetly still,
 As when, at evening, on that hill,
 While summer's wind blew soft and low,
 Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
 His Katharine was a happy bride,
 A thousand years ago.
 Gaze on the Abbey's ruin'd pile :
 Does not the succoring Ivy, keeping
 Her watch around it, seem to smile,
 As o'er a loved one sleeping ?
 One solitary turret gray
 Still tells, in melancholy glory,
 The legend of the Cheviot day,
 The Percys' proudest border story.
 That day its roof was triumph's arch ;
 Then rang, from aisle to pictured dome,
 The light step of the soldier's march,
 The music of the trump and drum ;
 And babe and sire, the old, the young,
 And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
 And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
 Welcomed her warrior home.
 Wild roses by the Abbey towers

Are gay in their young bud and bloom :
 They were born of a race of funeral flowers
 That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
 A Templar's knightly tomb.
 He died, the sword in his mailed hand,
 On the holiest spot of the Blessed Land,
 Where the Cross was damp'd with his dying breath ;
 When blood ran free as festal wine,
 And the sainted air of Palestine
 Was thick with the darts of death.
 Wise with the lore of centuries,
 What tales, if there be "tongues in trees,"
 Those giant oaks could tell,
 Of beings born and buried here ;
 Tales of the peasant and the peer,
 Tales of the bridal and the bier,
 The welcome and farewell,
 Since on their boughs the startled bird
 First, in her twilight slumbers, heard
 The Norman's curfew bell.
 I wandered through the lofty halls
 Trod by the Percys of old fame,
 And traced upon the chapel walls
 Each high, heroic name,
 From him who once his standard set
 Where now, o'er mosque and minaret,
 Glitter the Sultan's crescent moons ;
 To him who, when a younger son,
 Fought for King George at Lexington,
 A Major of Dragoons.

* * * *

That last half stanza—it has dashed
 From my warm lip the sparkling cup ;
 The light that o'er my eye-beam flash'd,
 The power that bore my spirit up
 Above this bank-note world—is gone ;
 And Alnwick's but a market town,
 And this, alas ! its market day,
 And beasts and borderers throng the way ;
 Oxen, and bleating lambs in lots,
 Northumbrian boors, and plaided Scots ;
 Men in the coal and cattle line,
 From Teviot's bard and hero land,
 From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
 From Wooller, Morpeth, Hexham, and
 Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
 These are not the romantic times

So beautiful in Spenser's rhymes,
 So dazzling to the dreaming boy :
 Ours are the days of fact, not fable ;
 Of Knights, but not of the Round Table ;
 Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy :
 'Tis what "our President," Monroe,
 Has call'd "the era of good feeling :"
 The Highlander, the bitterest foe
 To modern laws, has felt their blow,
 Consented to be tax'd, and vote,
 And put on pantaloons and coat,
 And leave off cattle stealing :
 Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
 The duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
 The Douglas in red herrings ;
 And noble name, and cultured land,
 Palace, and park, and vassal band
 Are powerless to the notes of hand
 Of Rothschild, or the Barings.
 The age of bargaining, said Burke,
 Has come: today the turban'd Turk,
 (Sleep, Richard, of the lion heart!
 Sleep on, nor from your cerements start,)
 Is England's friend and fast ally ;
 The Moslem tramples on the Greek,
 And on the Cross and altar stone,
 And Christendom looks tamely on,
 And hears the Christian maiden shriek,
 And sees the Christian father die ;
 And not a sabre blow is given
 For Greece and fame, for faith and heaven,
 By Europe's craven chivalry.
 You'll ask if yet the Percy lives
 In the armed pomp of feudal state ?
 The present representatives
 Of Hotspur and his "gentle Kate,"
 Are some half dozen serving men,
 In the drab coat of William Penn ;
 A chambermaid, whose lip and eye,
 And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,
 Spoke Nature's aristocracy ;
 And one, half groom half Seneschal,
 Who bow'd me through court, bower, and hall,
 From donjon keep to turret wall,
 For ten-and-sixpence sterling.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power :
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring :
 Then press'd that monarch's throne,—a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day ;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.
 An hour pass'd on—The Turk awoke ;
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
 He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
 And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 "Strike—till the last arm'd foe expires ;
 Strike—for your altars and your fires ;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires ;
 God—and your native land !"
 They fought—like brave men, long and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquer'd—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;

Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.
 Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother's, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
 And thou art terrible—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.
 But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
 Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
 Come in her crowning hour—and then
 Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
 To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prison'd men:
 Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
 Of brother in a foreign land;
 Thy summons welcome as the cry
 That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
 When the land wind, from woods of palm,
 And orange groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb:
 But she remembers thee as one

Long loved, and for a season gone ;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
 For thee she rings her birth-day bells ;
 Of thee her babes' first-lisping tells ;
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace couch, and cottage bed ;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow ;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears :
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh :
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

TO * * * *.

THE world is bright before thee,
 Its summer flowers are thine,
 Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
 Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine ;
 And thine the sunbeam given
 To Nature's morning hour,
 Pure, warm, as when from heaven
 It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow,
 The death-dirge of the gay,
 That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
 These charms may melt away,
 That sun's bright beam be shaded,
 That sky be blue no more,
 The summer flowers be faded,
 And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not—though lonely
 Thy evening home may be ;
 Though Beauty's bark can only
 Float on a summer sea ;
 Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
 There's still beyond his art
 The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
 The sunbeam of the heart.

LOVE.

—————The imperial votaress pass'd on
 In maiden meditation, fancy free. *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again ?
 BENEDICT, in *Much Ado about Nothing.*

WHEN the tree of love is budding first,
 Ere yet its leaves are green,
 Ere yet, by shower and sunbeam nurst
 Its infant life has been ;
 The wild bee's slightest touch might wring
 The buds from off the tree,
 As the gentle dip of the swallow's wing
 Breaks the bubbles on the sea.

But when its open leaves have found
 A home in the free air,
 Pluck them, and there remains a wound
 That ever rankles there.
 The blight of hope and happiness
 Is felt when fond ones part,
 And the bitter tear that follows is
 The life-blood of the heart.

When the flame of love is kindled first,
 'T is the fire-fly's light at even,
 'T is dim as the wandering stars that burst
 In the blue of the summer heaven.
 A breath can bid it burn no more,
 Or if, at times, its beams
 Come on the memory, they pass o'er
 Like shadows in our dreams.

But when that flame has blazed into
 A being and a power,
 And smiled in scorn upon the dew
 That fell in its first warm hour,
 'T is the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
 Whose task is to destroy ;
 'T is the lamp on the altars of the dead,
 Whose light is not of joy !

Then crush, even in their hour of birth,
 The infant buds of Love,
 And tread his growing fire to earth,
 Ere 't is dark in clouds above ;
 Cherish no more a cypress tree
 To shade thy future years,
 Nor nurse a heart-flame that may be
 Quench'd only with thy tears.

CONNECTICUT.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FORM.

AND still her gray rocks tower above the sea
 That murmurs at their feet, a conquer'd wave ;
 'T is a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree,
 Where breathes no castled lord or cabined slave ;
 Where thoughts, and tongues, and hands, are bold and free,
 And friends will find a welcome, foes a grave ;
 And where none kneel, save when to heaven they pray,
 Nor even then, unless in their own way.

Theirs is a pure republic, wild, yet strong,
 A "fierce democracie," where all are true
 To what themselves have voted—right or wrong—
 And to their laws denominated blue ;
 (If red, they might to Draco's code belong ;)
 A vestal state, which power could not subdue,
 Nor promise win—like her own eagle's nest,
 Sacred—the San Marino of the west.

A justice of the peace, for the time being,
 They bow to, but may turn him out next year ;
 They reverence their priest, but disagreeing

In price or creed, dismiss him without fear ;
 They have a natural talent for foreseeing
 And knowing all things ;—and should Park appear .
 From his long tour in Africa, to show
 The Niger's source, they 'd meet him with—" we know."

They love their land, because it is their own,
 And scorn to give aught other reason why ;
 Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
 And think it kindness to his majesty ;
 A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none.
 Such are they nurtured, such they live and die :
 All—but a few apostates, who are meddling
 With merchandise, pounds, shillings, pence, and peddling ;

Or wandering through southern countries, teaching
 The A. B. C. from Webster's spelling-book ;
 Gallant and godly, making love and preaching,
 And gaining, by what they call "hook and crook,"
 And what the moralists call overreaching,
 A decent living. The Virginians look
 Upon them with as favorable eyes
 As Gabriel on the devil in paradise.

But these are but their outcasts. View them near
 At home, where all their worth and pride is placed ;
 And there their hospitable fires burn clear,
 And there the lowliest farm-house hearth is graced
 With manly hearts, in piety sincere,
 Faithful in love, in honor stern and chaste,
 In friendship warm and true, in danger brave,
 Beloved in life, and sainted in the grave.

And minds have there been nurtured, whose control
 Is felt even in their nation's destiny ;
 Men who swayed senates with a statesman's soul,
 And look'd on armies with a leader's eye ;
 Names that adorn and dignify the scroll,
 Whose leaves contain their country's history,
 And tales of love and war—listen to one,
 Of the Green-Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington.

When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
 Briefly he spoke before the fight began—
 "Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought

For four pounds eight and seven pence per man,
By England's king—a bargain, as is thought.

Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can—
For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
Or Mary Stark's a widow."—It was done.

Hers are not Tempe's nor Arcadia's spring,
Nor the long summer of Cathayan vales,
The vines, the flowers, the air, the skies, that fling
Such wild enchantment o'er Boccaccio's tales
Of Florence and the Arno—yet the wing
Of life's best angel, Health, is on her gales
Through sun and snow—and in the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

Her clear, warm heaven at noon,—the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills,—her cool and starry eyes,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.

And when you dream of woman, and her love;
Her truth, her tenderness, her gentle power;
The maiden, listening in the moonlight grove,
The mother smiling in her infant's bower;
Forms, features, worshipp'd while we breathe or move,
Be by some spirit of your dreaming hour
Borne, like Loretto's chapel, through the air
To the green land I sing, then wake, you'll find them there.

TWILIGHT.

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion waves are lull'd to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'T is with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,

Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour ;
 Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early power.

In youth the cheek was crimson'd with her glow ;
 Her smile was loveliest then ; her matin song
 Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo
 Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
 Life's little world of bliss was newly born ;
 We knew not, cared not, it was born to die.
 Flush'd with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
 With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
 And mock'd the passing clouds that dimm'd its blue,
 Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as few.

And manhood felt her sway too,—on the eye,
 Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
 Her promised bower of happiness seem'd nigh,
 Its days of joy, its vigils of delight ;
 And though at times might lower the thunder storm,
 And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
 Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
 The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
 'T is in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
 Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
 There's more of heaven's pure beam about her now ;
 That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
 Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow ;
 That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
 That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
 Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
 And hush'd the last deep beating of the heart ;
 The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
 A moon-beam in the midnight cloud of death.

WEEHAWKEN.

WEEHAWKEN ! In thy mountain scenery yet,
 All we adore of nature, in her wild
 And frolic hour of infancy, is met ;
 And never has a summer's morning smiled

Upon a lovelier scene, than the full eye
Of the enthusiast revels on—when high,

Amid thy forest solitudes, he climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger, which sublimates
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,

Like the death music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In such an hour he turns, and on his view,
Ocean, and earth, and heaven, burst before him
Clouds slumbering at his feet, and the clear blue
Of summer's sky, in beauty bending o'er him—
The city bright below; and far away
Sparkling in golden light, his own romantic bay.

Tall spire, and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air;
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent,
Green isle, and circling shore, are blended there,
In wild reality. When life is old,
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold

Its memory of this; nor lives there one
Whose infant breath was drawn, or boyhood days
Of happiness, were pass'd beneath that sun,
That in his manhood prime can calmy gaze
Upon that bay, or on that mountain stand,
Nor feel the prouder of his native land.

JOSEPH HUTTON

WAS born in Philadelphia on the 25th of February, 1787. He received a common English education in that city, and when taken from school was placed in a store. How long he remained there, we know not, but very early in life he contributed verses to the periodicals of the day. He also wrote prose, and published several romantic stories in a literary paper; their titles were *Don Guiscardo*, *Ardennis*, *The Castle of Altenheim*, and others. It was, we believe, in the year 1808, that he produced at the Chesnut Theatre, his first comedy, entitled *The School for Prodigals*; this was followed by a musical piece, entitled *The Wounded Hussar*, which was played at the same theatre, and printed in 1809. Mr Hutton having the cares of a family upon him, established a school in his native city, which he conducted with both credit and profit to himself, but continued to devote his leisure to the muses. He now made a collection of his fugitive poems, which he published under the title of *Leisure Hours*. In 1812 his comedy of *Fashionable Follies* was cast at the Olympic theatre in Philadelphia, but never performed, which elicited an angry preface from the author, when he printed his piece in 1815. This performance is modelled upon Colman's comedy of the *Poor Gentleman*. The scene is laid on the borders of Lake Champlain. It is not destitute of merit, but the imitation is too palpable. His next publication was a poem entitled *The Field of Orleans*, written in the style of Walter Scott, and contains several spirited passages. Mr Hutton's love for the drama now induced him to try the stage as a profession, and he performed at several of the theatres in Philadelphia. In the winter of 1822 he produced a farce entitled *Modern Honor, or How to Dodge a Bullet*; this was founded on a ludicrous duel between two public characters which was for some time a subject of general comment throughout the country. He

also performed at different theatres in the southern and western states, and was considered an actor of respectable talents. In 1823 he removed to Newbern, North Carolina, where he established himself as a preceptor of youth. During his residence there, he wrote a melo-drama entitled *The Falls of Niagara*, and a tragedy on the murder of Colonel Sharp of Kentucky, both of which are still in manuscript. He also contributed to the poetic department of the *Newbern Sentinel*.

He died on the 31st of January, 1828, leaving a wife and daughter. His writings seldom rise above mediocrity, but many of his productions are agreeable. His talents were rather imitative than creative.

THE FIELD OF ORLEANS.

FAREWELL, awhile, domestic charms,
 My home and country urge to arms,
 'Mid danger's ranks, and war's alarms,
 Which stern invaders spread ;
 And if, perchance, a fatal bourne
 Forbid the soldier's safe return,
 A nation's gratitude shall mourn,
 And honor crown, the dead !
 Farewell the gathering of the year ;
 Release the share and grasp the spear ;
 Droop their full ears the swelling grain,
 The verdant grass, the luscious cane ;
 The harvest of another soil
 Demands each nerve in manly toil ;
 Where blood alone may compost yield,
 And brand and bayonet reap the field.
 Delight not me the meed of fame,
 The fleeting breath of proud acclaim,
 Or warrior's wreath, or valiant name,—
 Far other joys are mine ;
 I court not battle's awful brunt,
 Nor honors, in the daring front ;
 But, my dear country, call'st thou aid,
 Behold, I grasp the freeman's blade,
 And be my service thine !

* * * *

And nearer now the foemen drew,
 They press thy borders, Bienvenu,
 Stern as the angry winds that blew
 Across thy startled bed !
 And dark and dismal was the night,
 When first they struck the deep'ning fight ;
 Save when anon, a mournful star,
 Streamed feebly from its sphere afar :
 The troops a cloud—their weapons steel'd,
 The brightest star-light of the field,
 A fearful vision spread !
 Silent they moved along the lake,
 No war sound bids the slumb'ring wake,
 Nor dashing oars the waters break,
 To rouse th' unconscious state ;
 But from her hills of living green,
 Columbia's guardian maid had seen,
 She roused at once to intervene,
 And save her sons from fate !
 Who, rising o'er the watery bed,
 To taint the soil with hostile tread,
 The margin bold now climbs ?
 A warrior stern, who sterner band,
 To conquest oft, in Spanish land,
 Had led in former times !
 Long shall Iberia feel the aid
 She gather'd from his biting blade,
 When, urged by bold Napoleon,
 Invading France came madly on.
 And mingling now the conflict, rang
 Helmet and spear, the battle clang.
 But wherefore, warrior, art thou here,
 Feels thy bold heart no touch of fear,
 When freemen seize the guardian spear,
 Their country to defend ?
 Nought may thy former deeds avail,
 No more thy hope shall conquest hail,
 The laurels of thy brow grow pale,
 Prophetic of thy end !

* * * *

That time, full many a widowed dame,
 And orphan, shall with anguish name,
 And grief the burning tear drop claim,
 Of every hope deprived !
 Whose breast stern war's resistless aim,

With misery hath rived !
 And mark the Caledonian maid,
 Of glowing cheek, of auburn braid,
 Blue Cheviot's sloping height above,
 She rolls her soft blue eyes of love
 Along the western sky-bound wave,
 Anxious to view the bark so brave,
 That bears her soldier home ;
 But, ah ! the unrelenting glaive,
 Has sent him to an early grave,
 No tender friend to soothe or save
 From carnage and the tomb !
 On Mississippi's side he fell,
 Whose rapids roared his dying knell !
 Glassy and dim that manly eye,
 Which lighted love and ecstasy ;
 Once flamed with hope of proud renown,
 And looked the fear of danger down !
 The last thought of his throbbing breast,
 Turned to the maid he erst had press'd,
 When with fond hope supremely bless'd,
 No fields of conflict known :
 But Hope, thou art a baseless dream,
 That wak'st to life thy mimic theme ;
 For mark the change !—the big tears trace
 Their passage down his pallid face,
 He heaves the parting groan !
 Stern War ! what fateful deeds are thine,
 With dripping blood thy garments shine,
 And Ruin, Rage, with thee combine,
 Whose eyes wild terrors flash !
 The Horrors form thy dreadful train,
 And Cruelty conducts thy wain,
 Of bleeding sinews is the rein,
 Of clotted braids each courser's mane,
 Of scorpion fangs the lash !
 The wheels thy thirsty fury draws
 O'er all divine and human laws ;
 Dashing through each devoted realm
 Those waves which roll but to o'erwhelm ;
 And like the flood which whilom rose,
 Sweep from the world whate'er oppose !
 Such is thy worth, disastrous war,
 And such thy ruins, hurl'd afar,
 That, when the glorious day may be,
 For fate to strike his spear through thee,
 Thy eulogy's thy victim's groans,
 Thy monument their bleaching bones !

CHARLES SPRAGUE

WAS born in 1791, in Boston, where he has always resided. He was educated at one of the public schools in his native town, and during the early part of his life, gave his attention to mercantile pursuits. He is at present the Cashier of the Globe Bank, which situation he has held for several years. He has ever been actively devoted to business, and has cultivated letters only during hours of leisure.

Mr Sprague, we believe, was first introduced to the public, as a poet, on the occasion of obtaining a prize for a theatrical prologue. He has since written several others, which have not only been adjudged worthy of prizes, but are esteemed superior to all productions of the kind, excepting only those of Pope and Johnson. These, however they may be the principal things by which this author is known to the public at large, are not all that he has written, nor in our opinion, are they the best. The "Winged Worshippers" is one of the most beautiful little pieces in our language, and that entitled "Art," is perfect in its way.

This author may be selected, as perhaps farther in his manner of writing from the prevalent taste of the day, than any other American poet. While the current poetry of the hour is diffuse, feeble, irregular, and pointless, his is condensed, forcible, sustained, and significant. He wastes no words—he does not dilute his meaning, and expand one idea into a whole poem, lest some sickly appetite should be shocked at the disproportion between the sense and the sound. On the contrary, every sentence is bursting with thought; he deals in no dreamy obscurity—he allows no inharmonious line to pass—all is finished, and full of purpose. The lines of Roscommon, on another subject, will apply with great justice to this writer and some of his popular cotemporaries.

"The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
Drawn in French wire, would through whole pages shine."

Yet Mr Sprague is a *popular* poet, and we think it even more creditable to the author than the public, that being characterised by such traits as these, he can obtain applause, when the fashionable minstrelsy is distinguished by opposite qualities. Those, who like ourselves regard the taste in poetry that reigns now over a large portion of readers, as an illusion destined soon to pass away, can have no difficulty in foreseeing the perpetuity of such reputation as that which belongs to the author under review.

Beside the few pieces of poetry which Mr Sprague is known to have written, are two prose compositions of merit. One is an oration written for the fourth of July, 1825, and an address before the Massachusetts Society for the suppression of Intemperance, in 1828. They are both beautiful compositions; the latter is a striking instance, in which the glowing pictures of the imagination, are made to serve the practical purposes of the understanding,

PROLOGUE, ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW YORK THEATRE,
SEPTEMBER 1, 1821.

WHEN mitred Zeal, in wild, unholy days,
Bared his red arm, and bade the fagot blaze,
Our patriot sires the pilgrim sail unfurl'd,
And Freedom pointed to a rival world.

Where prowl'd the wolf, and where the hunter roved,
Faith raised her altars to the God she loved;
Toil, link'd with Art, explored each savage wild,
The lofty forest bow'd, the desert smiled;
The startled Indian o'er the mountains flew,
The wigwam vanish'd, and the village grew;
Taste rear'd her domes, fair Science spread her page,
And Wit and Genius gather'd round the stage!

The Stage!—where Fancy sits, creative queen,
And waves her sceptre o'er life's mimic scene;
Where young-eyed Wonder comes to feast his sight,
And quaff instruction while he drinks delight.—
The Stage!—that threads each labyrinth of the soul,
Wakes laughter's peal, and bids the tear-drop roll;
That hoots at folly, mocks proud fashion's slave,
Uncloaks the hypocrite, and brands the knave.

The child of Genius, catering for the Stage,
 Rifles the wealth of every clime and age.
 He speaks! the sepulchre resigns its prey,
 And crimson life runs through the sleeping clay.
 The wave, the gibbet, and the battle field,
 At his command, their festering tenants yield.
 Pale, bleeding Love comes weeping from the tomb,
 That kindred softness may bewail her doom;
 Murder's dry bones, re clothed, desert the dust,
 That after times may own his sentence just;
 Forgotten Wisdom, freed from death's embrace,
 Reads awful lessons to another race;
 And the mad tyrant of some ancient shore,
 Here warns a world that he can curse no more.

May this fair Dome, in classic beauty rear'd,
 By Worth be honor'd, and by Vice be fear'd.
 May chasten'd Wit here bend to Virtue's cause,
 Reflect her image, and repeat her laws;
 And Guilt, that slumbers o'er the sacred page,
 Hate his own likeness, shadow'd from the Stage.
 Here let the Guardian of the Drama sit,
 In righteous judgment o'er the realms of wit.
 Not his the shame, with servile pen to wait
 On private friendship, or on private hate;
 To flatter fools, or Satire's javelin dart,
 Tipp'd with a lie, at proud Ambition's heart;
 His be the nobler task to herald forth
 Young, blushing Merit, and neglected Worth;
 To brand the page where goodness finds a sneer,
 And lash the wretch that breathes the treason here.

Here shall bright Genius wing his eagle flight,
 Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light,
 Till, high in mental worlds, from vulgar ken
 He soars, the wonder and the pride of men.
 Cold Censure here to decent Mirth shall bow,
 And Bigotry unbend his monkish brow;
 Here Toil shall pause, his ponderous sledge thrown by,
 And Beauty bless each strain with melting eye.
 Grief, too, in fiction lost, shall cease to weep,
 And all the world's rude cares be laid to sleep.
 Each polish'd scene shall Taste and Truth approve,
 And the Stage triumph in the people's love.

PROLOGUE ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW PHILADELPHIA
THEATRE, DECEMBER 1, 1822.

WHEN learning slumber'd in the convent's shade,
And holy craft the groping nations sway'd,
By dulness banned, the Muses wander'd long,
Each lyre neglected, and forgot each song ;
Till Heaven's bright halo wreathed the Drama's dome,
And great Apollo call'd the pilgrims home,
Then their glad harps, that charm'd old Greece, they swept,
Their altars throng'd, and joy's high sabbath kept.
Young Genius there his glorious banners rear'd,
To float forever loved, forever fear'd.
The cowl's device, the cloister's legend known,
Old Superstition tumbled from his throne ;
Back to his cell the king of gloom retired,
The buskin triumph'd, and the world admired !

Since that proud hour, through each unfetter'd age,
The sons of light have cluster'd round the stage.
From Fiction's realms her richest spoils they bring,
And Pleasure's walls with Rapture's echoes ring.
Here hermit Wisdom lays his mantle down,
To win with smiles the heart that fears his frown ;
In mirth's gay robe he talks to wondering youth,
And Grandeur listens to the voice of Truth.
Beauty, with bounding heart and tingling ear,
Melts at the tale to love and feeling dear ;
Their sacred bowers the sons of learning quit,
To rove with fancy, and to feast with wit ;
All come to gaze, the valiant and the vain,
Virtue's bright troop, and Fashion's glittering train.
Here Labor rests, pale Grief forgets her wo,
And Vice, whose mildew breath taints all below,
Even Vice looks on !—For this the Stage was rear'd,
To scourge the fiend, so cherish'd, scorn'd and fear'd
Not tied alone to poverty's cold walls,
He dwells with pomp, treads plenty's marble halls ;
Proudly he sits where senate-sages meet,
Gravely he dooms in judgment's awful seat ;
God's lovely temple shall behold him there,
With eye upturn'd, and aspect false as fair ;
Even at the altar's very horns he stands,
And breaks and blesses with polluted hands.
Then hither let the unblushing villain roam,
Satire shall knot its whip and strike it home.

The stage one groan from his dark soul shall draw,
That mocks religion, and that laughs at law!

To grace the stage, the bard's careering mind
Seeks other worlds, and leaves his own behind:
He lures from air its bright, unprison'd forms,
Breaks through the tomb, and death's dull region storms.
O'er ruin'd realms he pours creative day,
And slumbering kings his mighty voice obey.
From its damp shroud the long-laid spirit walks,
And round the murderer's bed in vengeance stalks.
Poor maniac beauty brings her cypress wreath,
Her smile a moon-beam o'er a blasted heath;
Round some cold grave she comes, sweet flowers to strew,
And lost to reason, still to love is true.
Hate shuts his soul when dove-eyed Mercy pleads,
Power lifts the axe, and Truth's bold servant bleeds;
Remorse drops anguish from his burning eyes,
Feels hell's eternal worm, and, shuddering, dies.
War's trophied minion, too, forsakes the dust,
Grasps his worn shield, and waves his sword of rust,
Springs to the slaughter at the trumpet's call,
Again to conquer, or again to fall.

With heads to censure, yet with souls to feel,
Friends of the Stage! receive our frank appeal.
No suppliant lay we frame; acquit your trust;
The Drama guard; be gentle, but be just!
Within her courts, unbribed, unslumbering, stand,
Scourge lawless Wit, and leaden Dulness brand;
Lash pert Pretence, but bashful Merit spare,
His firstlings hail, and speak the trembler fair;
Yet shall he cast his cloud, and proudly claim
The loftiest station and the brightest fame.
So from his perch, through seas of golden light,
Our mountain eagle takes his glorious flight;
To heaven the monarch bird exulting springs,
And shakes the night-fog from his mighty wings.
Bards all our own shall yet enchant their age,
And pour redeeming splendor o'er the Stage.
For them, for you, Truth hoards a nobler theme,
Than ever bless'd young Fancy's sweetest dream.
Bold hearts shall kindle, and bright eyes shall gaze,
When genius wakes the tale of other days,
Sheds life's own lustre o'er each holy deed
Of Him who planted, and of Him who freed!

And now, Fair Pile, thou chaste and glorious shrine,
Our fondest wish, our warmest smile be thine;

The home of genius and the court of taste,
 In beauty raised, be thou by beauty graced.
 Within thy walls may Wit's adorers throng,
 To drink the magic of the poet's song:
 Within thy walls may youth and goodness draw
 From every scene a lecture or a law.
 So bright the fane, be priest and offering pure,
 And friends shall bless, and bigot foes endure:
 Long, long be spared to echo truths sublime,
 And lift thy pillars through the storms of time.

 SHAKSPEARE ODE.

God of the glorious Lyre!
 Whose notes of old on lofty Pindus rang,
 While Jove's exulting quire
 Caught the glad echoes and responsive sang—
 Come! bless the service and the shrine,
 We consecrate to thee and thine.

Fierce from the frozen north,
 When havoc led his legions forth,
 O'er Learning's sunny groves the dark destroyer spread:
 In dust the sacred statue slept,
 Fair Science round her altars wept,
 And Wisdom cowl'd his head.

At length, Olympian Lord of morn,
 The raven veil of night was torn,
 When, through golden clouds descending,
 Thou didst hold thy radiant flight,
 O'er nature's lovely pageant bending,
 Till Avon roll'd, all-sparkling, to thy sight!

There, on its bank, beneath the Mulberry's shade,
 Wrapp'd in young dreams, a wild-eyed Minstrel stray'd.
 Lighting there and lingering long,
 Thou didst teach the Bard his song;
 Thy fingers strung his sleeping shell,
 And round his brows a garland curl'd;
 On his lips thy spirit fell,
 And bade him wake and warm the world!

Then Shakspeare rose !
 Across the trembling strings
 His daring hand he flings,
 And lo ! a new creation glows !
 There, clustering round, submissive to his will,
 Fate's vassal train his high commands fulfil.

Madness, with his frightful scream,
 Vengeance, leaning on his lance,
 Avarice, with his blade and beam,
 Hatred, blasting with a glance ;
 Remorse, that weeps, and Rage, that roars,
 And Jealousy, that dotes, but dooms, and murders, yet adores.

Mirth, his face with sunbeams lit,
 Waking laughter's merry swell,
 Arm in arm with fresh-eyed Wit,
 That waves his tingling lash, while Folly shakes his bell.

Despair, that haunts the gurgling stream,
 Kiss'd by the virgin moon's cold beam,
 Where some lost maid wild chaplets wreathes,
 And, swan-like, there her own dirge breathes,
 Then, broken-hearted, sinks to rest,
 Beneath the bubbling wave, that shrouds her maniac breast.

Young Love, with eye of tender gloom,
 Now drooping o'er the hallow'd tomb,
 Where his plighted victims lie,
 Where they met, but met to die :
 And now, when crimson buds are sleeping,
 Through the dewy arbor peeping,
 Where beauty's child, the frowning world forgot,
 To youth's devoted tale is listening,
 Rapture on her dark lash glistening,
 While fairies leave their cowslip cells and guard the happy spot.

Thus rise the phantom throng,
 Obedient to their Master's song,
 And lead in willing chain the wondering soul along.
 For other worlds war's Great One sigh'd in vain,—
 O'er other worlds see Shakspeare rove and reign !
 The rapt Magician of his own wild lay,
 Earth and her tribes his mystic wand obey.

Old ocean trembles, thunder cracks the skies,
 Air teems with shapes, and tell-tale spectres rise :
 Night's paltering hags their fearful orgies keep,
 And faithless guilt unseals the lip of sleep :
 Time yields his trophies up, and death restores
 The moulder'd victims of his voiceless shores.
 The fireside legend, and the faded page,
 The crime that cursed, the deed that bless'd an age,
 All, all come forth—the good to charm and cheer,
 To scourge bold Vice, and start the generous tear ;
 With pictured Folly gazing fools to shame,
 And guide young Glory's foot along the path of fame.

Lo ! hand in hand,
 Hell's juggling sisters stand,
 To greet their victim from the fight ;—
 Group'd on the blasted heath,
 They tempt him to the work of death,
 Then melt in air and mock his wondering sight.
 In midnight's hallow'd hour,
 He seeks the fatal tower,
 Where the lone raven, perch'd on high,
 Pours to the sullen gale
 Her hoarse prophetic wail,
 And croaks the dreadful moment nigh.
 See, by the phantom dagger led,
 Pale, guilty thing,
 Slowly he steals with silent tread,
 And grasps his coward steel to smite his sleeping king.
 Hark ! 't is the signal bell,
 Struck by that bold and unsex'd one,
 Whose milk is gall, whose heart is stone ;
 His ear hath caught the knell—
 "T is done ! 't is done !
 Behold him from the chamber rushing,
 Where his dead monarch's blood is gushing !
 Look where he trembling stands,
 Sad gazing there,
 Life's smoking crimson on his hands,
 And in his felon heart the worm of wild despair.

Mark the sceptred traitor slumbering !
 There flit the slaves of conscience round,
 With boding tongue foul murders numbering ;
 Sleep's leaden portals catch the sound.
 In his dream of blood for mercy quaking,
 At his own dull scream behold him waking !

Soon that dream to fate shall turn,
 For him the living furies burn ;
 For him the vulture sits on yonder misty peak,
 And chides the lagging night, and whets her hungry beak.

Hark! the trumpet's warning breath
 Echoes round the vale of death.
 Unhorsed, unhelmed, disdainful shield,
 The panting tyrant scours the field.

Vengeance! he meets thy dooming blade!
 The scourge of earth, the scorn of heaven,
 He falls! unwept and unforgiven,
 And all his guilty glories fade.

Like a crush'd reptile in the dust he lies,
 And Hate's last lightning quivers from his eyes!

Behold yon crownless king—

Yon white-lock'd, weeping sire :—

Where heaven's unpillar'd chambers ring,
 And burst their streams of flood and fire!

He gave them all—the daughters of his love ;—
 That recreant pair!—they drive him forth to rove ;

In such a night of wo,
 The cubless regent of the wood
 Forgets to bathe her fangs in blood,
 And caverns with her foe!

Yet one was ever kind,—

Why lingers she behind?

O pity!—view him by her dead form kneeling,
 Even in wild frenzy holy nature feeling.

His aching eyeballs strain
 To see those curtain'd orbs unfold,
 That beauteous bosom heave again,—
 But all is dark and cold.

In agony the father shakes ;

Grief's choking note

Swells in his throat,

Each wither'd heart-string tugs and breaks!

Round her pale neck his dying arms he wreathes,
 And on her marble lips his last, his death-kiss breathes.

Down! trembling wing—shall insect weakness keep

The sun-defying eagle's sweep?

A mortal strike celestial strings,

And feebly echo what a seraph sings?

Who now shall grace the glowing throne,

Where, all unrivall'd, all alone,

Bold Shakspeare sat, and look'd creation through,
The Minstrel Monarch of the worlds he drew?

That throne is cold—that lyre in death unstrung,
On whose' proud note delighted Wonder hung.
Yet old Oblivion, as in wrath he sweeps,
One spot shall spare—the grave where Shakspeare sleeps.
Rulers and ruled in common gloom may lie,
But Nature's laureate bards shall never die.
Art's chisell'd boast, and Glory's trophied shore,
Must live in numbers, or can live no more.
While sculptured Jove some nameless waste may claim,
Still rolls th' Olympic car in Pindar's fame :
Troy's doubtful walls, in ashes past away,
Yet frown on Greece in Homer's deathless lay :
Rome, slowly sinking in her crumbling fanes,
Stands all immortal in her Maro's strains :—
So, too, yon giant empress of the isles,
On whose broad sway the sun for ever smiles,
To Time's unsparing rage one day must bend,
And all her triumphs in her Shakspeare end !

O Thou ! to whose creative power
We dedicate the festal hour,
While Grace and Goodness round the altar stand,
Learning's anointed train, and Beauty's rose-lipp'd band—
Realms yet unborn, in accents now unknown,
Thy song shall learn, and bless it for their own.
Deep in the West, as Independence roves,
His banners planting round the land he loves,
Where nature sleeps in Eden's infant grace,
In time's full hour shall spring a glorious race :—
Thy name, thy verse, thy language shall they bear,
And deck for thee the vaulted temple there.

Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
Thy parent empire's galling yoke,
But thou, harmonious ruler of the mind,
Around their sons a gentler chain shalt bind ;—
In thee shall Albion's sceptre wave once more,
And what her monarch lost her monarch-bard restore.

TO MY CIGAR.

Yes, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite ;

I love thy fragrant, misty spell,
I love thy calm delight.

What though they tell, with phizzes long,
My years are sooner past ;
I would reply, with reason strong,
They 're sweeter while they last.

And oft, mild friend, to me thou art
A monitor, though still ;
Thou speak'st a lesson to my heart,
Beyond the preacher's skill.

Thou 'rt like the man of worth, who gives
To goodness every day,
The odor of whose virtues lives,
When he has pass'd away.

When in the lonely evening hour,
Attended but by thee,
O'er history's varied page I pore,
Man's fate in thine I see.

Oft as thy snowy column grows,
Then breaks and falls away,
I trace how mighty realms thus rose,
Thus tumbled to decay.

Awhile like thee earth's masters burn,
And smoke and fume around,
And then like thee to ashes turn,
And mingle with the ground.

Life 's but a leaf adroitly roll'd,
And time 's the wasting breath,
That late or early, we behold,
Gives all to dusty death.

From beggar's frieze to monarch's robe,
One common doom is pass'd,
Sweet nature's works, the swelling globe,
Must all burn out at last.

And what is he who smokes thee now?—
A little moving heap,

That soon like thee to fate must bow,
With thee in dust must sleep.

But though thy ashes downward go,
Thy essence rolls on high ;
Thus when my body must lie low,
My soul shall cleave the sky.

THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.

Two swallows, having flown into church during divine service, were apostrophized in the following stanzas.

GAY, guiltless pair,
What seek ye from the fields of heaven ?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend ?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend ?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep :
Penance is not for you,
Bless'd wanderers of the *upper deep*.

To you 't is given
To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not rear'd with hands.

Or if ye stay,
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
 On upward wings could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in you bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'T were heaven indeed,
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
 And nature's own great God adore.

 ART.

WHEN from the sacred garden driven,
 Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
 An angel left her place in heaven,
 And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
 'T was Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke,
 Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
 And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
 "The curse a blessing shall be found."

She led him through the trackless wild,
 Where noontide sunbeam never blazed:—
 The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,
 And nature gladden'd as she gazed.
 Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
 At Art's command to him are given,
 The village grows, the city springs,
 And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
 To guard the shores its beauty graced;
 He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
 See towers of strength, and domes of taste.
 Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
 Fire bears his banner on the wave,
 He bids the mortal poison heal,
 And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
 Admiring Beauty's lap to fill:
 He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,

And mocks his own Creator's skill.
 With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
 He bids the ore illumine the page,
 And proudly scorning time's control,
 Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
 And treads the chambers of the sky ;
 He reads the stars, and grasps the flame,
 That quivers round the Throne on high.
 In war renown'd, in peace sublime,
 He moves in greatness and in grace ;
 His power subduing space and time,
 Links realm to realm, and race to race.

JOHN GARDINER CALKINS BRAINARD.

BRAINARD was a native of New London, Connecticut, and son of the Hon. Jeremiah G. Brainard, who has been for several years one of the Judges of the Superior Court of that state. He was graduated at Yale College in 1815, and having fitted himself for the bar, he entered into practice at Middletown, Conn. Not finding the degree of success that he wished, he returned in a short time to his native town, and thence in 1822 he went to Hartford, to undertake the editorial charge of the Connecticut Mirror. In this capacity he was occupied until about a year before his death, when marked by evident symptoms, as a victim of consumption, he returned once again to the paternal roof, where he died, September 26, 1828, at the age of thirtytwo.

There are few men more richly gifted than was the subject of this memoir. The collection of poems, that were published by him in a volume, and which will carry his name down to futurity, were all composed for the columns of a weekly paper, and were only regarded by the writer as light and trifling productions, serving to fill his columns and discharge his obliga-

tions to furnish something original for his readers. They were always written in haste—usually at the last moment to which he could delay, and while the printer was at his elbow, dunning for copy ; they were also written without expectation of fame, and with none of the stimulus derived from a feeling of responsibility to public opinion. They always appeared in the paper as communications, and seem to have been thrown off as freely, and with as little consideration of their value, as the trees resign their leaves to the autumn winds. They were also written at a period when the author had already ceased to think of ambition—when he was depressed by despairing views of his own lot in life, and while he bent beneath a vague sense of unhappiness, seeming to spring up from everything around him to put forth its harvest of mortification, disappointment, and sorrow. Yet these productions, so little elaborated, and written under such causes of enervation, are stamped with an originality, boldness, force, and pathos, illustrative of genius, not perhaps inferior to that of Burns, and certainly much resembling it in kind. What could not such a man have done, had he been sustained by fortune equal to his merit, and incited by those impulses which give energy and efficiency to the exertions of other men !

Mr Brainard was not only a poet but an excellent writer of prose. The columns of the *Mirror*, during his editorial career, exhibit many specimens of truly beautiful and original prose compositions—and these are not only interesting as literary specimens, but they illustrate his kind feelings and gentlemanly character in a very striking manner. There is perhaps no situation in which men more frequently violate the dictates of good breeding and just principles, than as editors of papers.—And this fact does not perhaps arise from the circumstance that an undue proportion of the editorial corps are really ill-bred and unprincipled ; but the truth is there are a multitude of temptations peculiar to their condition. The impatient desire of gaining distinction, aided by the prevalent notion that malignity, personalities, and a disregard of the decencies

of society, are proofs of talent, is the wide snare into which many of them fall. The gratification which ill regulated minds experience from making their power felt, the unworthy pleasure of seeing others writhe beneath their lash, together with the impunity with which editorial malice is exercised, form another source of the frequent errors of which we speak. But to all these temptations Brainard was superior. His kindness of heart, his dignity and rectitude of mind, kept him from falling into these besetting sins of the profession. During his editorial life, we do not recollect a passage in his paper, at which, for any blemish of the nature we now speak of, his friends have any occasion to indulge regret. We earnestly recommend this delightful example to every member of the editorial brotherhood.

In friendship, Brainard was warm, sincere, and steadfast to the last. We have never met with a man whose notions on this subject were more exalted. He would never patiently hear one traduced whom he loved. His maxim was to stand by a friend in time of need, whether he happened to be in the right or in the wrong. It was a doctrine upon which he acted, that one never needs support and defence so much as when his own errors are the occasion of his difficulties. We do not mean by this that he would excuse faults or palliate misconduct in general—but he held in detestation that dastardly spirit which leads a great part of mankind to trample on a faltering or a fallen fellow-being. While others therefore would rush on to crush and wound, Brainard would be forward to support and protect.

As before stated, he was unsuccessful in the profession he had chosen. This operated with peculiar force to depress one whose character was sensitive and self-diffident to a painful degree. Besides, he had met with that species of disappointment which often clings longer and more heavily about the heart than any other. It is obvious therefore that when he left his profession and entered upon his literary career, there was a crisis in his life, the issue of which must form the index

of his future fortunes. He was about to enter a new field, and make one more experiment. If that were unsuccessful, it must clearly be fatal to one of a temperament so much inclined to despondence, already stricken and wounded at heart. It *did* prove unsuccessful, and Brainard sleeps in the only resting place, for such a spirit as his.

It is a remarkable fact that the sad at heart, are often the most delightful companions for the display of thoughts and feelings, the very reverse of those which prevail in their own breasts. The anecdote of the Italian hypochondriac, if it be a fable, illustrates many a character in real life. Disheartened and despondent as we know Brainard was, looking out upon the world with an eye that saw everything glowing with prismatic beauty, yet mournfully feeling that this beauty was not made for him—still, when he met a friend the cloud passed instantly from his brow, a smile was on his lips, and words of merriment and levity broke from his tongue. It was apparent that for the moment, he obtained relief from his painful musings in the play of a humorous fancy—a laugh seemed to beguile his sorrow—a joke to scare back into their recesses the demons that preyed upon his bosom. Those only who knew him well can understand how interesting was this light of his mind, breaking out amid the clouds and darkness which encompassed it.

There was one trait of character which does infinite credit to Brainard. Freely as his riotous fancy was licensed in conversation, he was never irreverent—nor did he countenance irreverence in others. In the most heedless moment he indulged himself in no jests at the expense of religion—nor did he smile at profane jokes in others. There was a deep principle in his heart presiding over his most reckless mood, which said “hitherto mayest thou come, but no farther.” It is a circumstance which mixes consolation with regret for his loss, that in the closing period of his life, this principle assumed its due influence, and shed over its last moments those hopes which cheer and support the descent to the tomb.

We have before noticed incidentally what we esteem the leading traits of Mr Brainard's poetry,—boldness, originality force, and pathos. The lines on Niagara are doubtless the best that have ever been written on that stupendous work of nature—and this is the more remarkable, as Brainard was never within three hundred miles of the spot. The poem, beginning "*The dead leaves strew the forest walk,*" has a deep pathetic vein running through it, which reminds us strongly of Burns.

The originality of Brainard has the more merit, in an age, when imitation is stamped upon almost all the new poetry we read. Mrs Hemans' rhymes are perpetually chiming in our ears—the conceits of Shelley come forth again and again, each time in some new mask—and Wordsworth's ghosts and shadows of thought haunt us like spectres in the night. But Brainard either disdained imitation, or the gushing fountain of his own genius left him little temptation to borrow from others. No man ever thought his own thoughts more independently than he did.

There are some deductions to be made from the unqualified praise we might otherwise bestow upon his poetry.—His pieces are very unequal—and generally unfinished ;—they are also frequently marred by carelessness, and sometimes by coarseness. A splendid couplet or verse is often followed by an inferior one—the former showed his power, the latter his indolence. The grammatical defect that will be observed in the first stanza of the magnificent lines "*On a late loss,*" and the vulgar metaphor with which he closes the piece which may be found in his volume, addressed "*To my friend G.*" are stains which a little more care, and more studious delicacy might have removed, and which an author who seeks the approbation of the public is bound to remove. Knowing, as we do, that these pieces were written only to serve a transient purpose, and were afterwards cut from a file of newspapers with a pair of scissors, and printed in a volume without correction—they may not lower our estimate of the author's genius, though they must abate the value we put upon his works.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain,
 While I look upward to thee. It would seem
 As if God pour'd thee from his "hollow hand,"
 And hung his bow upon thine awful front ;
 And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
 Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
 "The sound of many waters ;" and had bade
 Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
 And notch His cent'ries in the eternal rocks.

Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
 That hear the question of that voice sublime ?
 Oh ! what are all the notes that ever rung
 From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side !
 Yea, what is all the riot man can make
 In his short life, to thy unceasing roar !
 And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
 Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
 Above its loftiest mountains ?—a light wave,
 That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

 EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw two clouds at morning,
 Tinged with the rising sun ;
 And in the dawn they floated on,
 And mingled into one :
 I thought that morning cloud was blest,
 It moved so sweetly to the west.

I saw two summer currents,
 Flow smoothly to their meeting,
 And join their course, with silent force,
 In peace each other greeting :
 Calm was their course through banks of green,
 While dimpling eddies play'd between.

Such be your gentle motion,
 Till life's last pulse shall beat ;
 Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
 Float on, in joy, to meet
 A calmer sea, where storms shall cease—
 A purer sky, where all is peace.

ON A LATE LOSS.*

THE breath of air that stirs the harp's soft string,
 Floats on to join the whirlwind and the storm ;
 The drops of dew exhaled from flowers of spring,
 Rise and assume the tempest's threatening form ;
 The first mild beam of morning's glorious sun,
 Ere night, is sporting in the lightning's flash ;
 And the smooth stream, that flows in quiet on,
 Moves but to aid the overwhelming dash
 That wave and wind can muster, when the might
 Of earth, and air, and sea, and sky unite.

So science whisper'd in thy charmed ear,
 And radiant learning beckon'd thee away.
 The breeze was music to thee, and the clear
 Beam of thy morning promised a bright day.
 And they have wreck'd thee !—But there is a shore
 Where storms are hush'd, where tempests never rage ;
 Where angry skies and blackening seas, no more
 With gusty strength their roaring warfare wage.
 By thee its peaceful margent shall be trod—
 Thy home is Heaven, and thy friend is God.

COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

ALL sights are fair to the recover'd blind—
 All sounds are music to the deaf restored—
 The lame, made whole, leaps like the sporting hind ;
 And the sad bow'd down sinner, with his load
 Of shame and sorrow, when he cuts the cord,
 And drops the pack it bound, is free again
 In the light yoke and burden of his Lord.
 Thus, with the birthright of his fellow man,
 Sees, hears and feels at once the righted African.

'T is somewhat like the burst from death to life ;
 From the grave's cerements to the robes of Heaven ;
 From sin's dominion, and from passion's strife,
 To the pure freedom of a soul forgiven !
 When all the bonds of death and hell are riven,
 And mortals put on immortality ;
 When fear, and care, and grief away are driven,

*The loss of Professor Fisher of Yale College, in the Albion.

And Mercy's hand has turn'd the golden key,
 And Mercy's voice has said, "Rejoice—thy soul is free!"

THE CAPTAIN. A FRAGMENT.*

Solemn he paced upon that schooner's deck,
 And mutter'd of his hardships:—"I have been
 Where the wild will of Mississippi's tide
 Has dash'd me on the sawyer;—I have sail'd
 In the thick night, along the wave-wash'd edge
 Of ice, in acres, by the pitiless coast
 Of Labrador; and I have scraped my keel
 O'er coral rocks in Madagascar seas—
 And often in my cold and midnight watch,
 Have heard the warning voice of the lee shore
 Speaking in breakers! Ay, and I have seen
 The whale and sword-fish fight beneath my bows;
 And when they made the deep boil like a pot,
 Have swung into its vortex; and I know
 To cord my vessel with a sailor's skill,
 And brave such dangers with a sailor's heart;
 —But never yet upon the stormy wave,
 Or where the river mixes with the main,
 Or in the chafing anchorage of the bay,
 In all my rough experience of harm,
 Met I—a Methodist meeting-house!

* * * *

Cat-head, or beam, or davit has it none,
 Starboard nor larboard, gunwale, stem nor stern!
 It comes in such a "questionable shape,"
 I cannot even *spea*k it! Up jib, Josey,
 And make for Bridgeport! There, where Stratford Point,
 Long Beach, Fairweather Island, and the buoy,
 Are safe from such encounters, we'll *protest!*
 And Yankee legends long shall tell the tale,
 That once a Charleston schooner was beset,
 Riding at anchor, by a Meeting-House.

* The Bridgeport paper of March, 1823, said; "Arrived, schooner Fame, from Charleston, via New London. While at anchor in that harbor, during the rain storm on Thursday evening last, the Fame was run foul of by the wreck of the Methodist Meeting-House from Norwich, which was carried away in the late freshet."

THE DEEP.

THERE 's beauty in the deep :—
 The wave is bluer than the sky ;
 And though the light shine bright on high,
 More softly do the sea-gems glow
 That sparkle in the depths below ;
 The rainbow's tints are only made
 When on the waters they are laid,
 And Sun and Moon most sweetly shine
 Upon the ocean's level brine.

There 's beauty in the deep.

There 's music in the deep :—
 It not in the surf's rough roar,
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore—
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell
 How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
 Or winds its softness through the flood,
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,
 And dies, on spongy banks, away.

There 's music in the deep.

There 's quiet in the deep :—
 Above, let tides and tempests rave,
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave ;
 Above, let care and fear contend,
 With sin and sorrow to the end :
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.

There 's quiet in the deep.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

WHAT is there saddening in the Autumn leaves ?
 Have they that "green and yellow melancholy"
 That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen
 Our variegated woods, when first the frost
 Turns into beauty all October's charms—
 When the dread fever quits us—when the storms

Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the Hunter now :
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store :
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the evergreens, and asks,
"What is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?"

THE TWO COMETS.

THERE once dwelt in Olympus some notable oddities,
For their wild singularities call'd Gods and Goddesses.—
But one in particular beat 'em all hollow,
Whose name, style and title was Phœbus Apollo.

Now Phœb. was a genius—his hand he could turn
To anything, everything genius can learn :
Bright, sensible, graceful, *cute*, spirited, handy,
Well bred, well behaved—a celestial Dandy !
An eloquent god, though he did n't say much ;
But he drew a long bow, spoke Greek, Latin and Dutch ;
A doctor, a poet, a soarer, a diver,
And of horses in harness an excellent driver.

He would tackle his steeds to the wheels of the sun,
And he drove up the east every morning, but one ;
When young Phæton begg'd of his daddy at five,
To stay with Aurora a day, and he'd drive.
So good natured Phœbus gave Phæy the seat,
With his mittens, change, waybill, and stage horn complete ;
To the breeze of the morning he shook his bright locks,
Blew the lamps of the night out, and mounted the box.
The crack of his whip, like the breaking of day,
Warm'd the wax in the ears of the leaders, and they
With a snort, like the fog of the morning, clear'd out
For the west, as young Phæy meant to get there about
Two hours before sunset.

He look'd at his "turnip,"
And to make the delay of the old line concern up,
He gave 'em the reins ; and from Aries to Cancer,
The style of his drive on the road seem'd to answer ;

But at Leo, the ears of the near wheel-horse prick'd,
 And at Virgo the heels of the off leader kick'd ;
 Over Libra the whiffle-tree broke in the middle,
 And the traces snapp'd short, like the strings of a fiddle.
 One wheel struck near Scorpio, who gave it a roll,
 And sent it to buzz, like a top, round the pole ;
 While the other whizz'd back with its linchpin and hub,
 Or, more learnedly speaking, its nucleus or nub ;
 And, whether in earnest, or whether in fun,
 He carried away a few locks of the sun.

The state of poor Phaeton's coach was a blue one,
 And Jupiter order'd Apollo a new one ;
 But our driver felt rather too proud to say "Whoa,"
 Letting horses, and harness, and everything go -
 At their terrified pleasure abroad ; and the muse
 Says, they cut to this day just what capers they choose ;
 That the eyes of the chargers as meteors shine forth ;
 That their manes stream along in the lights of the north ;
 That the wheels which are missing are comets, that run
 As fast as they did when they carried the sun ;
 And still pushing forward, though never arriving,
 Think the west is before them, and Phaeton driving.

ADDRESS TO CONNECTICUT RIVER.

FROM that lone lake, the sweetest of the chain
 That links the mountain to the mighty main,
 Fresh from the rock and welling by the tree,
 Rushing to meet and dare and breast the sea,
 Fair, noble, glorious, river ! in thy wave
 The sunniest slopes and sweetest pastures lave,
 The mountain torrent, with its wintry roar
 Springs from its home and leaps upon thy shore ;—
 The promontories love thee—and for this
 Turn their rough cheeks and stay thee for thy kiss.
 Stern, at thy source, thy northern Guardians stand,
 Rude rulers of the solitary land,
 Wild dwellers by thy cold sequester'd springs,
 Of earth the feathers and of air the wings ;
 Their blasts have rock'd thy cradle, and in storm
 Cover'd thy couch and swathed in snow thy form—
 Yet, bless'd by all the elements that sweep
 The clouds above, or the unfathom'd deep,
 The purest breezes scent thy blooming hills,

The gentlest dews drop on thy eddying rills,
 By the moss'd bank, and by the aged tree,
 The silver streamlet smoothest glides to thee,
 The young oak greets thee at the waters' edge,
 Wet by the wave, though anchor'd in the ledge.
 —'T is there the otter dives, the beaver feeds,
 Where pensive osiers dip their willowy weeds,
 And there the wild-cat purs amid her brood,
 And trains them, in the sylvan solitude,
 To watch the squirrel's leap, or mark the mink
 Paddling the water by thy quiet brink ;—
 Or to out-gaze the grey owl in the dark,
 Or hear the young fox practising to bark.

Dark as the frost-nipp'd leaves that strow'd the ground,
 The Indian hunter here his shelter found ;
 Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
 Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
 Spear'd the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
 And slew the deer without the rifle ball.
 Here his young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
 Singing her chant to hush her swart pappoose,
 Here stain her quills and string her trinkets rude,
 And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.
 —No more shall they thy welcome waters bless,
 No more their forms thy moonlit banks shall press,
 No more be heard, from mountain or from grove,
 His whoop of slaughter, or her song of love.

Thou didst not shake, thou didst not shrink, when late
 The mountain-top shut down its ponderous gate,
 Tumbling its tree-grown ruins to thy side,
 An avalanche of acres at a slide.
 Nor dost thou stay, when winter's coldest breath
 Howls through the woods and sweeps along the heath—
 One mighty sigh relieves thy icy breast,
 And wakes thee from the calmness of thy rest.

Down sweeps the torrent ice—it may not stay
 By rock or bridge, in narrow or in bay—
 Swift, swifter to the heaving sea it goes
 And leaves thee dimpling in thy sweet repose.
 —Yet as the unharm'd swallow skims his way,
 And lightly drops his pinions in thy spray,
 So the swift sail shall seek thy inland seas,
 And swell and whiten in thy purer breeze,
 New paddles dip thy waters, and strange oars
 Feather thy waves and touch thy noble shores.

Thy noble shores! where the tall steeple shines,
 At midday, higher than thy mountain pines,
 Where the white schoolhouse with its daily drill
 Of sunburnt children, smiles upon the hill,
 Where the neat village grows upon the eye,
 Deck'd forth in nature's sweet simplicity—
 Where hard-won competence, the farmer's wealth,
 Gains merit honor, and gives labor health,
 Where Goldsmith's self might send his exiled band
 To find a new 'Sweet Auburn' in our land.

What art can execute or taste devise,
 Decks thy fair course and gladdens in thine eyes—
 As broader sweep the bendings of thy stream,
 To meet the southern sun's more constant beam.
 Here cities rise, and sea-wash'd commerce hails
 Thy shores and winds, with all her flapping sails,
 From tropic isles, or from the torrid main—
 Where grows the grape, or sprouts the sugar-cane—
 Or from the haunts, where the striped haddock play,
 By each cold northern bank and frozen bay.
 Here safe return'd from every stormy sea,
 Waves the striped flag, the mantle of the free,
 —That star-lit flag, by all the breezes curl'd
 Of yon vast deep whose waters grasp the world.

In what Arcadian, what Utopian ground
 Are warmer hearts or manlier feelings found,
 More hospitable welcome, or more zeal
 To make the curious 'tarrying' stranger feel
 That, next to home, here best may he abide,
 To rest and cheer him by the chimney-side;
 Drink the hale farmer's cider, as he hears
 From the grey dame the tales of others years.
 Cracking his shagbarks, as the aged crone,
 Mixing the true and doubtful into one,
 Tells how the Indian scalp'd the helpless child
 And bore its shrieking mother to the wild,
 Butcher'd the father hastening to his home,
 Seeking his cottage—finding but his tomb.
 How drums and flags and troops were seen on high,
 Wheeling and charging in the northern sky,
 And that she knew what these wild tokens meant,
 When to the Old French War her husband went.
 How, by the thunder-blasted tree, was hid
 The golden spoils of far famed Robert Kid;
 And then the chubby grandchild wants to know
 About the ghosts and witches long ago,
 That haunted the old swamp.

The clock strikes ten—
 The prayer is said, nor unforgotten then
 The stranger in their gates. A decent rule
 Of Elders in thy puritanic school.

When the fresh morning wakes him from his dream,
 And daylight smiles on rock, and slope, and stream,
 Are there not glossy curls and sunny eyes,
 As brightly lit and bluer than thy skies,
 Voices as gentle as an echoed call
 And sweeter than the soften'd waterfall
 That smiles and dimples in its whispering spray,
 Leaping in sportive innocence away :—
 And lovely forms, as graceful and as gay
 As wild-brier, budding in an April day
 —How like the leaves—the fragrant leaves it bears,
 Their simple purposes and simple cares.

Stream of my sleeping fathers! when the sound
 Of coming war echoed thy hills around,
 How did thy sons start forth from every glade,
 Snatching the musket where they left the spade.
 How did their mothers urge them to the fight,
 Their sisters tell them to defend the right,—
 How bravely did they stand, how nobly fall,
 The earth their coffin and the turf their pall—
 How did the aged pastor light his eye,
 When, to his flock, he read the purpose high
 And stern resolve, whate'er the toil may be,
 To pledge life, name, fame, all—for Liberty.
 —Cold is the hand that penn'd that glorious page—
 Still in the grave the body of that sage
 Whose lip of eloquence and heart of zeal,
 Made Patriots act and listening statesmen feel—
 Brought thy Green Mountains down upon their foes,
 And thy white summits melted of their snows,
 While every vale to which his voice could come,
 Rang with the fife and echoed to the drum.

Bold River! better suited are thy waves
 To nurse the laurels clustering round their graves,
 Than many a distant stream, that soaks the mud
 Where thy brave sons have shed their gallant blood,
 And felt, beyond all other mortal pain,
 They ne'er should see their happy home again.

Thou had'st a poet once,—and he could tell,
 Most tunefully, whate'er to thee befell,
 Could fill each pastoral reed upon thy shore—
 —But we shall hear his classic lays no more!
 He loved thee, but he took his aged way,

By Erie's shore, and Perry's glorious day,
To where Detroit looks out amidst the wood,
Remote beside the dreary solitude.

Yet for his brow thy ivy leaf shall spread,
Thy freshest myrtle lift its berried head,
And our gnarl'd Charter-oak put forth a bough,
Whose leaves shall grace thy Trumbull's honor'd brow.

“THE dead leaves strow the forest walk,
And wither'd are the pale wild-flowers ;
The frost hangs blackening on the stalk,
The dew-drops fall in frozen showers.
Gone are the springs green sprouting bowers
Gone summer's rich and mantling vines,
And Autumn, with her yellow hours,
On hill and plain no longer shines.

I learn'd a clear and wild-toned note,
That rose and swell'd from yonder tree—
A gay bird, with too sweet a throat,
There perch'd and raised her song for me.
The winter comes, and where is she ?
Away—where summer wings will rove,
Where buds are fresh, and every tree
Is vocal with the notes of love.

Too mild the breath of southern sky,
Too fresh the flower that blushes there,
The northern breeze that rustles by,
Finds leaves too green, and buds too fair ;
No forest-tree stands stript and bare,
No stream beneath the ice is dead,
No mountain-top with sleety hair
Bends o'er the snows its reverend head.

Go there with all the birds,—and seek
A happier clime, with livelier flight,
Kiss, with the sun, the evening's cheek,
And leave me lonely with the night.
—I'll gaze upon the cold north light,
And mark where all its glories shone—
See !—that it all is fair and bright,
Feel—that it all is cold and gone.”

ROBERT WALN

WAS born in Philadelphia. He was liberally educated, but did not pursue any regular profession, and though he wrote much, it was to him little more than an amusement. His writings are in general hasty and careless, but show considerable talent for light literature. In 1819, he published a satirical work called *The Hermit in Philadelphia*; this was well received, and soon came to a second edition. Shortly after appeared *The American Bards*, a poem in imitation of Lord Byron's satire. In 1820, was published *Sisyphi Opus*, or *Touches at the Times*, with other poems. This was followed by a second series of the *Hermit in Philadelphia*, which succeeded as well as the first. Mr Waln after this, made a voyage to Canton as a supercargo, and on his return, he projected a *History of China*; this work he published in quarto numbers. After the publication of the third volume of the *Biography of the signers of the Declaration of Independence*, Mr Waln undertook to conduct the work, and wrote several of the lives. In 1824, he published a life of *La Fayette*, in one volume octavo. Besides these performances, he wrote much for the periodicals, among other things a series of papers in the *American Monthly Magazine*, entitled *A Voyage on Wings*. He was also the author of a pamphlet, giving an account of the *Quaker Hospital at Frankford*, near Philadelphia. He died in 1824, at the age of thirtyone.

SONG.

THE bright tear of beauty, in sadness, is stealing,—
 The gems of the east are less sparkling than these;—
 Her cheek is all flush'd with the anguish of feeling,—
 Her white bosom carelessly bared to the breeze.

'T is the bride of the Soldier,—and Fancy had flourish'd
 In day dreams that circle the phantom of Love,

For the visions of bliss that the maiden had nourish'd,
Her soul, in the warmth of its tenderness, wove.

But hark !—'t is the rush and the roaring of battle
That rolls on the lingering wings of the wind ;
The sabres gleam bright ; and the cannon's loud rattle
Speaks death to the maiden, left weeping behind.

The turf is his pillow ;—his mantle is heaven ;—
The warrior is sleeping the sleep of the brave !
The chains of affection are awfully riven,
And moulder away in the gloom of the grave.

YOU SAID, DEAR GIRL.

You said, dear girl, the other night,
That love was all a fond illusion !—
But why, my dear, with eyes so bright,
And cheeks so blooming with confusion ?

And when I gravely own'd the truth,
In prayers that love should ne'er entrance thee.
And blamed the wanton dreams of youth,—
I saw thee frown ;—perhaps 't was fancy.

And as I press'd thy burning hand,
And breathed the vow of never loving,
Why did thy heaving breast expand,
With sighs so sweet,—yet so reproving ?

But when I talk'd of friendship, dear,
Of Plato, and his stoic pleasure,
I long'd to kiss the starting tear,
And steal away the pearly treasure.

'T was love that sparkled in thine eye,
And gemm'd thy cheek with wavering flushes
'T was love that breathed the chiding sigh,
And mingled its tear with rosy blushes.

Then call it friendship ;—what you will ;—
The heart disowns what the lips are naming ;

It lives in the joy of the holy thrill,
 And the altar of love is brightly flaming.

HUNTING SONG.

'T is the break of day, and cloudless weather,
 The eager dogs are all roaming together,
 The moor-cock is flitting across the heather,
 Up, rouse from your slumbers,

Away!

No vapor encumbers the day;
 Wind the echoing horn,
 For the waking morn

Peeps forth in its mantle of gray.

The wild-boar is shaking his dewy bristle,
 The partridge is sounding his morning whistle,
 The red-deer is bounding o'er the thistle,
 Up, rouse from your slumbers,

Away!

No vapor incumbers the day
 Wind the echoing horn,
 For the waking morn

Peeps forth in its mantle of gray.

RUFUS DAWES

Is a native of Boston, and was graduated at Cambridge. He is at present the editor of *The Emerald*, a weekly paper published at Baltimore. His poems mostly appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*, and have deservedly given the writer a very respectable rank among our native authors. We understand he contemplates the publication of a volume of poetry, which will, no doubt, be very favorably received.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
 And wheels her course in a joyous flight :
 I know her track through the balmy air,
 By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;
 She leaves the tops of the mountains green,
 And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
 For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;
 Then she mounts again, and around her flings
 A shower of light from her purple wings,
 Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high
 That silently fills it with ecstasy !

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,
 Where bowing elms over waters meet ;
 She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
 That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
 When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
 From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
 Dark clouds for a glorious canopy ;
 And round the skirts of each sweeping fold,
 She paints a border of crimson and gold,
 Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
 When their god in his glory has pass'd away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
 When her presence is felt with the deepest power ;
 She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
 With shadows that flit like a fairy dream :—
 Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
 The Spirit of Beauty is every where !

 SUNRISE FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE laughing hours have chased away the night,
 Plucking the stars out from her diadem ;
 And now the blue-eyed morn with modest grace,

Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the East
 Blushing in smiles—and glad as infancy.
 And see! the foolish Moon, but now so vain
 Of borrow'd beauty, how she yields her charms,
 And, pale with envy, steals herself away!
 The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,
 Attendant on the day. The mountain tops
 Have lit their beacons,—and the vales below
 Send up a welcoming. No song of birds,
 Warbling to charm the air with melody,
 Floats on the frosty breeze; yet Nature hath
 The very soul of music in her looks,—
 The sunshine and the shade of poetry!
 I stand upon thy loftiest pinnacle,
 Temple of Nature! and look down with awe
 On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen.
 Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,
 Fix'd on their old foundations, unsubdued,—
 Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise,
 Unrified to the Thunderer;—now they seem
 A family of mountains, clustering round
 Their hoary patriarch,—emulously watching
 To meet the partial glances of the day.
 Far in the glowing East, the flecking light,
 Mellow'd by distance,—with the blue sky blending,—
 Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.
 The sun is up;—away the shadows fling
 From the broad hills, and hurrying to the west,
 Sport in the sunshine, till they die away.
 The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,
 Out-welling from the clouds,—and sparkling light
 Dances along with their perennial flow.
 And there is beauty in yon river's path—
 The glad Connecticut. I know her well
 By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms.
 At times, she loiters by a ridge of hills,
 Sportfully hiding; then again with glee
 Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.
 Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves
 And lakes and rivers, mountains, vales and woods,
 And all that holds the faculty entranced,
 Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,
 And sleep in the deep quietude of joy!
 There is a fearful stillness in this place—
 A presence that forbids to break the spell,
 Till the heart pours its agony in tears.

But I must drink the vision while it lasts
 For even now the curling vapors rise,
 Wreathing their cloudy coronals to grace
 These towering summits—bidding me away.
 But often shall my heart turn back again,
 Thou glorious eminence!—and when oppress'd
 And aching with the coldness of the world,
 Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

ANNE BULLEN.

I WEEP while gazing on thy modest face
 Thou pictured history of woman's love,
 Joy spreads his beaming pinions on thy cheek
 Shaming its whiteness, and thine eyes are full
 Of conscious beauty while they undulate.
 Yet all thy beauty—all thy gentleness
 Served but to light thy ruin. Is there not
 Kind heaven! some secret talisman of hearts
 Whereby to find a resting-place for love?
 Unhappy maiden! let thy history teach
 The beautiful and young that when their path
 Softens with roses, danger may be there;
 That love may watch the bubbles of the stream,
 But never trust his image on the wave!

RICHARD PENN SMITH

WAS born in Philadelphia, in 1799. He is the youngest son of Dr William Moore Smith. He received an education for the bar, and was admitted to practice in 1820. In 1822, he became editor of *The Aurora*, a daily journal in Philadelphia, and continued in that station till 1828, when he returned to his profession of the law. Besides his poems and his prose compositions in various periodicals, Mr Smith is the author of several dramatic pieces, among which are *Caius Marius*,

The Prodigals, The Eighth of January, and Quite Correct, which have been played in Philadelphia. A novel from his pen is about to be published.

THE COTTAGE LOVERS.

THE mist of the morn is still grey on the mountain ;
The violet blooms on the brink of the fountain ;
Low murmurs the stream from the mossy rock gushing,
But wildly and loud through the dark ravine rushing.

The pheasant now springs from his dew-spangled nest ;
The crescent moon sinks like a bark in the west ;
The first streak of morning now breaks through the night,
And mountains and vales ring with hymns of delight.

The horn of the huntsman sounds far o'er the hill,
The voice of the fleet hound is frequent and shrill ;
While panting the chased stag appears at the lake,
He swims the dark stream and then bounds through the brake.

How sweet is the woodbine o'er yon lattice creeping,
Which blushing steals where the maiden is sleeping !
How softly the breeze sounds that kisses the billow !
But softer by far is the sigh on yon pillow.

The dash of a light oar is heard on the lake,
And gaily a voice sings " Awake ! oh ! awake !"
The morning already is gray on the hill ;
The crow of the barn cock is frequent and shrill.

And hark, the wood echoes the wood cutter's stroke ;
The mocking bird sings on the top of the oak ;
The cow-boy is driving the herd to the lake,
The plough-boy 's afield, and all nature 's awake.

Oh ! come, dearest, come, to the cot of thy lover,
Where souls may be free as the wings of the plover,
And hearts shall be pure as the vestal maid's shrine,
And the day star of true love shall never decline.

The bright face of one at the lattice is seen,
 And ruby lips glow through the foliage of green,
 Like buds of the vine the wild breezes perfuming,
 Ere breath of the morning has kiss'd them to blooming.

The maiden now stands on the brink of the stream,
 And looks upon life as a fairy-like dream,
 For she hies to the spot where her soul may be blest
 With a passion as mild as the dove in its nest.

On the stern of the skiff she is seated in haste,
 Her lover beside her with arm round her waist,
 He presses her lips as they float from the shore
 And they mingle their songs with the dash of the oar.

FRAGMENT.*

ART thou a husband?—hast thou lost
 The partner of thy joys—thy woes ;
 Didst watch her when in anguish tost,
 And share the dire conflicting throes
 Of agonized mortality,
 Till e'en to thee 't was bliss to close
 The last fond look of her glazed eye ?

Art thou a father?—hath thy son,
 The prop of thy declining life,
 Fail'd ere his manly race was run,
 And left thee to a world of strife ?
 Dost thou pursue in cold neglect
 The remnant of thy journey here ;
 No one thy frailties to protect,
 Or gray-hair'd sorrows to revere ?
 Is it denied thy stricken heart
 To gaze upon the face of one,
 Who seem'd thy former counterpart,
 Recalling ages long since gone ?
 To see the follies that were thine
 When life ran frolic through each vein ;
 And thus, e'en in thy life's decline
 To live the hours of youth again.

From a poem entitled *Francesca*, written before the author was aware that Leigh Hunt had preoccupied the subject. This circumstance induced him to withhold it from publication.

Art thou a lover?—is the theme
 Of all thy raptures torn from thee ;
 Hast broke the wild ecstatic dream
 And woke to actual agony ?
 The eyes where countless cupids play'd ;
 The form as light as gossamer ;
 The neck where thy warm lips have stray'd—
 Say, does the grave worm fatten there ?

If so, say, hast thou never known
 The joy of gazing on the sky
 While nature sleeps, and you alone
 Seem roused to thought and misery.
 Hast never watch'd the pallid moon,
 While resting on some sifted cloud,
 Pure as the fretful ocean's foam,
 And filmy as an angel's shroud.
 Gazed on her while her crescent pride
 Seem'd through a sea of pitch to float ;
 Then from the depth of darkness glide,
 And burst to view a fairy boat ;
 And shed her beams so strong and bright,
 That the globe seem'd a chrysolite ?—
 'T is heavenly at that hour to muse,
 When sleep is o'er the senses stealing,
 And e'en to agony profuse,
 Indulge the luxury of feeling.
 The features to recall of those,
 Who moulder in their last repose ;
 To chase each image that may rise
 In mockery before the eyes,
 Until you catch the happy clue
 That brings to life the wonted smile,
 And gives the cheek its roseate hue
 That moulders in decay the while ;
 Then dead to reason ; dead to pain,
 You dream an hour of bliss again.

NORMAN PINNEY.

THE Reverend Norman Pinney is a native of Simsbury in Connecticut, and is now one of the Professors in Washington College in that state.

SABBATH MORNING.

How calm comes on this holy day!
 Morning unfolds the eastern sky,
 And upward takes her lofty way,
 Triumphant to her throne on high.
 Earth glorious wakes, as o'er her breast
 The morning flings her rosy ray,
 And, blushing from her dreamless rest,
 Unveils her to the gaze of day;
 So still the scene, each wakeful sound
 Seems hallow'd music breathing round.

The night-wind to their mountain caves,
 The morning mists to heaven's blue steep,
 And to their ocean depths the waves
 Are gone, their holy rest to keep.
 'T is tranquil all—around—above—
 The forests far, which bound the scene,
 Are peaceful as their Maker's love,
 Like hills of everlasting green;
 And clouds like earthly barriers stand,
 Or bulwarks of some viewless land.

Each tree, that lifts its arms in air,
 Or hangs its pensive head from high,
 Seems bending at its morning prayer,
 Or whispering with the hours gone by.
 This holy morning, Lord, is thine—
 Let silence sanctify thy praise,
 Let heaven and earth in love combine
 And morning stars their music raise;—
 For 't is the day—joy—joy—ye dead,
 When death and hell were captive led.

TO ———

How calm is Innocence !—Its glow
Is resting on that cheek's bright hue,
That forehead fair of stainless snow,
And that full eye of cloudless blue,
Like morning on some sleeping sea,
Or hope on dreams of ecstasy.

So full and clear its rising beams
Through that soft veil of Beauty shine,
A pictured soul the vision seems
In purity and peace divine ;
And thoughts sink lovelier there to rest,
Like day-beams on the rainbow's breast.

Thine is the smile, whose splendors pour
O'er all those lineaments their dyes,
And tell how deep the boundless store
Of treasured joys from whence they rise
As the blue tints of ocean show
How deep its bosom heaves below.

The rays, which palace in the sky,
Or gild the glittering gems of night,
Are wandering in that clear full eye,
Or lingering on that living light,
As if from heaven they came to bear
Those thoughts like holy treasures there.

Yet on those features' purple light,
That look of peace, that soul of love,
There is a charm far, far more bright,
A soft reflection from above,
Come down from its own sphere to bless
That form with deeper loveliness.

Like some celestial dream, its glow,
Of heaven is on that sainted air,
Soft-mingling with the silent flow
Of holy thought, which rises there ;
'T is God's own spirit's blessed ray,
The dawns of eternal day.

Oh lives there one cold breast can view
 That wealth of charms, the unconscious light
 Of that full soul, whose thoughts beam through,
 And heavenward take their viewless flight,
 Yet give one wish a fleeting birth
 On this world's pride, the toys of earth !

Thou art to me the loveliest glow,
 That mantles o'er life's chequered sky,
 A living spring whose stream shall flow
 Along the track of years gone by,
 And with far murmurings deep and clear,
 Make music still on memory's ear.

Farewell—I go to foreign skies,
 To distant lands, to scenes afar,
 Yet there, that *one* dear form shall rise
 Unfading as the morning star,
 And smile upon that desert still,
 The same as on my native hill.

SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD.

AUTHOR of *The Sisters of St Clara*, *The Lay of Melpomene*, *Mina*, and *The Cities of The Plain*. He is a native of Massachusetts, and now a resident of Philadelphia. Mr Fairfield has been the subject of considerable notice in many of the newspapers, but with the particulars of his life we are not acquainted. He is a poet of talent.

HOUSEHOLD HOURS.

HOWE'ER the sceptic scoffs, the poet sighs,
 Hope oft reveals her dimly shadow'd dreams,
 And seraph joy descends from pale blue skies,
 And, like sweet sunset on wood-skirted streams,
 Peace breathes around her stilling harmonies,
 Her whisper'd music,—while her soft eye beams—
 And the deep bliss, that crowns the household hearth,
 From all its woes redeems the bleeding earth.

Like woods that shadow the blue mountain sky,
 The troubled heart still seeks its home in heaven,
 In those affections which can never die,
 In hallowed love and human wrongs forgiven !
 From the fair gardens of the blest on high
 The fruit of life is yet to lost man given,
 And 'mid the quiet of his still abode
 Spirits attend him from the throne of God.

The mild deep gentleness, the smile that throws
 Light from the bosom o'er the high pale brow,
 And cheek that flushes like the May-morn rose ;
 The all-reposing sympathies, that glow
 Like violets in the heart, and o'er our woes
 The silent breathing of their beauty throw—
 Oh ! every deed of daily life doth prove
 The depth, the strength, the truth of woman's love !

When harvest days are pass'd, and autumn skies
 The giant forests tinge with glorious hues,
 How o'er the twilight of our thought sweet eyes
 The fairy beauty of the soul diffuse !
 The inspiring air like spirit voices sighs
 'Mid the close pines and solitary yews,
 Though the broad leaves on forest boughs look sere,
 And naked woodlands wail the dying year.

Yet the late season brings no hours of gloom,
 Though thoughtful sadness sighs her evening hymn,
 For hearth-fires now light up the curtain'd room,
 And love's wings float amid the twilight dim ;
 Lost loved ones gather round us from the tomb,
 And blest revealments o'er our spirits swim,
 And Hopes, that droop'd in trials, soar on high,
 And link'd affections bear into the sky.

Then, side by side, hearts, wedded in their youth,
 In their meek blessedness expand and glow,
 And, though the world be faithless, still their truth
 No pause, no change, no soil of time may know !
 They hold communion with the world, in sooth,
 Beyond the stain of sin, the waste of wo,
 And the deep sanctities of well-spent hours
 Crown their fair fame with Eden's deathless flowers.

Frail as the moth's fair wing is common fame,
 Brief as the sunlight of an April morn ;
 But love perpetuates the sacred name

Devoted to his shrine ; in glory born,
 The boy-god gladly to the lone earth came
 To vanquish victors and to smile at scorn,
 And he will rise, when all is finish'd here,
 The holiest seraph of the highest sphere.

As fell the prophet's mantle, in old time,
 On the meek heir of Israel's sainted sage,
 Woman ! so falls thy unseen power sublime
 On the lone desert of man's pilgrimage ;
 Thy sweet thoughts breathe, from love's delicious clime,
 Beauty in youth, and faith in fading age ;
 Through all earth's years of travail, strife and toil,
 His parch'd affections linger round thy smile.

In the young beauty of thy womanhood
 Thou livest in the being yet to be,
 Yearning for blessedness ill understood,
 And known, young mother ! only unto thee.
 Love is her life ; and to the wise and good
 Her heart is heaven—'t is even unto me,
 Though oft misguided and betrayed and grieved,
 The only bliss of which I'm not bereaved.

Draw near, ye whom my bosom hath enshrined !
 O Thou ! whose life breathes in my heart ! and Thou
 Whose gentle spirit dwelleth in my mind,
 Whose love, like sunlight, rests upon thy brow !
 Draw near the hearth ! the cold and moaning wind
 Scatters the ruins of the forest now,
 But blessings crown us in our own still home—
 Hail, holy image of the life to come !

Hail, ye fair charities ! the mellow showers
 Of the earth's springtime ! from your rosy breath
 The way-worn pilgrim, though the tempest lowers,
 Breathes a new being in the realm of death,
 And bears the burden of life's darker hours
 With cheerlier aspect o'er the lonely heath,
 That spreads between us and the unfading clime
 Where true Love triumphs o'er the death of Time.

JAMES NACK,

OF New York, is the author of "The Legend of Rocks, and other poems," published in 1827. His poetry is quite respectable, but the most remarkable fact concerning it, is that the author is deaf and dumb. He lost the faculty of speech and hearing, by disease at an early age. His writings show that he has as nice a perception of the harmonies of verse, as those in whom the senses are perfect. This we apprehend must be owing to a knowledge of sound, accent, and quantity in language, which he has retained by memory. The deaf and dumb by birth have never, we think, in any instance, arrived at any distinct notion of these qualities of speech. This author is still very young. On the peculiarities of his situation, he may be expected to write with a full degree of feeling and earnestness. For this reason we have selected the passage which follows, as the most interesting.

 THE MINSTREL BOY.

AND am I doom'd to be denied for ever
 The blessings that to all around are given?
 And shall those links be reunited never,
 That bound me to mankind till they were riven
 In childhood's day? Alas! how soon to sever
 From social intercourse, the doom of heaven
 Was pass'd upon me! And the hope how vain,
 That the decree may be recall'd again.

Amid a throng in deep attention bound,
 To catch the accents that from others fall,
 The flow of eloquence, the heavenly sound
 Breathed from the soul of melody, while all
 Instructed or delighted list around,
 Vacant unconsciousness must *me* enthrall!
 I can but watch each animated face,
 And there attempt th' inspiring theme to trace.

Unheard, unheeded are the lips by *me*,
 To others that unfold some heaven-born art,
 And melody—Oh, dearest melody!
 How had thine accents thrilling to my heart.
 Awaken'd all its strings to sympathy,
 Bidding the spirit at thy magic start!
 How had my heart responsive to the strain,
 Throbb'd in love's wild delight or soothing pain

In vain—alas, in vain! thy numbers roll—
 Within my heart no echo they inspire;
 Though form'd by nature in thy sweet control,
 To melt with tenderness, or glow with fire,
 Misfortune closed the portals of the soul;
 And till an Orpheus rise to sweep the lyre,
 That can to animation kindle stone,
 To me thy thrilling power must be unknown.

* * * * *

And none are more exquisitely awake
 To nature's loveliness than those who feel
 The inspiration of the muse—who take
 From her the glowing thoughts that as they steal
 Around the soul entranced, a goddess make
 Of nature to whose shrine of beauty kneel,
 The fond enthusiasts adoring all
 Within her we may dread or lovely call.

The terrible in nature is to them
 The beautiful, and they can with delight
 Behold the tempest, and its wrath contemn,
 Stationed upon some rock whose quivering height
 Is by the spirit swept, whose diadem
 In burning terror wreathes the brow of night,
 While the rude winds their cave of slumber rend,
 And to the loud-voiced thunders answer send.

Yet, Nature, not alone when stern and wild
 Canst thou the homage of the bard awaken,
 Still art thou worshipp'd by the muse's child,
 When thou thy throne of terrors hast forsaken;
 With darkness when thy brow is undefiled,
 When scarce a leaflet of thy robe is shaken
 By zephyrs that soft music murmuring,
 Around thee wave their aromatic wing.

When first the queen of night in beauty rides,
 That with the glory of Apollo vies,
 One star alone through heaven's azure glides,
 That when ten thousand thousand robe the skies,
 Preeminent in beauty still presides ;
 To her the lover's and the poet's eyes
 Are ever fondly turned to hail the power
 That smiles such loveliness upon the hour.

How often have I watch'd the star of even,
 When eyes of heaven's own ethereal blue,
 Have follow'd mine to gaze upon the heaven,
 Where they as on a mirror's face might view
 The bright and beautiful reflection given,
 Of their own siarry light and azure hue !
 But she beholding night's resplendent throne,
 Of nature's beauty thought, and not her own.

I thought of both—if earth appear so fair,
 How glorious the world beyond the skies ;
 And if the form that heaven-born spirits wear,
 This earthly shrine so fascinate our eyes,
 To kneel in worship we can scarce forbear,
 And e'en to gaze on thine is paradise.
 O what are those who free from earthly stain,
 Above yon azure realms in bloom immortal reign ?

WILLIAM LEGGETT,

OF New York, the editor of the Critic. His volume of poems, under the title of "Leisure Hours at Sea," was published in 1825. They were written while the author was a midshipman in the navy of the United States.

SONG.

THE tear which thou upbraidest,
 Thy falsehood taught to flow ;
 The misery which thou madest,

My cheek hath blighted so :
 The charms, alas ! that won me,
 I never can forget,
 Although thou hast undone me,
 I own I love thee yet.

Go, seek the happier maiden
 Who lured thy love from me ;
 My heart with sorrow laden
 Is no more prized by thee :
 Repeat the vows you made me,
 Say, swear thy love is true ;
 Thy faithless vows betray'd me,
 They may betray her too.

But no ! may she ne'er languish
 Like me in shame and wo ;
 Ne'er feel the throbbing anguish
 That I am doom'd to know !
 The eye that once was beaming
 A tale of love for thee,
 Is now with sorrow streaming,
 For thou art false to me.

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

STILL, still is that heart, lovely maid ! erst so warm,
 And pale thy fair cheek, and thy once lovely form
 Is cold as the marble that bends o'er thy tomb—
 Thou art gone in the pride of thy youth and thy bloom !

There were friends weeping o'er thee, as death dimm'd thine
 eye ;
 There was one standing by thee who breathed not a sigh :
 By him not a murmur of sorrow was spoken—
 But he thought of thy fate with a heart that was broken !

His mind as he stood there had travell'd far back
 Through the vista of years, o'er life's desolate track,
 To those warm sunny hours when his bosom was young,
 And when on thy accents delighted he hung.

Then he left thee to mourn o'er his absence and pass'd
 To where flouted war's banner and sounded her blast—
 And he thought of the battle-field gory and red,
 The despair of the dying, the blood that was shed :

Then a dim dungeon vault next arose on his sight,
 Where no voice ever entered, no glimmering of light,
 But in darkness and horror months, years pass'd away,
 Till he wish'd for that night which endureth for aye !

He died not—but after long time was set free ;
 Then how bounded his heart at remembrance of thee !
 To the maiden he loves with what ardor he's flying !
 He rushes to meet thee—behold thou art dying !

He stood by thy couch as life faded away ;
 With a firm step he walk'd in thy funeral array ;
 No sigh rent his bosom, no tear-drop did start—
 But what language can picture his anguish of heart !

To the battle he hasted, and reckless of life,
 His war-cry was heard 'mid the wildest of strife :
 When the conflict was past he was sought for in vain,
 And he never return'd to his country again.

A SONG AT SEA.

Our sails are spread before the wind,
 And onward, onward swift we fly ;
 We've left our country far behind,
 No prospect now invites the eye,
 Save the blue sea, and cloudless sky.

Oh ! when I waved my last good-bye,
 To parents, friends, and Mary dear,
 It was not fear that dimm'd mine eye,
 This heart ne'er felt a thrill of fear—
 It was affection caused the tear.

And while upon the heaving main
 Our vessel dashes proudly on,

To meet those well-loved friends again,
 With wealth and honors bravely won,
 That is the hope I live upon.

But should some cannon pointed true,
 Destroy these soothing dreams of glory,
 Affection's tears my grave will dew,
 And Mary, when she hears my story,
 Will shed love's holiest tribute o'er me.

HANNAH F. GOULD,

Of Newburyport. Miss Gould's poems have been written generally for the newspapers of Newburyport and Boston.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

COME, mariner, down in the deep with me,
 And hide thee under the wave—
 For I have a bed of coral for thee ;
 And quiet and sound shall thy slumbers be
 In a cell in the Mermaid's cave.

On a pillow of pearls thine eye shall sleep,
 And nothing disturb thee there ;
 The fishes their silent vigils shall keep—
 There shall be no grass thy grave to sweep
 But the silk of the Mermaid's hair.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
 As the tempest and ocean roar ;
 And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
 Or sighs to behold her mariner's sail
 Come whitening up to the shore.

She has not long to linger for thee ;—
 Her sorrows shall soon be o'er ;

For, the cord shall be broke and the prisoner free,
 Her eye shall close ; and her dreams will be
 So sweet she will wake no more !

A FUNERAL PIECE.

LIFT not, lift not the shadowy pall
 From the beauteous form it veileth—
 Nor ask, as the offerings of sorrow fall,
 Who 't is that the mourner waileth !

For, we could not look on a face so dear
 With the burial gloom surrounding.—
 A name so cherish'd we must not hear
 While her funeral bell is sounding.

But seek 'mid the throng of the youthful fair
 Their loveliest still to number !—
 Ye will find her not, for 't is her we bear
 In the mansion of death to slumber.

She's gone from our sight like a gladdening ray
 Of light, that awhile was given
 To brighten the earth ; but hath past away,
 All pure to its source in heaven.

Her heart so feeling and finely strung,
 It never was form'd for aching—
 For, when by grief it was rudely wrung
 It finish'd at once by breaking.

And that tender flower to the cold, dark tomb,
 From the scenes she adorn'd is banish'd :
 She hath snapt from the stem in her morning bloom,
 Like a vision of beauty vanish'd !

A mournful group at her dying bed,
 We watch'd with sorrowing o'er her,
 Till the soul shone forth with her pinions spread
 For a glorious world before her,

But grief was hush'd in the final hour,
 And mute we stood around her,

As the spirit escaped with a mighty power
From the mortal cord that bound her.

For, the delicate clay lay pale and chill,
Its painful conflict over ;
And we heard a voice pronounce, " Be still,
And know I AM JEHOVAH !

" The bars of the grave through time must be
This sacred dust's protection ;
But they who trust, shall find in me
The life and the resurrection ! "

THE CONQUEROR.

THERE 's blood on the laurel that wreathes his brow,
And the death-cry delights his ear !
The widow is wailing his victory, now,
And his meed is the orphan's tear !

But the might of his arm shall lose its dread,
For a mightier foe comes near ;
The plume must be stripp'd from the conqueror's head,
To nod o'er the conqueror's bier !

Alone he must march to the terrible fight,
For there is no army to save !
His glory must set in an endless night,
And his honors shall hide in the grave !

He must measure the darksome valley alone,
Assail'd by remorse and fear ;
Nor rod, nor staff help the traveller on,
Nor is there a comforter near.

He sinks ! and none shall his requiem sound,
Nor sprinkle his turf with tears ;
His head with a clod of the vale is crown'd,
And a shroud is the buckler he wears.

His terrible spirit has spurn'd its clay,
As a rampart, too weak and thin,

And shivering, and naked hath past away
From the house where it dwelt to sin,

But who shall follow the fugitive home
When his last great battle is o'er ;
Or, the curtain remove, when it veils the doom
Of the soul on an untried shore !

CUPID'S WARNING.

“TAKE heed ! take heed !
They will go with speed ;
For I've just new-strung my bow.
My quiver is full ; and if oft I pull,
Some arrow may hit, you know,
You know, you know,
Some arrow may hit, you know.”

“Oh ! pull away,”
Did the maiden say,
“For who is the coward to mind
A shaft that's flung by a boy so young,
When both of his eyes are blind,
Are blind, are blind,
When both of his eyes are blind ?”

His bow he drew ;
And the shafts they flew
Till the maiden was heard to cry,
“Oh ! take this dart from my aching heart,
Dear Cupid ! or else I die,
I die, I die,
Dear Cupid, or else I die !”

He said, and smiled,
“I am but a child,
And should have no skill to find,
E'en with both my eyes, where the dart now lies,
Then, you know, fair maid, I'm blind,
I'm blind, I'm blind,
You know, fair maid, I'm blind !

But pray, be calm,
And I'll name a balm

That 's brought by an older hand,
 And I 'm told is sure these wounds to cure ;
 'T is Hymen applies the band ;
 The band, the band,
 'T is Hymen applies the band !

Now, I must not stay—
 I must haste away—
 For my mother has bid me try
 These fluttering things, my glistening wings,
 Which she tells me were made to fly,
 To fly, to fly,
 She tells me were made to fly !”

TO THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER.

THOU wond'rous cause of speculation—
 Of deep research and cogitation,
 Of many a head, and many a nation—
 While all in vain
 Have tried their wits to answer whether
 In silver, gold, steel, silk, or leather,
 Or human parts, or all together,
 Consists thy brain !

When first I view'd thine awful face,
 Rising above that ample case
 Which gives thy cloven foot a place,
 Thy double shoe,
 I marvell'd whether I had seen
 Old Nick himself, or a machine,
 Or something fix'd midway between
 The distant two !

A sudden shuddering seized my frame ;
 With feeling that defies a name,
 Of wonder, horror, doubt and shame,
 The tout ensemble.
 I deem'd thee form'd with power and will ;
 My hair rose up—my blood stood still,
 And curdled with a fearful chill,
 Which made me tremble.

I thought if, e'en within thy glove,
 Thy cold and fleshless hand should move
 To rest on me, the touch would prove
 Far worse than death ;—
 That I should be transform'd, and see
 Thousands, and thousands, gaze on me,
 A living, moving thing, like thee,
 Devoid of breath.

When busy, curious, learn'd, and wise,
 Regard thee with inquiring eyes
 To find wherein thy mystery lies,
 On thy stiff neck,
 Turning thy head with grave precision,
 Their optic light and mental vision
 Alike defying, with decision,
 Thou giv'st them "*check!*"

Some say a little man resides
 Between thy narrow, bony sides,
 And round the world within thee rides :
 Absurd the notion !
 For what 's the human thing 't would lurk
 In thine unfeeling breast, Sir Turk,
 Performing thus, thine inward work,
 And outward motion ?

Some whisper that thou 'rt him who fell
 From heaven's high courts, down, down to dwell
 In that deep place of sulphury smell
 And lurid flame.
 Thy keeper, then, deserves a pension
 For seeking out this wise invention,
 To hold thee harmless, in detention,
 Close at thy game.

Now, though all Europe has confest
 That in thy master Maelzel's breast
 Hidden, thy secret still must rest,
 Yet, 't were great pity,
 With all our intellectual sight,
 That none should view thy nature right—
 But thou must leave in fog and night
 Our keen-eyed city.

Then just confide in me, and show,
 Or tell how things within thee go,
 Speak in my ear so quick and low
 None else shall know it.
 But, mark me! if I should discover
 Without thine aid, thy secret mover,
 With thee for ever all is over ;
 I'll quickly blow it !

H. W. LONGFELLOW

Is a native of the State of Maine, and one of the Professors
 in Bowdoin College. He is now in Europe.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS, AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole who fell in the attack upon
 Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by
 the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania.

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowled head,
 And the censer burning swung,
 Where before the altar hung
 That proud banner, which with prayer
 Had been consecrated there.
 And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
 Sung low in the dim mysterious aisle.

Take thy banner!—may it wave
 Proudly o'er the good and brave,
 When the battle's distant wail
 Breaks the sabbath of our vale,—
 When the clarion's music thrills
 To the hearts of these lone hills,—
 When the spear in conflict shakes,
 And the strong lance shivering breaks.

Take thy banner!—and beneath
 The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
 Guard it—till our homes are free—
 Guard it—God will prosper thee!
 In the dark and trying hour,
 In the breaking forth of power,
 In the rush of steeds and men,
 His right hand will shield thee then.

Take thy banner! But when night
 Closes round the ghastly fight,
 If the vanquish'd warrior bow,
 Spare him!—by our holy vow,
 By our prayers and many tears,
 By the mercy that endears,
 Spare him—he our love hath shared—
 Spare him—as thou wouldst be spared!

Take thy banner!—and if e'er
 Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
 And the muffled drum should beat
 To the tread of mournful feet,
 Then this crimson flag shall be
 Martial cloak and shroud for thee!

And the warrior took that banner proud,
 And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gather'd in,
 And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
 And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
 Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
 An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
 Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
 Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
 But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
 And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
 And bitter feelings pass'd o'er him then,
 As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods
 As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
 The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
 And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
 And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
 Where the tree's wither'd leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
 And the sickle cut down the yellow corn,—
 The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
 Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,
 And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
 And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
 Where the home of his fathers once had been,
 And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
 That the woodman hew'd down the giant oak,
 And burning thoughts flash'd over his mind
 Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
 As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
 A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
 Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
 And a mourning voice and a plunge from shore ;—
 And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had pass'd on, by that still lake-side
 The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
 And there, on the smooth yellow sand display'd,
 A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
 And 't was seen, as the waters moved deep and slow
 That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
 My sleep upon its rocking tide ;
 And many an eye has followed me,
 Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
 When ocean by the sun is kiss'd !

When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shatter'd thing
Had pass'd away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart,
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace that their relics there were laid
With no vain pride and pageantry.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE,

WAS born in Preston, in Connecticut, in 1804, and graduated at Brown University in 1823. He is now the editor of the New-England Weekly Review in Hartford. His poems have been published in the magazines and papers.

THE OCEAN.

How beautiful!—from his blue throne on high,
 The sun looks downward with a face of love
 Upon the silent waters—and a sky,
 Lovelier than that which lifts its arch above,
 Down the far depths of Ocean, like a sheet
 Of flame, is trembling!—the wild tempests cease
 To wave their cloudy pinions!—Oh, 't is sweet
 To gaze on Ocean in his hour of peace.

Years have gone by, since first my infant eyes
 Rested upon those waters. Once again,
 As here I muse, the hours of childhood rise
 Faint o'er my memory, like some witching strain
 Of half-forgotten music. Yon blue wave
 Still, still rolls on in beauty—but the tide
 Of years rolls darkling o'er the lonely grave
 Of Hopes, that with my life's bright morning died!

Look! look!—the clouds' light shadows from above,
 Like fairy Islands, o'er the waters sweep!—
 Oh I have dream'd my spirit thus could love
 To float for ever on the boundless deep,
 Communing with the elements;—to hear,
 At midnight hour, the death-wing'd tempest rave,
 Or gaze, admiring, on each starry sphere,
 Glassing its glories in the mirror wave;—

To dream—deep-mingling with the shades of eve—
 On Ocean's spirits, caves, and coral halls,
 Where, cold and dark, the eternal billows heave,
 No zephyr breathes, nor struggling sunbeam falls;—
 As round some far Isle of the burning zone,
 Where tropic groves perfume the breath of morn,

List to the Ocean's melancholy tone,
Like a lone mourner's on the night-winds borne ;—

To see the infant wave on yon blue verge,
Like a young eagle, breast the sinking sun,
And twilight dying on the crimson surge,
Till, down the deep dark zenith, one by one,
The lights of heaven were streaming ;—or to weep,
The lost, the beautiful, that calmly rest
Beneath the eternal wave—then sink to sleep,
Hush'd by the beating of the Ocean's breast.

Oh it were joy to wander wild and free
Where southern billows in the sunlight flash,
Or Night sits brooding o'er the northern sea,
And all is still, save the o'erwhelming dash
Of that dark world of waters ;—there to view
The meteor hanging from its cloud on high,
Or see the northern fires, with blood-red hue,
Shake their wild tresses o'er the startled sky !

'T is sweet, 't is sweet to gaze upon the deep,
And muse upon its mysteries.—There it roll'd,
Ere yet that glorious sun had learn'd to sweep
The blue profound, and bathe the heavens in gold ;—
The morning stars, as up the skies they came,
Heard their first music o'er the ocean rung,
And saw the first flash of their new-born flame
Back from its depths in softer brightness flung !

And there it rolls !—Age after age has swept
Down, down the eternal cataract of Time,
Men after men on earth's cold bosom slept,
Still *there* it rolls, unfading and sublime !
As bright those waves their sunny sparkles fling,
As sweetly now the bending heaven they kiss,
As when the Holy Spirit's boding wing
Moved o'er the waters of the vast abyss !

There, *there* it rolls.—I've seen the clouds unfurl
Their raven banner from the stormy west—
I've seen the wrathful Tempest Spirit hurl
His blue fork'd lightnings at the Ocean's breast ;
The storm-cloud pass'd—the sinking wave was hush'd—
Those budding isles were glittering fresh and fair—
Serenely bright the peaceful waters blush'd,
And heaven seem'd painting its own beauties there !

* * * *

Ocean farewell!—Upon thy mighty shore,
 I loved in childhood's fairy hours to dwell!—
 But I am wasting—life will soon be o'er,
 And I shall cease to gaze on thee—farewell!—
 Thou still wilt glow as fair as now—the sky
 Still arch as proudly o'er thee—Evening steal
 Along thy bosom with as soft a dye—
 All be as now—but I shall cease to feel.

The evening mists are on their silent way,
 And thou art fading;—faint thy colors blend
 With the last tinges of the dying day,
 And deeper shadows up the skies ascend;—
 Farewell!—farewell!—the night is coming fast—
 In deeper tones thy wild notes seem to swell
 Upon the cold wings of the rising blast—
 I go—I go—dear Ocean, fare thee well!

TO A LADY.

I THINK of thee, when morning springs
 From sleep with plumage bathed in dew,
 And, like a young bird, lifts her wings
 Of gladness on the welkin blue.

And when, at noon, the breath of love,
 O'er flower and stream is wandering free,
 And sent in music from the grove,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee, when soft and wide
 The evening spreads her robes of light,
 And, like a young and timid bride,
 Sits blushing in the arms of Night.

And when the moon's sweet crescent springs
 In light o'er heaven's deep, waveless sea,
 And stars are forth, like blessed things,
 I think of thee—I think of thee.

I think of thee ;—that eye of flame,
 Those tresses falling bright and free,
 That brow where "Beauty writes her name,"
 On fancy rush ;—I think of thee.

CHARLES WEST THOMSON,

OF Philadelphia. The pieces which follow are from the
 Atlantic Souvenir.

BIRDS.

YE birds that fly through the fields of air,
 What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear !
 Ye would teach our souls from earth to rise,
 Ye would bid us its grovelling scenes despise—
 Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
 That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain—
 That its bliss is touch'd with a poisoning leaven—
 Ye would teach us to fix our aim on heaven.

Beautiful birds of the azure wing,
 Bright creatures that come with the "voice of Spring,"
 We see you array'd in the hues of the morn,
 Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn.
 Though rainbow splendor around you glows,
 Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows—
 Oh ! what a lesson for glory are ye—
 How ye preach of the grace of humility !

Swift birds that skim o'er the stormy deep,
 Who steadily onward your journey keep,
 Who neither for rest nor slumber stay,
 But press still forward by night and day—
 And in your unwearying course yet fly
 Beneath the clear and the clouded sky,
 O ! may we, without delay, like you,
 The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
 And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng,
 Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
 Your morning tribute of thanks to pay—
 You remind us that we alike should raise
 The voice of devotion and song of praise.
 There 's something about you that points on high,
 Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky!

THE WILD BOY.*

He sat upon the wave-wash'd shore,
 With madness in his eye;
 The surge's dash—the breaker's roar,
 Pass'd unregarded by—
 He noted not the billows' roll,
 He heeded not their strife,—
 For terror had usurp'd his soul,
 And stopp'd the streams of life.

They spoke him kindly—but he gazed,
 And offer'd no reply—
 They gave him food—he look'd amazed,
 And threw the morsel by.
 He was as one o'er whom a spell
 Of darkness hath been cast;
 His spirit seem'd alone to dwell
 With dangers that were past.

The city of his home and heart,
 So grand—so gaily bright,
 Now, touch'd by Fate's unerring dart,
 Had vanish'd from his sight.
 The earthquake's paralyzing shake
 Had rent it from its hold—
 And nothing but a putrid lake
 Its tale of terror told.

His kindred there, a numerous band,
 Had watch'd his youthful bloom—
 In the broad ruin of the land,
 All—all had met their doom!

* See Kircher's description of the earthquake in Calabria in 1636.

But the last night, a mother's voice
 Breathed over him in prayer—
 She perish'd—he was left no choice
 But mute and blank despair.

He sat alone, of all the crowd
 That lately throng'd around—
 The ocean winds were piping loud,
 He did not heed their sound ;
 They ask'd him of that city's fate,
 But reason's reign was o'er—
 He pointed to her ruin'd state,
 Then fled—and spoke no more.

MICAH P. FLINT,

OF Alexandria, in Louisiana, a native we believe of Salem, Massachusetts, wrote "The Hunter, and other Poems," published in 1826.

THE HUNTER.

THERE is a vale far in the West,
 And silence hovers o'er its breast ;
 The track of man is seldom seen
 Upon its yet unsullied green.
 The wild deer fearless roves along ;
 The red bird pours his mellow song ;
 And the gay mock bird from on high
 Repeats, in playful mimicry,
 The varied notes, which all around,
 From twice ten thousand songsters rise :
 When, waked at morn, its groves resound
 Their matin chorus to the skies,
 Its echoes never learn'd to know
 The cheering voice of chanticleer,
 Or sturdy axeman's measured blow,

Along the wild wood ringing clear.
But still they mock the soleinn owl,
And cheat the wolf with mimic howl.
The cloud-capt ridge, that bounds the west,
Behind it rears a snowy crest,
Whose evening shadows o'er it rest ;
And often when the morning cloud
Has wrapt its mantle, like a shroud,
Around the frowning giant's form,
The radiant sun is glancing warm ;
And every songster, warbling sweet,
In that lone valley at his feet.
A winding stream the tribute brings
Of melting snows and crystal springs,
That gush along the mountain's side,
And mingling there in silence glide
Beneath green arbors, where the vine,
The jessamine, and eglantine
Their varying hues of beauty twine,
With many a virgin floweret's bloom,
And fill the air with sweet perfume.
Hard by that stream there whilom stood
A lonely hut, o'er which the wood
Spread with its hundred arms on high
A wild luxuriant canopy.
And who was he, that hermit gray,
That thus in loneliness would dwell ?
Why did he stray thus far away,
To die in that sequester'd dell ?
His look—his form—his speech—his mien
Were not of savage mould, I ween ;
Nor yet of that dull heavy kind,
That mark so well the common mind.
But such, as chain the wondering eye,
Though none can tell the reason why.
Oft would his broken accents tell,
As half unconsciously they fell,
Of joys and griefs, of hopes and fears,
Now lost amid the wreck of years ;
Of love by blood and murder cross ;
Of home and friends for ever lost ;
And then, as though his very grief
Were link'd with something like relief,
A bitter smile was seen to play
Across his deeply-furrow'd cheek,
And, ere the eye its cause might seek,

Like evening meteors flit away.
 His rugged dress and scanty fare
 Claim'd but a passing moment's care.
 The earth supplied his simple feast.
 He stripp'd his garment from the beast ;
 Not from the tribes of nature mild,
 But the fierce tyrants of the wild.
 It was his wont o'er hill and dale
 To wander forth the livelong day ;
 Till, by the star of evening pale,
 He turn'd to trace his homeward way.
 But his was not the sordid toil
 Of those, that range the valley wide,
 Or climb the mountain's grassy side,
 To rend from life their furry spoil.
 The browsing doe would raise her head,
 When startled by his passing tread,
 Would gaze perchance, with wondering eye ;
 But had not learn'd to fear, and fly ;
 For often, when he chanced to hear
 The bleating of the captive deer,
 His ready shot would quell its foe,
 And lay the tyrant panther low.

JAMES A. JONES,

OF New Bedford, Massachusetts. He has been the editor
 of a paper in Philadelphia.

A MOOR'S CURSE ON SPAIN.

WITH tearful eyes and swelling hearts they leave Granada's
 gate,
 And the wind blows fair to waft their barks across the nar-
 row strait ;
 They have hoisted sail, and they are gone,—the last of all the
 Moors,
 Whom bigot zeal hath banish'd from their much-loved Span-
 ish shores.

The remnants of those warlike tribes, who trode on Spanish
necks,
Whom, name you to Castilian ears, if you delight to vex;
Now broken, not by sword and spear, but papal racks alone,
They go, to found, where Dido reign'd, another Moslem
throne.

There stood upon the deck, a Moor, who had to Mecca been,
Whose hoary hair proclaim'd his years beyond three score
and ten.
He had tasted of the water of Zemzeim's holy well,
And could read the monarch's magic ring, and speak the dire-
ful spell.

And there he watch'd, that aged man, till they had Calpe
past,
And saw, with eye of boding gloom, the land receding fast.
"Blow, blow ye winds, and waft us from Xeres' glorious
plain,
Then be ye calm, while I pronounce a Moor's curse on Spain.

"Thou didst bow, Spain, for ages, beneath a Moorish yoke,
And save Asturia's mountain sons, there were none to strike
a stroke;
On mountain top and lowland plain, thy fate was still the
same,
Thy soldiers drew dull scymitars, and the crescent overcame.

"The days, which saw our martial deeds, are fled to come no
more;
A warrior monarch rules thee now, and we give the battle
o'er;
Abencerrage wakes not, when the battle trumpets call,
And Abderame sleeps in death, beside th' Alhambra's wall.

"I leave to thee, my curse, proud Spain! a curse upon thy
clime;
Thou shalt be the land of dastard souls, a nursery of crime;
And yet, as if to mock her sons, and make their dark doom
worse,
No land shall boast more glorious skies, than the lovely land I
curse.

"Thy kings shall wear no royal type, save a diadem alone,
And their sovereignty by cruelty and a withering eye be
known.

"T were waste of time to speak my curse ; for, Spain, thy
 sons shall see,
 That magic can invoke no fiend, worse than thy kings will be.

"And that blind faith, thou holdest from the Prophet of the
 Cross,
 A faith thy children have profaned, and its better doctrines
 lost ;
 By the lords that faith shall give thee, not less shalt thou be
 gored,
 Because they grasp a crucifix, instead of spear and sword.

"Bright eyes are in thy land, Spain, and thy virgins want no
 charms,
 But thou art cursed to know no truth in either heart or arms ;
 Their bosoms shall no pillow be, for aught is kind or brave,
 But lull in mere illicit love, the sensual priest and slave.

"Thy sway shall reach to distant lands, shall yield thee gold
 and gem,
 But a burning and a bloody sword, shall thy sceptre be o'er
 them,
 Till vengeance meet the murderous bands, from thine ac-
 cursed shore,
 And give them of the land they seek,—a grave of clotted
 gore."

The Guadalquivir's banks shall be divested of their pride,
 The castles of our valiant race deck no more the mountain
 side,
 And Ruin's mouldering hand shall sweep to Spain's remotest
 shore,
 And all her fertile regions weep the exile of the Moor.

THE LAY OF A MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

I HEARD the Spirit of a Mountain
 Discoursing with a lowland Fay.
 They sat beside a prattling fountain,
 Just ere the cock proclaim'd the day.
 The Mountain Spirit bears a pine,
 Sere neighbor to an iron mine—

His locks the rock-moss gray.
 The little urchin shakes a vine,
 Whereon the rich black clusters shine,
 And carols he a lay,
 Which bids his mountain listeners note
 The joys that o'er the valley float.

THE FAY.

"I laugh to think thou wilt compare
 Thy mountain with our lowland air;
 Thy barren rocks, and leafless pines
 To blossom'd trees, and laden vines;
 Thy crags, where nought but eagles dwell,
 To shady groves where thrushes twitter;
 Thy bowers unsought of those who tell
 Soft secrets when the moonbeams glitter.
 Seest thou yon curling cloud of mist,
 A rural dwelling half concealing?
 There lives one, innocently kiss'd
 Of lips whose sweets are past revealing—
 A gentle girl who gave her hand
 To a poor youth, and ne'er repines
 For the proud palace, and broad land,
 But finds love richer than the mines.

Thou canst not have the warbling rill,
 The village spire, and mossy mill,
 And hoary oaks, and nodding firs,
 And aspin with a breath that stirs;
 And lowing herds and fleecy flocks
 Are strangers to thy clime of rocks."

I heard the Spirit of mid air
 Say to this little lowland Fay,
 "Your hills are green, and valleys fair,
 Your rivers gently well away;
 But meads and valleys lovelier glow,
 And gentler seems the river's flow,
 Seen from the mountains high.
 Oh! could you see beyond the girth
 Which circumscribes this narrow earth,
 What splendors for your eye!

From eve to morn we nothing do
 But gaze upon the realms of blue

And wonder at the sky ;
 While the bright stars of endless spheres
 Measure the rapid dance of years.

“ We have the sunbeams while ye lay
 In darkness in the vale below ;
 We see proud navies plough their way
 Along the deep in paths of snow.
 The clime of hoary rocks our choice,
 Companioned with the thunder’s voice,
 The lightning, and the bow.
 Nature’s sublimity’s aloft,
 Her littleness below.
 Ye have the delicate and soft,
 But we the goodlier show.

“ When o’er yon lowland fell disease
 Breathes his stern curse, and thousands fall ;
 When with a broken heart ye wreathe
 The bridal favor with the pall,
 Then come the sbuddering crowd away
 From the green vales ye praise so high,
 And seek, amidst my turrets gray,
 A healthful and salubrious sky.

“ We are the keepers of the free,
 Who shun the lands which tyrants sway.
 He who would keep unbent his knee
 To such, should in the mountains stay.
 He well deserves a realm of rocks ;
 We give it him, the crag that blocks
 The despot’s feet away—
 And he, redeem’d from slavery thus,
 Shall live and feel like one of us.”

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS

Is a native of Boston, and was graduated at Yale College in 1827, at the age of 20. In 1828 he published a volume entitled "Sketches," consisting of pieces which had appeared in various publications, most of them written during his college life. He has since his graduation been editor of the *Token and Legendary*. These he has relinquished, and has recently established a work entitled "The American Monthly Magazine," of which he is editor.

No American poet has obtained so much distinction at so early an age, as this writer. The edition of one thousand copies of his poems, published under the title of "Sketches" during the last year, was sold with a rapidity that has attended the sale of few poetical productions in this country. But success of this kind often arises from adventitious causes, and these may have contributed to give Mr Willis, in his literary career, an eclat which his productions alone would not have given him. If his youth and personal qualities have led the public to exaggerate his positive literary merits, the envious malice with which he has been assailed, by those who would be too much honored by resentment, has not done less to elevate a reputation they sought to depress.

In our opinion, Mr Willis is a writer of decided talent, and capable of realizing the anticipations of his admirers. His poetry displays great delicacy of perception, and refinement of feeling, with a command of language which enables him to clothe his thoughts in the sweetest and most graceful forms of expression. These are rich gifts, and are possessed in a sufficient degree to raise the author by the aid of study and effort, to the highest distinction. But he has hitherto exerted his powers in a manner, and on subjects, rather calculated to gratify a youthful than a mature taste. He has seldom lifted his aim above the circle of his own age and society, to the high mark of masculine intellect. Whenever he has done so, as in his "Scripture

Sketches" and his "Unwritten Philosophy," he has displayed a force of talent, adequate to the execution of any task which he may propose to himself, in the department of belles lettres writing.

We will not deny that an author is at liberty to select his readers from the various ranks in society. If he chooses to use his efforts to affect a particular class, and is content to receive such reputation or reward as they can offer, we may question his judgment, but cannot impugn his right. We will therefore, only suggest to Mr Willis, what indeed many others have need to consider, more than himself, that literary reputation of any considerable value or duration, can be conferred only by *men*. Reputation of the kind we speak of, exists in public opinion. Who form public opinion? *Men*, certainly, of sense and education. Whoever therefore wishes to obtain the power to control public opinion, or in other words, seeks to establish a lasting reputation, must address himself to such men. They will examine his merits and determine his character. There is no escape from this. Character, good or bad, established on any other basis, passes away like leaves on a stream; but once settled in the mind of intelligent men, it is soon communicated to others, and diffused over the community. If unfavorable, it is as a millstone about the neck of the possessor; if favorable, it is an instrument by which the laudable ends of ambition, and the pure purposes of philanthropy may be easily secured.

In the choice of subjects, and the manner of treating them, an author, therefore, of liberal ambition, should consider, not what may please or offend a particular circle of friends, or a few youthful associates, but what will move cultivated and ripened intellect. Let him in imagination, arraign every line he writes, before a tribunal of such minds, and let him sternly execute the sentence, which in such a view of his productions, he can honestly pronounce.

The subjoined extracts will satisfy every reader of taste and feeling, that the writer in question has no reason to shrink from this severe system—and that he is fully capable of sustaining himself under it.

We are induced to make these monitory remarks, from a conviction of the author's capabilities, and the interest with which we, in common with many of his countrymen, look to his literary career. He is brought forward at an unusually early period of life, into the arena of literary exertion; and as from our personal knowledge of his character, we are confident his talents will not be wasted by inaction, so we hope they may not fail of success through misdirection.

ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
 On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
 Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
 Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
 The reeds bent down the stream. The willow leaves,
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way
 And lean'd in graceful attitudes to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashion'd for a perfect world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
 From far Jerusalem, and now he stood
 With his faint people for a little rest
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
 To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words; and as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
 Oh! when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such a very mockery, how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
 He pray'd for Israel; and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently; he pray'd for those

Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tone
 Grew tremulous ; but oh ! for Absalom !
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being who had burst away,
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,
 In agony that would not be controll'd,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The hosts were number'd. At Mahanaim's gate
 Sat David, as the glittering thousands pass'd
 Forth to the battle. With a troubled eye
 He look'd upon their pomp, and as the helms
 Bent low before him, and the banners sway'd
 Like burnish'd wings to do him reverence,
 His look grew restless, and he did not wear
 The lofty sternness of a monarch's brow.
 The leader of the host came by. His form
 Was like a son of Anak, and he strode
 Majestically on, and bore his crest
 As men were waters, and his frame a rock.
 The King rose up to Joab, and came near,
 As his tall helm was bow'd ; and by the love
 He bore his master, he besought him there
 That he would spare him Absalom alive.
 He pass'd with his stern warriors on ; the trump
 And the loud cymbal died upon the ear ;
 And as the king turn'd off his weary gaze,
 The last faint gleam had vanish'd, and the wood
 Of Ephraim had received a thousand men,
 To whom its pleasant shadows were a grave.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straighten'd for the grave ; and as the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when in hours of gentle dalliance bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
 His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
 Reversed beside him ; and the jewell'd hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested like mockery on his cover'd brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,

Clad in the garb of battle, and their chief,
 The mighty Joab, stood beside his bier
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David enter'd, and he gave command
 In a low tone to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still
 Till the last echo died; then throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of wo.

'Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!

'Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
 When to my bosom I would try to press thee;
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet "My Father!" from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

'The grave hath won thee; I shall hear the gush
 Of music and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
 But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!

'And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
 Like a bruised reed is waiting to be broken;
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Long for thine ear to catch its dying token!
 It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!

'And now farewell! 't is hard to give thee up,
 With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
 And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup.

If from this wo its bitterness had won thee—
 May God have call'd thee like a wanderer home,
 My erring Absalom !”

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
 A moment on his child ; then giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;
 And as a strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
 About him decently, and left him there
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

BETTER MOMENTS.

My mother's voice ! how often creeps
 Its cadence on my lonely hours !
 Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
 Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
 I can forget her melting prayer
 While leaping pulses madly fly,
 But in the still unbroken air
 Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
 And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
 And leave me at my mother's knee.
 The book of nature, and the print
 Of beauty on the whispering sea,
 Give aye to me some lineament
 Of what I have been taught to be.
 My heart is harder, and perhaps
 My manliness hath drunk up tears,
 And there 's a mildew in the lapse
 Of a few miserable years—
 But nature's book is even yet
 With all my mother's lessons writ.
 I have been out at eventide
 Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
 When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
 And night had on her silver wing—
 When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
 And waters leaping to the light,
 And all that makes the pulses pass
 With wilder fleetness, throng'd the night—
 When all was beauty—then have I

With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.
And when the beautiful spirit there,
Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
Like the light dropping of the rain—
And resting on some silver star
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pour'd her low and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars at night !
And tread a living path of light
I have been on the dewy hills,
When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
And tints were delicately drawn
In the gray East—when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze,
And this when I was forth, perchance
As a worn reveller from the dance—
And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up, and hill and river
Were catching upon wave and tree
The arrows from his subtle quiver—
I say a voice has thrill'd me then,
Heard on the still and rushing light,
Or, creeping from the silent glen
Like words from the departing night—
Hath stricken me, and I have press'd
On the wet grass my fever'd brow,
And pouring forth the earliest
First prayer, with which I learn'd to bow,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
And yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
As humble as a very child.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW.

Wo! for my vine-clad home!
 That it should ever be so dark to me,
 With its bright threshold, and its whispering tree!
 That I should ever come,
 Fearing the lonely echo of a tread,
 Beneath the roof-tree of my glorious dead!

Lead on! my orphan boy!
 Thy home is not so desolate to thee,
 And the low shiver in the linden tree
 May bring to thee a joy;
 But, oh! how dark is the bright home before thee,
 To her who with a joyous spirit bore thee!

Lead on! for thou art now
 My sole remaining helper. God hath spoken,
 And the strong heart I lean'd upon is broken;
 And I have seen his brow,
 The forehead of my upright one, and just,
 Trod by the hoof of battle to the dust.

He will not meet thee there
 Who bless'd thee at the eventide, my son!
 And when the shadows of the night steal on,
 He will not call to prayer.
 The lips that melted, giving thee to God,
 Are in the icy keeping of the sod!

Aye, my own boy! thy sire
 Is with the sleepers of the valley cast,
 And the proud glory of my life hath past,
 With his high glance of fire.
 Wo! that the linden and the vine should bloom
 And a just man be gather'd to the tomb!

Why, bear them proudly, boy!
 It is the sword he girded to his thigh,
 It is the helm he wore in victory!
 And shall we have no joy?
 For thy green vales, O Switzerland, he died!
 I will forget my sorrow—in my pride!

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

It was a gentle eve in Hindoostan.
 The rains were past, and the delighted earth
 Was beautiful once more, and glittering leaves
 Were lifting lightly on their beaten stems,
 And glancing to the pure, transparent sky,
 Like a pleased infant smiling through its tears.
 Clouds linger'd in the west, and tints were drawn
 By sunset fingers on their skirts of gold,
 And they were floating as serenely there,
 As if the children of the restless storm
 Could sleep upon the azure floor of heaven.

Deep ran the holy Ganges, for the rain
 Had swollen it from Thibet to the sea.
 Its flow was turbid; and, as if the winds
 Were not forgotten by the multitude
 Of its strange waters, they were leaping up,
 And with a wondrous glory gathering
 The mantle of the sunset over them.
 How frequently these living passages
 Of nature's book are opened, and how few
 Are the high hearts that know them, and can feel
 Their eloquence and beauty!

Meina stood

Upon the breathing carpet of the shore,
 Gazing on the sky and river. There was much
 In the dark features of the young Hindoo,
 That should have won a gentler history.
 She had the Eastern eye, with its dark fringe
 And shadowy depth of lustre; but, beyond
 The elements of beauty, there was writ
 A something that the wounded roe would trust
 For shelter from its hunters. Her closed lips
 Were delicate as the tinted pencilling
 Of veins upon a flower; and on her cheek
 The timid blood had faintly melted through,
 Like something that was half afraid of light.
 There was no slighter print upon the grass
 Than her elastic step; and in her frame
 There was a perfect symmetry, that seem'd
 Aerial as a bird's. It was the hour
 For worship in her land; and she had come,
 With the religion of a high, pure heart,
 To bow herself in prayer. A darker mind

Might pray at such an hour ; but she had caught
The spirit of the scene ; and, as her eye
Follow'd the coursing of the golden waves,
Or rested on the clouds that slept above,
Like isles upon the bosom of the sea,
Her soul was swept to music like a harp,
And she knelt down in her deep blessedness
To worship the High Maker. As she pray'd,
Her beautiful young boy—a very dream,
As he might be, of infant loveliness,
With his dark hair upon the summer wind,
And the sweet laugh of a delighted child
Like music on his lips—came leaping by,
And, flinging a light wreath upon her brow,
Sprang onward like a bounding antelope.
She turn'd a moment—might she not, for him ?
Him, whom she cradled in the whispering tree,
And gather'd to her bosom in the hush
Of the still night?—to know if he was there.
'T was but a moment, and she bow'd again ;
And, as the murmur of her silver tone
Stole out upon the wind, her images
Of majesty came back, and she was fill'd,
Like a deep channel by the whirlwind swept,
Again, with the rich rushing of her prayer.
The shadows of the stealthy evening came
Silently on ; but she was up, in thought,
Among the crystal palaces of light ;
And a still prompting came to her, to pray
That the poor spirit of a passing world,
With all its fond, but frail idolatries,
Might on the altar of her God be flung.
She breathed it, and along the holy shore
She heard the whisper of the waters creep :
“Thine is the victory, Meina !”—Was it won ?
Won in its cold, bereaving cruelty ?
Won from the pride of woman ? from her love ?
Won from thy boy ! young mother ? No ! oh, no !
She had forgotten him ! He was too young,
Too purely, beautifully young, to die !
And then the waves repeated to the shore,
And the light echo heard it : “Give him up !”
And Meina heard it : “Give him to thy God !”
And the strong heart arose ! One arrowy pulse
Of an acuter agony than death ;
One fearful shiver at the searching thrill,

And she had won—aye, with her glorious boy
 Upon her very breast—the victory!
 Oh! let the erring oftener be forgiven,
 That, in the shadowy twilight of the mind,
 They stray a little from the perfect way!
 If there is evidence in silent leaves,
 And the still waters, of a present God,
 And all who hear not messages of grace,
 Must gather from its dim and hidden words
 Their better solaces; remember ye
 Who reckon lightly of the poor Hindoo,
 That, in the scattering of the leaves of life,
 His page was written more imperfectly.

The beautiful sun arose, and there was not
 A stain upon the sky; the virgin blue
 Was delicate as light; and, as the east
 Eclipsed night's pale and starry jewelry,
 The pure intensity of noon stole on,
 Like the soft deepening of a northern eye.

“Come! my own glorious boy!” and forth he sprang,
 As he had been created of the morn
 A spirit and an element of light.
 “Come! Come!” and he was bounding airily
 Beside his stately mother, laughing out
 His lisping prattle of the promised boat,
 As if her words had been in playfulness,
 “That the bright waves should float him on to heaven.”
 The morning mist stole up, as Meina knelt
 To offer him to God. Her eyes were dim;
 But her fine forehead, and her calm, still lip,
 Were fearfully subdued; and as the cloud
 Which clothes the lightning slumbers, so they slept.
 Her soul was in its strength. She held her boy
 Upon her bosom, till she felt the throb
 Of his warm pulses numbered on her heart,
 And her low, leaden cadences, kept on!
 His silken hair, as delicately soft
 As the light wind that stirr'd it, floated up,
 As if to plead at her transparent cheek;
 But she had wooed its kisses till it came
 To be a fond idolatry, and now
 She nerved her as the strong heart answer'd it.
 And the low words broke severally on,
 Distinctly as a common orison!
 There is a period in the wreck of hopes
 By the affections garnered, calmer far

Than an untried serenity. It comes
 With the stern conflict ever, and awaits
 The passage of that hour, as if the soul
 Were girded, and had champion'd suffering ;
 And it is strange, how a weak human heart
 Will thus be quiet like a hushing storm,
 And, with a fetter on its pulses, wait
 To measure spirits for the mastery !

The low "Amen !" died on the silent air,
 And Meina's heart was ready. The young boy
 Sprang joyously away, as if her arms
 Had prison'd him too long ; and, as he saw
 The painted boat heave lightly to the swell
 Upon the reedy shore, and caught the breath
 Of her wreathed helm of flowers, he gave a shout,
 In his impatient gladness, and away,
 Like a warm vision of aerial birth,
 He bounded to implore that she would come.
 Calmly and steadily came Meina on,
 Led by her victim boy. The boat was there
 Among the tall wet reeds, and she went in
 And scann'd its light frame over, and arranged
 Its mimic ornaments ; and then again,
 When she had seen it all, and he had grown
 Impatient, she began to note once more
 The frailties in its lightly plaited reeds,
 As if she did not know that it was meant
 To kill. It is a wonderful effect
 Of nature in the heart, that in the strength
 Of a mistaken duty, it will turn,
 And almost trifle with its tenderness,
 As if it half misgave that all was wrong.

"Come !" and he sprang into his mother's arms
 With a light leap, and, scarcely faltering
 In his gay laugh, he look'd into her face,
 And in a tone of fondness whisper'd her,
 "Will the boat bear, dear mother ?" She had quell'd
 Her feelings until now ; had nerved herself
 To the light grace with which he bounded by ;
 Had heard his voice, and look'd upon his hair
 In its light, breezy floatings, and had shut
 Her heart up, with an iron thought, to all.
 But this one doubt, half sadness as it came
 From his delighted lips, and with his look
 Of childlike and appealing confidence,
 Was keener than a mother's heart could bear !

She bow'd her head, and struggled, as if life
 Were bursting from its seal; and, as the thought
 Rush'd over her to take her idol back,
 And keep him for her God, he murmur'd low,
 "And are you sure, my mother?"—"No! my son!"
 And the strong tide of nature gather'd back
 With a resistless energy. She clasp'd
 Her boy convulsively, and he had lived
 To quicken, in its gifted elements,
 The radiant spirit written on his brow,
 But a high strengthening she knew not of,
 Awaken'd her, and pressing down her lips
 In a long fervent kiss upon his cheek,
 She hush'd him into peace, and lifting up
 Her face to heaven, she breathed the name of God,
 And laid him down—for ever!

The light bark
 Went smoothly with the tide, and floated on
 Till his dark eye was scarcely visible.
 On, and yet on, she bounded! The bright waves
 Seem'd playful in their leaping joyousness,
 And the curl'd ripple feather'd at the prow
 Like a glad thing of life. Had death grown slow?
 Or were the waters "stay'd," that they should keep
 Their cold embraces from him? On, still on,
 With her quick undulations! Hope revived
 In the sick heart of Meina, and she rose
 To gaze more keenly forward. He was there,
 And his small arms were lifted; and she thought
 That, as he toss'd them upward, she could hear
 A cadence of his sweet and silvery voice
 Like a delighted shouting. It died off,
 And then again she heard it. Was it joy
 That broke upon her ear? oh! was there joy
 In that long cry, thou mother? Hark to it!
 'Tis like the arrowy piercing of the wind!
 He moveth, and she bade him to be still!
 He riseth! 'tis his boyish restlessness!
 Look, Meina! Does he dash his little hands,
 In mirth, upon the waters? Hark! once more!
 "Mother!" He calls thee! Is thy child afraid?
 Again! How very fearfully it comes!
 "Help! Mother!" 'tis a cry of agony!
 He sinks! Fly! Fly! he calls to thee! Oh fly!
 "Mother!" God help thee! Dost thou see him now?

EXTRACT FROM A POEM DELIVERED AT THE DEPARTURE
OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF YALE COLLEGE, IN 1826.

WHAT is its earthly victory? Press on!
For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!
For it shall make you mighty among men;
And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh! press on!
For the high ones and powerful shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your brow,
And read it like a talisman of love!
Press on! for it is godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;
Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,
And in the very fetters of your flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven!
Press on!—"for in the grave there is no work,
And no device."—Press on! while yet ye may!

JAMES WILLIAM MILLER,

OF Boston, joint editor with Mr Neal, of the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette. His poetry possesses high merit. He has a rich and delicate fancy, and a happy facility of numbers.

A POET'S REVERIE.

THE calm, reposing shades of evening hours,
Thrown from the forest-tops on fields of flowers;
The gentle hill-side sloping to the plain;
The faint blue islet on the distant main;
And, over all, the reaching bend of sky,
Where floating clouds pass on, and others lie
In heavenly watch, that the gone sun hath shaded
With hues like rainbow arches broke and braided;

With idle oar uplift, the gliding barge,
 O'er winding waters, with close-shaven marge ;
 And then, the wavy voices of the tide,
 Lapsing along the narrowing river's side ;
 The low winds, passing mute across the plain,
 Then murmuring their forest tones again,
 And freshening to a cool and plaintive breeze,
 Catching a dirge-like measure from the trees ;
 Such scenes before mine eye, such sounds that glide
 Along the woody path and water's side,
 Fling on my mind a deep poetic feeling,
 From every hue and tone a beauty stealing :
 Like a rich mantle it comes folding o'er me,
 Woven of all the harmonies before me ;
 And then I close my eyes, and seem to see,
 Within, the feeling thus entralling me.

In such a musing mood a vision pass'd
 Sudden before me, and was still—then cast
 Off from mine eye the dream's obscurity,
 And was unveil'd, in its fine mystery.
 Such reveries the sages of old days
 Were wont to have, and call them visiting rays
 From caring Deities, that they might then
 Bless, with good thoughts and truth, the souls of men ;
 And on their eyes holy revealings broke,
 And in their ears great teaching voices spoke.

The vision. It came forth, and there it stood,
 And I beheld it ; the tall, solemn wood
 Smiled greenly in the slant sunbeams, that linger'd
 Yet on the hovering cloud shapes, rosy finger'd,
 Pointing Day's hidden place ; along its edges
 Wander'd a brooklet, loosing, 'neath the sedges
 Frequent its silver course, and only telling
 Its secret roaming by its musical welling ;
 And thence went down the long smooth slope ; below
 Spread out the meadow, with its exquisite show
 Of tall grass waving verdantly, and flowers,
 Lifting their grateful eyes for morning showers ;
 And clumps of bunchy hazel ; farther still
 Went by the river, as if with grave will
 Going down straight, or curving with strong grace,
 Passing, for ever, to his destined place.

Yet the sweet vision. From the dusky verging
 Of the gray wood's recess it came emerging,
 A dreamy shape, as of the sea-born daughter,
 Light as a mist wreath o'er a moonlit water ;

Yet with calm eye distinct, and lip and brow
 Like the low sun-tints on a hill of snow.
 She spake to me ; her voice, the utterless tone
 That comes down by us when we muse alone,
 Calling our names familiarly, and when
 We lift our pleased eyes, straight is still again.

Poet, with bent ear, to thee
 Call I, the spirit of poesy.
 Music's elder sister I,
 That dwell i' the earth, and sea, and sky,
 Chosen from my birth to be
 Attendant on the Deity.
 And through air, and earth, and sea,
 By his power, I speak to thee.

My voice is in the "thunder's mouth,"
 And in the breath of the sweet south ;
 In the hollow sounding sea
 Of storms ; and in its quiet glee,
 When the winds of summer run
 Along the pathways of the sun.
 I am in the torrent's going,
 And the brooklet's silver flowing ;
 In the great, heart-chilling cranch
 Of the coming avalanche,
 When the groaning forests cower,
 Like slaves beneath his steps of power,
 And beast, and bird, and peasant cry
 Once, in death's strong agony—
 All noises of destruction blending ;
 And in the flaky snow's descending,
 On whose feathery, printless bed,
 Silence lies embodied.

When the pleasant spring-time comes
 To palaces and cotter's homes,
 My voice is in the low heard laughings
 That stir in the air, like fairy quaffings ;
 'Tis I who tune the summer trees
 To their soft breezy cadences,
 And in their autumn wails draw near
 To sing a moral in man's ear
 I, who in the pattering rain
 Soothe the dying harvest's pain,
 So my liquid talkings then
 Are happy sounds to husbandmen.
 When the lighten'd clouds go by,
 Unveiling the sun's great eye,

I soar up in its warm blaze,
 And divide the coming rays;
 Contriving, with poetic knowing,
 What bending tints to wreath his bow in;
 Then, when my gamut is complete,
 I tread it with my silver feet,
 Till the depths of ether ring
 To the soft tints mingling;
 It was my stealing voice that came,
 On the glance of morning's flame,
 To old Memnon's shrine, to make
 Tones divine, for mystery's sake.
 Through the dark earth's cavy halls,
 Ore to ore in music calls;
 And gem to glancing gem, by me
 Is stirr'd with answering melody.

Mine is all the harmony
 Of sounds to hear, and sights to see;
 All the joy of the glad earth,
 And the blue sky's holier mirth.
 I, with calm consistency,
 Unroll the mazes of the sky;
 That the sage's soul may scan
 The Deity's harmonious plan,
 So his thought to men may tell
 The orderings that in heaven do dwell,
 That worn age, and prime, and youth,
 Alike may know of God's good truth.
 Then, poet, bend thine ear to me,
 Attendant on the Deity.

Thus as she spake, all things appear'd to see
 And feel the presence of divinity.
 The brooks went downward with a gladlier cheer;
 The trees bow'd gently, with rejoicing fear;
 Beneath her feet the gay earth shone new-vested,
 And o'er her head a skyey glory rested;
 Her beck was to me, and my thought once more
 Heard her calm voice, more serious than before.

Mortal, dost thou seek to find
 The rich joy of deathless mind?
 Would'st thou have thine heart to be
 Full of fine humanity?
 Would'st familiarly converse
 With this beautiful universe,

And have all its excellence
 Pour'd upon thy spirit's sense ;
 All loveliness pause in thine eye,
 And its dark things pass thee by,
 Feeling all that God hath given
 Of happiness below his heaven ?
 Bow to me : and I will come,
 Bringing peace to thy calm home ;
 Touching all its eyes to shine
 With a lustre caught from thine ;
 Lightening, with happy ease,
 All thy social companies ;
 Giving all their songs and smiles
 Merriment and wiful wiles ;
 And in all their gentle doing
 Hearty friendliness imbuing.

Yet should sorrow come to steal
 Aught from thee of cheer or weal,
 Ill fortune of thy store bereave thee,
 All thy friends of sunshine leave thee,
 And, like hurrying clouds that flee
 O'er the noon's tranquillity,
 Cares, and strong anxieties
 Darkly o'er thy couch arise ;
 Then thee by the hand I'll take,
 And lead thee by the quiet lake,
 So look upon its skyey plain,
 Till thy heart grow calm again ;
 Or, beneath the springing joy
 Of the blue day's canopy,
 By the hill-side, where have birth
 Fountain streams that bless the earth,
 Till thy spirit shall rejoice
 Freshly in their gushing voice,

I would give the recompense
 Of my generous influence,
 That thou should'st not sigh for aught
 By wasting care and toiling bought.
 Brazen Fame's peace-scaring noise,
 And Ambition's lightning toys,
 Should be discord to thine ear,
 And darkness to thine eye appear ;
 Thou shouldst gladly flee away
 From the rude world's busy fray,
 In my bowers to build thine home,
 And in my pleasant ways to roam.

I would bring, for thy content,
 Good things of each element ;
 And all beautiful should be
 Subservient to thy gaiety.
 Thou shouldst climb the mountain top,
 And hear its piny tones come up ;
 Watching, with a glad surprise,
 To see the glorious sun uprise ;
 Then go down beside the brook,
 Whiffling from a leafy nook,
 And, resting there beneath the tree,
 I would whisper dreams to thee.

When the spring-day sun was bright,
 Thou shouldst walk with fancies light ;
 And the opening forest's sheen,
 Cool thine eye with its soft green.
 What time mournful autumn grieves
 Through the sere wood's falling leaves,
 Thou shouldst cull their skeletons,
 Where the shrouded streamlet runs,
 And musing on their swift decay,
 Know that thou art frail as they ;
 Then go home, with step sedate
 And sober eye, to contemplate :
 So I o'er thy heart would pour
 The treasurings of Wisdom's store.

If thou wouldst thy soul should live
 In all of heaven that earth can give,
 Mortal, bow thyself to me,
 Favor'd of the Deity.

And silently I bow'd to her ; and then
 Wander'd above me one accepting strain,
 And I rose up ; of that sweet vision there
 Was not one tint upon the dewy air.
 Yet, o'er the pale hills of the distant west,
 Went calmly down one golden star to rest ;
 And as on me its lingering glance was cast,
 I knew her smile ; thus had her spirit pass'd :
 And in that moment, I became to her,
 And yet am now, a happy worshipper.

JAMES G. BROOKS

WAS born at Red-Hook, New York, in 1801. He is now one of the editors of the New York Morning Courier. He has had the direction of several literary journals, and became known to the public as a poet, by his verses under the signature of Florio. These have been widely read, and admired, both at home and in Europe.

GREECE.

1822.

LAND of the brave! where lie inurn'd
The shrouded forms of mortal clay,
In whom the fire of valor burn'd
And blazed upon the battle's fray:
Land, where the gallant Spartan few
Bled at Thermopylæ of yore,
When death his purple garment threw
On Helle's consecrated shore!

Land of the Muse! within thy bowers
Her soul entrancing echoes rung,
While on their course the rapid hours
Paused at the melody she sung—
Till every grove and every hill,
And every stream that flow'd along,
From morn to night repeated still
The winning harmony of song.

Land of dead heroes! living slaves!
Shall glory gild thy clime no more?
Her banner float above thy waves
Where proudly it hath swept before?
Hath not remembrance then a charm
To break the fetters and the chain,
To bid thy children nerve the arm,
And strike for freedom once again?

No! coward souls! the light which shone
On Leuctra's war-empurpled day,
The light which beam'd on Marathon,

Hath lost its splendor, ceased to play ;
 And thou art but a shadow now,
 With helmet shatter'd—spear in rust—
 Thy honor but a dream—and thou
 Despised—degraded in the dust !

Where sleeps the spirit, that of old
 Dash'd down to earth the Persian plume,
 When the loud chant of triumph told
 How fatal was the despot's doom?—
 'The bold three hundred—where are they,
 Who died on battle's gory breast ?
 Tyrants have trampled on the clay,
 Where death has hush'd them into rest.

Yet, Ida, yet upon thy hill
 A glory shines of ages fled ;
 And fame her light is pouring still,
 Not on the living, but the dead !
 But 't is the dim sepulchral light,
 Which sheds a faint and feeble ray,
 As moon-beams on the brow of night,
 When tempests sweep upon their way.

Greece ! yet awake thee from thy trance,
 Behold thy banner waves afar ;
 Behold the glittering weapons glance
 Along the gleaming front of war !
 A gallant chief, of high emprise,
 Is urging foremost in the field,
 Who calls upon thee to arise
 In might—in majesty reveal'd.

In vain in vain the hero calls—
 In vain he sounds the trumpet loud !
 His banner totters—see ! it falls
 In ruin, freedom's battle shroud :
 Thy children have no soul to dare
 Such deeds as glorified their sires ;
 There valor 's but a meteor's glare,
 Which gleams a moment, and expires.

Lost land ! where genius made his reign,
 And rear'd his golden arch on high ;
 Where science raised her sacred fane,
 Its summits peering to the sky ;

Upon thy clime the midnight deep
 Of ignorance hath brooded long,
 And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
 The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set—the evening storm
 Hath pass'd in giant fury by,
 To blast the beauty of thy form,
 And spread its pall upon the sky!
 Gone is thy glory's diadem,
 And freedom never more shall cease
 To pour her mournful requiem
 O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece!

THE DIRGE.

I saw her in life's morning bloom,
 In youth and beauty brightly gay,
 And little thought the savage tomb
 So soon would steal her charms away:
 I saw her when her eye was bright
 As the blue vestment of the sky,
 And little thought the fearful night
 Of the death angel was so nigh!

And it was mine to see her fade,
 To see her wither day by day;
 And it was mine to see her laid
 Beneath the cold, repulsive clay;
 And then the sad funereal bell
 Bore the death music to my ear—
 'T was hope's and love's expiring knell,
 Yet I was left to linger here.

It little boots my spirit now,
 To think that she was fair and kind;
 White were the lilies on her brow,
 And stainless was her gentle mind.
 Her's was the holy, heavenly love,
 Which beacons life's beclouded way,
 Such as the seraphs feel above,
 Where heaven's eternal sunbeams play.

She moved along in loveliness,
 As woman moved at Eden's birth,
 And seem'd an angel sent to bless
 The weary wilderness of earth.
 Too soon the earth received her form :
 Nor worth, nor innocence could save
 Her bosom from the earthy worm—
 Her bonny blossoms from the grave !

And many sorrow'd o'er her lot,
 And many wept beside her bier—
 By heaven !—too soon she was forgot,
 And time full early chased the tear ;
 Yes! ere the grass began to spread
 Its verdure o'er her, fresh and green,
 Her memory from their breasts had fled,
 As if the loved one ne'er had been !

Yet there was one that loved her well,
 On whom her trusting heart relied,
 Whose soul clung fondly to her spell,
 Nor cared for all the world beside :
 And on his heart the seal is set ;
 That image dwells for ever more,
 To cherish still its fond regret,
 Till life's last agony is o'er.

FREDERIC S. HILL,

Of Boston, at present one of the editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser. Of the share which Mr Hill has had in the present work, we have spoken in the preface. His volume entitled "The Harvest Festival, with other poems," which he published in 1826, is an immature performance, but abounds with beauties. However lightly he may be disposed to think of these hasty effusions, we deem them worthy of an honorable place in our collection. The extracts which we give, will show that he possesses the true feeling of a poet.

MUSINGS.

I LOVE sometimes to tune my simple lute,
 And, as an echo to its softer strains,
 Give utterance to the thoughts that often rush
 Like an o'erflowing current through my soul.
 What though my name, unknown amid the host
 Of those who crowd around Apollo's shrine,
 Shine not emblazon'd on the rolls of Fame?
 What though my wandering feet have never trod
 The flowery Parnassus,—nor my lips
 Imbided poetic inspiration from
 The pure Castalian spring?—still in the hour
 When clouds of disappointment lower around,
 And veil the scenes of beauty sketch'd by hope
 In all her rainbow hues, the chord I touch,
 May waken memory from her trance, and soothe
 The throbbing of my heart. Sweet Poesy!
 Thy full outpourings can assuage the breast
 That heaves in tumult. O, if thou appear,—
 Thy loosen'd tresses floating wide, thine eye
 Beaming with an unearthly brightness, then
 The rapt enthusiast in his ecstasy,
 Forgets the chilling atmosphere of earth,
 The selfish heartlessness of those around,
 And thinks he wanders in thy sun-light sphere,
 Holding "high converse" with thy chosen ones.
 Up from the barren heath on which he treads,
 The bloom of the primeval Eden springs;
 Transparent waters meet him in his path,
 And figures leap out even from the air,
 Clothed in light drapery, and beautiful
 As Houris in the Moslem Paradise.

Seek'st thou the spirit who with magic wand
 Can work these wonders? Come then; let us stand
 Here, on the precipice that overhangs
 That everlasting deep. O God! it is
 A sight too solemn to look out upon,
 Unless with reverence for thy majesty,
 And for thy greatness, awe. See how the waves
 Come surging onward—heaving, heaving on,
 As if a consciousness of their own might

Gave a new impulse to them. See! they strike
 The battlements fix'd by Jehovah's hand,
 And the tremendous roar tells their defeat.
 Look! look again—a coronal of foam

White as a snow-wreath, now surmounts the wave
 And sparkles in the sun—and now—'t is gone!

But night comes on: let us begone—we'll climb
 Yon mountain, though it be a toilsome task.
 Let no unhallow'd word pass from thy lips,
 Nor impure thought dwell in thy heart—for now
 We leave the earth and all its vanities
 Below—and come up to a place, that seems
 The threshold of th' Eternal's presence. Hush!
 Here in this region silence sits supreme,
 And now she slumbers 'neath the canopy
 That darkness spreads around. The sense is pain'd
 By the intensity of stillness, for
 Even the breeze, although its dewy wing
 Bring freshness with its stirring, in its flight
 Is noiseless as the eagle, when he wheels
 Alone and undisturb'd in the mid air.
 The sky above looks dark and fathomless,
 Like the great ocean in a troubled dream;
 With a strange splendor burn the stars, and yet
 Diffuse no light around, but rather seem
 Like orbs that separate the realm of light
 From chaos. 'T is a fearful spot—like that
 Which David dreamt of, when he spoke of HIM,
 Who maketh darkness his abiding place.

Still shall we on?—Aye, even to yon crags.
 How fearfully Earth's bosom quakes! It heaves
 With tremulous throbbing, and sends forth deep tones,
 Like thunder from a necromatic cave,
 Or nature's groans of agony. Gaze now
 At yonder mighty burst of waters—see—
 E'en the gigantic rocks, that look as firm
 As adamantine pillars, based below
 The centre dark—have yielded, and retired
 To make free course for the fierce torrent's plunge,
 As did the waves for Israel's fugitives,
 When the Red Sea was smitten by the rod
 That had been given to Israel's chosen judge.
 The white mist rises from the cataract
 In rolling clouds, like the unceasing smoke
 Of incense going to the throne of God,

And o'er the silvery sheet a rainbow spreads :—
 A brilliant halo round the awful brow
 Of majesty.

Now we will seek the glen
 That blossoms in rich beauty, like the fields
 Of classic Tempe, in their loveliness.
 It is a place meet for the home of those
 Who leave the busy world—and in the pure,—
 The blest communion of each other's hearts,
 Live in their hallow'd intercourse with Him
 Who giveth them the boon of sweet content.
 Of old, such haunts as this, the wood-nymphs sought,
 And when the burning noon look'd hotly down,
 Met with the Naiades of the neighboring streams ;
 These blew their wreathed shells, the others join'd
 With delicate trumpets made of hollow flowers,
 And fragrance mingled with the blending notes.

Here oft I sit when eve with silent pace
 Steals on—when only here and there a star
 Emits a doubtful ray, as though it were
 Some gentle spirit coming forth to see
 This earth by summer twilight—then I love
 To listen to the music issuing out
 In untaught freedom from each gushing fount,
 And to the melody among the leaves
 Of the green woods. For Fancy then can deem
 These sounds the low responsive utterings
 From Nature's temple to her worshippers.
 Here, thou mayst woo the spirit of Poesy,
 Here thou shalt find her, in her gentler moods.

A FRAGMENT.

METHOUGHT I stood

Upon a field where slaughter once had rode
 With reeking scimitar, and plumes that hung
 Flapping upon his helmet, drench'd with blood ;—
 And there were graves, that had been digg'd
 By soldiers' hands—the turf turn'd up in haste,
 With blades still hot from battle—and the grass
 Was thick—a heart had gush'd on every root,
 And it was fed with clotted gore, until
 It lifted up its tall, rank spires of green,

Around that place of carnage, marking out
 The spot where desolation's hand had fall'n.
 So where the ruins of some city lie,—
 Destruction's monuments—luxuriantly
 The mantling ivy spreads its leafy arms
 O'er every mouldering shaft—embracing close
 Each fluted column, as it were to hide
 The lone prostration of the beautiful.
 In that unholy place, methought I stood
 In midnight solitude—and one approach'd,
 Whose step resounded 'mid the tombs, as if
 The sheeted dead were troubled—and their sleep
 Disturb'd and broken by the stranger's walk.
 He had a princely presence, and his glance
 Might make the boldest cheek grow pale with awe;
 His brow was that of majesty—and yet
 An unquell'd spirit seem'd at work within—
 A mighty spirit for that bosom heaved,
 And there were flashes passing o'er that brow
 Like lightning o'er a marble firmament.
 He trod upon a grave—there was a sound—
 A bursting sound beneath the hollow earth,
 And he who lay there, woke—and rose;—and yet
 No terror smote that proud one's heart—nor stay'd
 The beating of his pulses, but he gazed
 In calmness at the form, who beckon'd him
 Forth from that Golgotha. The spectre led,
 And they toil'd on, in paths that mortal foot
 Till then had never press'd. The cataract,
 That like the wrath of God bore down—was cross'd;
 And when the tempest in its fury came,
 They battled onward—and the strife was like
 The combat of a band of giants, when
 They fight for domination, and put forth,
 Their utmost strength, until their sinews snap,
 And the blood rushes like a lava stream.
 That youthful warrior follow'd still the track
 Of *him* clothed in unearthly robes, until
 They reach'd a mountain's base; then in a voice
 That caused my flesh to quake, and the cold sweat
 To stand upon my brow, he bade him mount
 The precipice, and scale the jutting cliff.
 There was a rustling of the panoply
 Which he had on—an outstretch'd arm—and then
 Blue lightning shot across a dome that stood

Upon that rocky parapet—I saw
 A fiery inscription on the base
 Of that aspiring temple——
 AMBITION——

PERSIAN SONGS.

THE MAIDEN TO HER LOVER.

Before the winning breeze could steal
 Morn's sprinkled pearl-drops from this rose,
 I cull'd it, that it might reveal
 The tale *my lips* dare not disclose.

Its leaves of virgin tenderness,
 Where I have press'd a kiss for thee,—
 Its blush of maiden bashfulness,—
 Both tell of love and secrecy.

For they have bound my flowing curls,
 And told me, that ere eve's mild hour,
 They'll deck me with their gems and pearls,
 To shine the queen of Irad's bower.

But I will toil and tempest brave,
 And roam the desert *at thy side*,
 And kiss thy feet, and live thy slave,
 Rather than be proud Irad's bride.

THE LOVER'S REPLY.

Thou bright one!—let thy lover calm
 The breast that heaves such throbbing sighs,
 And still thy quivering lips, whose balm
 Is like the breath of Paradise.

For, by thy token-flower, that brought
 The seal thy crimson lips impress'd,—
 By these thin leaves, with sweetness fraught,
 Like shrines where spikenard blossoms rest;—

By thy pure eyes, whose diamond glow
 Steals through their lashes timidly;

By thy dark locks, that loosely flow,
In glossy curls, luxuriantly ;—

And by that bosom's snowy light,
Which 'neath the veil swells half-conceal'd—
As oft through clouds of fleecy white
A heaven of beauty is reveal'd ;—

By these, and by my blade, I swear,
That little blue-vein'd foot of thine
Shall never tread the soft couch, where
The silken tents of Irad shine.

But thou thy Kosru's bride shalt be,
And seek, with him, rich Cashmir's vale ;
There, thou shalt wander, wild and free
As the young fawn, o'er hill and dale.

There, like the notes of Eden's bowers,*
Thy strains shall listless time beguile ;
There I will gaily pass the hours,
In the clear sunshine of thy smile.

OLIVER C. WYMAN,

OF Boston. His poetry has been written for the newspapers and periodicals of this city.

THE DEVOTEE.

THOU of the pale and lofty brow,
The intellectual eye,
Whose form and beaming look avow
A soul, too sternly proud to bow
Even to destiny—

* Mahomet in speaking of the sweetness of the Persian dialect used in his day, said that it would be the language of Paradise.

Say, to what deep and dread design,
Does thy great heart incline?

With beings of another sphere
Thy mystic converse seems ;
Like that of some prophetic seer,
Who hid in caverns dark and drear,
Revolves foreboding dreams ;
Yet thy fix'd eye's undying flame
Betokens nought of shame.

Say, dost thou commune with the stars,
And pierce the world beyond !
Seest warriors in their flaming cars,
In other spheres, wage quenchless wars,
While Love and Hope despond ?
No ! pure the pageantry must be—
Thine eye lights gloriously.

Say, dost thou see a blushing cheek
Through flowing, gleamy hair ?
And is there one who kneels to speak
His thoughts of love—in words too weak,
For the fair creature there ?
Thou smil'st—but no assent appears,
And now gush forth thy tears.

Speak, I conjure thee by the names
Of mother and of sire ;
By every whispering hope that claims
Remembrance ; by each spell that flames
The keen heart of desire ;
Speak things of terror, words of fire,
I'll listen and admire.

“ Youth ! in yon sparkling firmament
I see a promised heaven.
When mortal toil and man's intent,
When every evil passion, sent
To earth, with earth is riven—
Then shall I claim in yon bright sky
A joy that cannot die.”

TO THE CLOUDS.

YE, whose dark foldings are the throne
 And palace of the monarch—Storm—
 Ye, whose refulgent draperies shone
 Above, ere earth or wave had form;
 And spreading like a sea of gold,
 O'er chaos, beauty threw and grace
 On graceless things; and proudly told
 Of him who gave ye shape and place.

Hail! Hail! I greet ye with a smile;
 For ye to me speak words of power;
 And bear my thoughts, from visions vile,
 Back to creation's natal hour.
 Ye seem the monuments of things
 And ages pass'd with time away;
 To ye my sighing spirit clings,—
 Memorials of the ancient day!

The deep and muttering thunder breathes—
 Your voices murmur in mine ear;
 The awful lightning, flashing, wreathes
 Your brows in dazzling smiles severe;
 The rain-drops from your bosoms burst
 In torrents o'er earth's spreading flame—
 Ye seem to weep, that sin hath cursed
 And doom'd the fallen race of men.

What if your changing shadows take
 New fashionings from midnight's shroud!
 What if the lights of morning break
 Without a trace of evening's cloud!
 Ye do not speak the less of Him,
 And of the world's primeval birth,
 Than if ye moveless stood—Ye dim
 And threatening curtains of the earth!

Doth not the bright and scented flower
 Decay and die in winter's gloom!
 Doth not returning summer's hour
 Revive and wake its fragrant bloom!
 And, from the natal hour of light,
 Have ye not learn'd to waste and fly
 Before the conquering sunbeam's might,
 And clasp ye not again the sky!

Memorials of His power, who sees
 Earth, air, and ocean, time and space ;
 Who gilds with leafy crowns the trees,
 And tears the mountain from its base ;
 Who bids fair summer deck the earth,
 When winter's form its beauty shrouds ;
 And wakes the sparrow's song of mirth :—
 His subjects hail ! Illumined clouds !

THE BRIDAL.

THERE was a sound of music sweet as gentle notes that swell
 At midnight from the moonlit caves of yonder leafy dell ;
 Where, at the dewfall, spirits cluster round the sleeping flow-
 ers,
 To sing their plaintive melodies, and wreath their wild-rose
 bowers.
 There were gallant forms and beauteous ones around the al-
 tar press'd,
 And dazzlingly the torches flash'd on plume and burnish'd
 crest ;
 'T was a scene whereon a painter's eye or poet's lip might
 dwell,
 When the young De Courcy wedded with the peerless Ga-
 brielle.

He was a Knight a maid might love in days of wild romance,
 For braver never wielded brand or placed in rest the lance ;
 Free as the wind that o'er his mountain-castle wildly blew,
 Yet gentle as her gentle heart—and oh ! as fervent too.
 And through that land of tale and song, she shone the fairest
 one,
 Where eyes are as its sparkling stars, and hearts are like its
 sun ;
 And still the wandering troubadour full many a tale can tell
 Of her the ever brightest gem—the peerless Gabrielle.

Upon the altar-stone, there knelt the maiden young and fair,
 Her blushes hid beneath a veil of flowing raven hair ;
 And by her side the lofty one, whose knee, like his of yore,
 Had never bow'd save in the stirrup, and to God, before.
 Oh ! it is a touching sight when the lovely and the pure
 Come up to pledge their faith, through sin, through sorrow to
 endure ;

And never yet has man been bound within more potent spell,
Than linger'd in the heart and smile of peerless Gabrielle.

But as they knelt before the shrine, came on a sound of fear—
Each warrior grasp'd his sabre as it met his startled ear ;
And through that quiet, holy place, the trumpet's summons rang,
The fearful burst of musquetry, and meeting sabres clang ;
In pour'd the savage mountain-clan like some enfranchised flood,
And fierce the struggle 'twixt the brave and that stern band of blood ;
For gallantly the warriors fought, and valiantly they fell
Around the altar-stone where lay the dying Gabrielle.

A shot had pierced the gentle heart of that fair virgin-bride,
She perish'd in her loveliness, in her young beauty's pride ;
But where is he whose arm should guard, whose battle-blade defend,
The foremost in the raging fight, most eager to contend ;
Could he forsake that sweetest rose, amid the deadly strife,
To purchase after hours of shame, to bear a hated life?—
Whose hand is clasp'd with that of one in life beloved so well—
De Courcy died a hero's death beside his Gabrielle.

SONG OF THE BEE.

Away, away, to the anxious flower
That droops and pines for its truant bee ;
With beauty renew'd like the morning hour
'T will wait for my coming with anxious glee.
Ah little, but little, the rose-spirit dreams
Of the last dear place of her wanderer's rest—
Like the evening dew, in the mountain streams,
She would waste should I tell of the tulip's breast.
Away, away, for the earliest kiss
Must be mine from the freshest and sweetest rose ;
Oh! there 's nought upon earth like the young bee's bliss,
When the morning rose-leaves over him close.
Hid from the beam of his rival—Sun,
Couch'd in the bosom of beauty's flower,
He rests, till its choicest treasures are won,
From the scorching ray or the drenching shower.

W. G. CROSBY,

A NATIVE of Belfast, Maine, is the author of Poetical Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery, besides various other performances in verse.

TO A LADY, WITH A WITHERED LEAF.

WHAT offering can the minstrel bring,
To cast upon affection's shrine?
'T was hard thy magic spell to fling
O'er the fond heart already thine!

Thou wouldst not prize the glittering gem,
Thou wouldst but cast the pearl away;
For thine is now a diadem,
Of lustre brighter far than they.

I will not bring the spring-tide flower,
Reposing on its gentle leaf;
Its memory lives but for an hour—
I would not *thine* should be as brief.

My heart!—but that has long been thine—
'T were but a worthless offering;
The ruin of a rifled shrine,
A flower that fast is withering.

My song!—'t is but a mournful strain,
So deep in sorrow's mantle clad,
E'en echo will not wake again
The music of a strain so sad.

A *wither'd leaf!*—nay, scorn it not,
Nor deem it all unworthy thee;
It grew upon a hallow'd spot,
And sacred is its memory.

I pluck'd it from a lonely bough,
That hung above my *mother's grave*,
And felt, e'en then, that none but thou
Could'st prize the gift affection gave.

She faded with the flowers of spring,
 That o'er her lifeless form were cast,—
 And when I pluck'd this faded thing,
 'T was shivering in the autumn blast.

'T was the last one!—all—all were gone,
 They bloom'd not where the yew trees wave ;
 This leaf and I were left alone,
 Pale watchers o'er my mother's grave.

I mark'd it, when full oft I sought
 That spot so dear to memory ;
 I *loved* it—for I fondly thought,
 It linger'd there to mourn with me !

I've moisten'd it with many a tear,
 I've hallow'd it with many a prayer :
 And while this bursting heart was clear
 From guilt's dark stain, I shrined it there.

Now, lady, now the gift is thine !
 Oh, guard it with a vestal's care ;
 Make but thine angel heart its shrine,
 And I will kneel and worship there !

ASA M. BOLLES,

A NATIVE of Ashford, in Connecticut, was graduated at
 Brown University in 1823.

THE ALBUM.

IN that proud temple of the Sun,
 Which rose to heaven on Balbec's towers,
 Amid the altars, there was one,
 Whose only offerings were flowers ;
 When morning o'er the glittering dome
 Was blushing from her eastern home,

Fresh garlands to that shrine were given
Of flowers—bright flowers bathed in heaven.

And Persian girls, with deep blue eyes
Of love, and clustering raven hair,
And brows as pure as their own skies,
Were gather'd with their rose-wreaths there,
To breathe their orisons and twine
Their garlands on that lovely shrine,
Whose incense, at the day-god's flame,
Rose to the skies, from whence it came.

Beautiful there those bright ones knelt,
Where Morn's first holy light was flowing
Pure from its crystal throne—they felt
The day-spring in their bosom's glowing
With life and joy—as through the aisles
Their god came beaming all in smiles
And love—oh! who could wish to part
From that sweet worship of the heart!

The Persian's fane has perished—gone
The shrine—the worship of the free
All—all have faded like the tone
Of music o'er the moonlit sea—
No laughing eyes—no raven hair—
No dewy wreaths are sparkling there—
Faded is every peerless gem,
And beauty has gone down like them.

But love will have its altars still,
And there is yet a worship born,
Of hearts, that feel the joyous thrill
Of light and beauty in their morn;
Hope's deep-toned music lingers there
Amid the roses and the air.
Breathes incense all—while from above
Bliss sparkles o'er the shrine of love.

Such be this volume—let no trace
Of sadness blight one leaflet here—
The heart's pure offerings to grace
And loveliness should have no tear
Amid their blossoms—but the dews
Of heaven should mingle with their hues;
And all things fair and brightest twine
Their wreaths of gladness o'er the shrine.

HENRY J. FINN,

A NATIVE of Virginia, and for some years past a resident of this city. He is well known to the public as an actor of rare talent. He was formerly one of the Managers of the Federal Street Theatre. A dramatic piece entitled *The Falls of Montmorenci*, written by him, was represented and published in 1825. He is also the author of a comedy, with the title of *The Phrenologist*, which has been performed, but not published.

 THE TRIBUTE OF TRUTH.

THE golden meshes of gay delight
 That beckon the senses but to beguile
 Have flash'd their mad and meteor light
 On the soul, enslaved by the witching wile.

And passion has heated the heart of one,
 Who deem'd him blest in its burning beam
 As the simple fly, in the summer's sun,
 Floats on the ray, through its daily dream.

But the charm is gone—and the chain is cleft—
 That menaced to bind my fancy ever ;
 Yet the link inlaid with gems, is left,
 Which love has cemented ne'er to sever.

Farewell ! for the rainbow tints are fled
 From the wings of pleasure. But much more sweet
 And pure, is the lovelier light that's shed
 From thy look of life, when our glances meet.

And memory smiles at the distant sea,
 Where the waters roll o'er the wreck of pride ;
 For the calms of summer have come with thee,
 My boon, my blessing—and my bride !

THE FUNERAL AT SEA.

DEEP mists hung over the Mariner's grave
When the holy funeral rite was read ;
And every breath on the dark blue wave
Seem'd hush'd, to hallow the friendless dead.

And heavily heaved on the gloomy sea,
The ship that shelter'd that homeless one—
As though, his funeral-hour should be,
When the waves were still, and the winds were gone.

And there he lay, in his coarse, cold shroud—
And strangers were round the coffinless :
Not a kinsman was seen among that crowd,
Not an eye to weep, nor a lip to bless.

No sound from the church's passing-bell
Was echo'd along the pathless deep,
The hearts that were far away, to tell
Where the Mariner lies, in his lasting sleep.

Not a whisper then linger'd upon the air—
O'er his body, one moment, his messmates bent ;
But *the plunging sound of the dead was there—*
And the ocean is now his monument !

But many a sigh, and many a tear,
Shall be breathed, and shed, in the hours to come—
When the widow and fatherless shall hear
How he died, far, far from his happy home !

EMMA C. EMBURY,

(FORMERLY Miss Manly,) Of New York. Her poems, published under the name of Ianthe in various periodicals, have lately appeared in a volume.

 JANE OF FRANCE.

PALE, cold and statue-like she sate, and her impeded breath
 Came gaspingly, as if her heart was in the grasp of death,
 While listening to the harsh decree that robb'd her of a throne,
 And left the gentle child of kings in the wide world alone.

And fearful was her look; in vain her trembling maidens
 moved,
 With all affection's tender care, round' her whom well they
 loved;
 Stirless she sate, as if enchained by some resistless spell,
 Till with one wild, heart-piercing shriek in their embrace she
 fell.

How bitter was the hour she woke from that long dreamless
 trance;
 The veriest wretch might pity then the envied Jane of France;
 But soon her o'erfraught heart gave way, tears came to her
 relief,
 And thus in low and plaintive tones she breath'd her hopeless
 grief:

“Oh! ever have I dreaded this, since at the holy shrine
 My trembling hand first felt the cold, reluctant clasp of thine;
 And yet I hoped—My own beloved, how may I teach my
 heart
 To gaze upon thy gentle face and know that we must part?

“Too well I knew thou lovedst me not, but ah! I fondly
 thought
 That years of such deep love as mine some change ere this
 had wrought:
 I dream'd the hour might yet arrive, when sick of passion's
 strife,
 Thy heart would turn with quiet joy to thy neglected wife.

“Vain, foolish hope! how could I look upon thy glorious
 form,
 And think that e'er the time might come when thou wouldst
 cease to charm?
 For ne'er till then wilt thou be freed from beauty's magic
 art,
 Or cease to prize a sunny smile beyond a faithful heart.

“In vain from memory's darken'd scroll would other thoughts
 erase
 The loathing that was in thine eye, where'er it met my face:
 Oh! I would give the fairest realm, beneath the all-seeing
 sun,
 To win but such a form as thou mightst love to look upon.

“Wo, wo for woman's weary lot if beauty be not hers;
 Vainly within her gentle breast affection wildly stirs;
 And bitterly will she deplore, amid her sick heart's dearth,
 The hour that fix'd her fearful doom—a helot from her birth.

“I would thou hadst been cold and stern,—the pride of my
 high race
 Had taught me then from my young heart thine image to
 efface;
 But surely even love's sweet tones could ne'er have power to
 bless
 My bosom with such joy as did thy pitying tenderness.

“Alas! it is a heavy task to curb the haughty soul,
 And bid th' unbending spirit bow that never knew control;
 But harder still when thus the heart against itself must rise,
 And struggle on, while every hope that nerved the warfare
 dies.

“Yet all this have I borne for thee—aye, for thy sake I
 learn'd
 The gentleness of thought and word which once my proud
 heart spurn'd;
 The treasures of an untouch'd heart, the wealth of love's
 rich mine,
 These are the offerings that I laid upon my idol's shrine.

“In vain I breathed my vows to heaven, 't was mockery of
 prayer;

In vain I knelt before the cross, I saw but Louis there :
 To him I gave the worship that I should have paid my God,
 But oh ! should his have been the hand to wield the avenging
 rod ? ”

 STANZAS.

OH ! knowest thou, dear one, the love of youth
 With its wayward fancies, its untried truth ;
 Yet cloudless and warm as the sunny ray
 That opens the flowers of a summer's day,
 Unfolding the passionate thoughts that lie
 'Mid feelings pure as an angel's sigh ;
 Till the loftiest strength of our nature wakes
 As an infant giant from slumber breaks :
 Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
 In earlier days such was mine for thee.

Oh, knowest thou, dear one, of woman's love
 With its faith that woes more deeply prove ;
 Its fondness wide as the limitless wave,
 And chainless by aught than the silent grave ;
 With devotion as humble as that which brings
 To his idol the Indian's offerings ;
 Yet proud as that which the priestess feels,
 When she nurses the flame of the shrine while she kneels :
 Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
 Such ever has been in my heart for thee.

Oh knowest thou the love of a poet's soul,
 Of the mind that from heaven its brightness stole,
 When the gush of song, like the life-blood springs
 Uncheck'd from the heart, and the spirit's wings
 Are nerved anew in a loftier flight
 To seek for its idol a crown of light ;
 When the visions that wake beneath fancy's beam,
 But serve to brighten an earthly dream :
 Oh, knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
 Such long has been in my heart for thee.

Oh, tell me, dear, can such love decay
 Like the sapless weed in the morning ray ?
 Can the love of earlier, brighter years
 Be chased away like an infant's tears ?
 Can the long tried faith of a woman's heart

Like a summer bird from its nest depart?
 Can affection nursed within fancy's bowers,
 Find deadly herbs 'mid those fragrant flowers?
 Oh! no, beloved one, it cannot be:
 Such end awaits not my love for thee.

Youth's pure fresh feelings have faded now;
 But not less warm is love's summer glow;
 Dark frowns may wither, unkindness blight
 The heart where thou art the only light;
 And coldness may freeze the wild gush of song,
 Or chill the spirit once tameless and strong;
 And the pangs of neglected love may prey
 Too fatally, dear, on this fragile clay;
 But never, Oh! never beloved, can it be
 That my heart should forget its deep fondness for thee.

HENRY WHITING,

A NATIVE of Lancaster, Massachusetts, is now a Major in the army of the United States. He is the author of *Ontwa, the Son of the Forest*, an Indian tale, published in 1822. It was written in the wilderness, and in the huts of the savages, during the military service of the author on the western frontier. It contains many interesting and spirited descriptions of Indian manners, and fine sketches of local scenery.

ONTWA.

FAR up the lengthen'd bay we urge,
 To where the triple streams converge
 And on its ready head distil
 The tribute sent from distant hill—
 Now mounting up the sinuous bed
 Of Wagouche to its marshy head,

We toil against the foamy leaps—
Or wind where still the current sleeps
'Mid seas of grain, the boon of heaven
To sterile climes in bounty given.
At last we reach the narrow mound—
The wide diverging waters bound—
Where, almost mingling as they glide
In smooth and counter-current tide,
Two rivers turn in sever'd race,
And flow, with still enlarging space,
Till one rolls down beneath the north
And pours its icy torrent forth,
While—glowing as it hurries on—
The other seeks a southern zone.
Here, as the heaven dissolves in showers,
The boon on either stream it pours,
And the same sunbeams, as they stray,
On both with light impartial play ;
But onward as each current hies,
New climes and sunder'd tropics rise,
And, urging, growing, as they run,
Each follows down a varying sun,
Till, o'er her tepid Delta spread,
The Michi-sipi bows her head,—
While Lawrence vainly strives to sweep
His gelid surface to the deep.
Scarce did the low and slender neck
The progress of our passage check ;
And ere our bark—which, dripping, bore
The marks of rival waters o'er—
Had lost in air its humid stain,
'T was launch'd, and floating on again—
'Mid isles in willow'd beauty dress'd
That deck'd Ouisconsin's yellow breast.
The stream ran fast, and soon the scene
Changed into frowns its smiles serene.
Nature arose in troubled mood,
And hills and cliffs, of aspect rude,
Hoary with barrenness, save where
The stunted cedar hung in air
Fix'd in the rocks that beetled high,
Darken'd the current rushing by—
Oft choked and broken in its pass
By mighty fragments' clogging mass,
Sever'd, mayhap, by bolt of heaven,
And down the steep in thunder driven.

Our rapid bark, ere twice the day
 Had shone upon its downward way,
 Turn'd its light prow, in upward course,
 To stem the Michi-sipi's force—
 Where her broad wave rolls on amain,
 Sever'd by 'thousand isles' in twain,
 And giant cliffs, with threatening frown,
 Conduct her prison'd current down.
 Full many a stream, on either side,
 Through the cleft walls sends forth its tide,
 Descending far from distant plains,
 Where in its gloom the Prairie reigns,
 Seated in grandeur on its throne
 Amid a desert world alone.
 Oft up the steeps, by rugged path
 Sloped by the winter torrent's wrath,
 We toil'd, where high the sumach hung,
 And tendral vines around it clung,
 Checking our way with woven bowers,
 Or twining over head their flowers;
 While higher still, in dizzier break,
 The trembling aspen tree would shake—
 And oft the wand'ring eye would meet
 With sparkling crystals 'neath the feet,
 Rudely enchased on some dark stone
 Shining with lustre not its own.
 Hard the ascent, but fair the sight
 That spread beneath the lofty height,
 Where river, isles, and meadows drew
 Their varied pictures to the view,—
 Or would the downward eye forbear
 To dwell on scene so soft and fair,
 'T was but to raise a level glance
 And all was rude and bold at once,
 Where the dark Bluffs, half bare, half crown'd,
 Arose in gloomy sternness 'round.
 For many a day the stream we stemm'd,
 Through isles that still its bosom gemm'd,
 While oft, where back the cliffs retired,
 The waving plain, in green attired,
 Smiled in the dark and deep recess,
 Like guarded spot in wilderness;
 (Where Hamadryades might sport,
 Or fairies hold their dewy court.)
 At last our bark, 'mid eddies toss'd
 And foam that all the wave emboss'd,

Was warn'd—ere yet the torrent's roar
 Was heard—to turn its keel ashore.
 Now clambering up the steep ascent,
 Our course along the brink was bent,
 Where the descending, broken flood,
 On rocks that firm its force withstood,
 Show'd signs of mightier conflict near
 Whose rumblings now rose on the ear.

Why checks my guide on yonder rise,
 And bends to earth in mute surprise,
 As the Great Spirit of the air
 Had burst upon his vision there?
 'T was the vast Cataract that threw
 Its broad effulgence o'er his view,
 Like sheet of silver hung on high
 And glittering 'neath the northern sky.
 Nor think that Pilgrim eyes could dwell
 On the bright torrent as it fell,
 With soul unawed. We look'd above
 And saw the waveless channel move,
 Fill'd from the fountains of the north
 And sent through varied regions forth,
 Till, deep and broad and placid grown,
 It comes in quiet beauty down—
 Unconscious of the dizzy steep
 O'er which its current soon must sweep.
 The eye hung shuddering on the brink,
 As it had powerless wish to shrink,
 Then instant sunk, where 'mid the spray
 All the bright sheet in ruin lay.
 The tumult swells, and on again
 The eddying waters roll amain,
 Still foaming down in angry pride,
 Till mingling rivers smooth its tide.
 Nor did the isle, whose promont wedge
 Hangs on the torrent's dizzy edge,
 Escape the view; nor sister twin
 That smiles amid the nether din—
 Closed in the raging flood's embrace,
 And free from human footstep's trace;
 Where the proud eagle builds his throne
 And rules in majesty alone.
 Approaching still and more entranced
 As still the ling'ring step advanced,
 We stood at last in pleased delay
 O'erlooking all the bright display,

While the gay tints of western flame
That down the day's obliqueness came,
On hanging sheet and level stream
Darted a soft and slanting beam,

GEORGE W. PATTEN,

A NATIVE of Newport, Rhode Island, was graduated at Brown University, in 1825. He is now a cadet in the United States' Military Academy at West Point.

THE ISLE OF LOVE.

THERE 's a bright sunny spot where the cinnamon trees
Shed their richest perfumes to the soft wooing breeze ;
Where the rose is as sweet and as bright is the sky,
As the balm of thy breath and the glance of thine eye.
And clouds pass as soon o'er that beautiful Isle,
As the tear on thy cheek disappears at thy smile.
Come ! haste thee, fair Irene, oh ! haste thee with me,
To that far distant land in the Ægean sea.

Light breezes are swelling the gossamer sail,
Of my love-freighted bark for the evergreen vale ;
And loudly the night bird is chanting her lay,
To rouse thee from slumber—away and away—
We 'll land at the groves and the wild flowers there,
I 'll twine in a wreath for thy soft flaxen hair ;
And we 'll roam like the antelope, reckless and free,
O'er that bright sunny Isle in the Ægean sea.

Soft music is there—for the mermaid's shell,
Is often heard winding through mountain and dell ;
And the song of the sea spirits steals from the shore,
With the low sullen sound of the waves' distant roar.
And the tones of *thy* voice—oh ! how sweetly they 'll blend,
With the strains which the harps of the Ocean Nymphs send ;

While I list to the notes as they float on the lea,
Of that far distant land in the Ægean sea.

Far—far 'mid its bowers sequester'd and lone,
Young Love hath erected a jessamine throne;
And sworn with an oath which no mortal may say,
That none but the *fairest* its sceptre shall sway.
Then haste thee, fair Irene, oh! haste thee tonight,
While the stars are yet pale, and the moon is yet bright,
For, love, he hath destined that sceptre for thee
In that bright sunny Isle of the Ægean sea.

THE WARRIOR.

“THE morning sun is shining bright upon the battle plain,
And still thou sleep'st!—wake! warrior, wake—and take thy
 steed again,
The gore he's shaken from his mane, and now 't is floating
 fast,
Upon the breeze as it was wont amid the battle blast,
Thrice hath the war-peal thunder'd past since thou hast sunk
 to sleep,
Hath not it changed thy dreary dream, nor broke thy slumber
 deep?
Thrice hath the foemen's banner red in triumph floated by;
Did not the gleaming of its stars arrest thy closing eye?
Thy charger hot hath raised his voice as if thy rest to break;
He listens for his rider's call—wake! slumbering warrior—
 wake!”

“Hush! gentle stranger, hush that strain,” a weeping mother
 sung,
And sadly on the sighing winds the mournful music rung,
“Hush, gentle stranger, hush that strain—my heart is lone
 and drear,
Thou *canst* not wake my warrior boy, who sleeps in silence
 here.
I've comb'd his flowing flaxen hair, and from it wiped the
 dew,
Come, gaze upon the features pale, which oft I've loved to
 view,
And if thy bosom e'er hath throbb'd a warrior's joys to know,
Oh! read them on that sunken cheek—and in a mother's wo.

—They said, my boy, that Fame would twine a laurel green
for thee,
Alas! alas! that it should leave the cypress sad to me.”

THE MOTHER.

“SHE sleeps! how long she sleeps! the sun hath sunk be-
neath the west,
And risen twice, yet still she keeps that deep and placid rest.
Why do they pass before me thus, her slumbering form to
view?”

Come hither, brother, thou and I will gaze upon her too;
But stay! we will not look there yet, but let us wait until
The midnight stars are beaming bright, and all around is still,
Save when the moaning winds sweep by in whispers low and
deep,
And then together we will go and view her in her sleep.”

“Sister! tread softly! hark! that sound! ’t was but the
midnight hour

Tolling so harsh and heavily from yonder distant tower;
Come, sister, tremble not, ’t is true the time is lone and drear,
And dimly burns the taper dark that sits beside the bier;
But thou didst breathe a prayer to me, a whisper’d prayer but
now,

To come at midnight hour and gaze upon thy mother’s brow.
This is the hour, and we have pass’d along the silent hall,
And thus, as by the dead we stand, I take away the pall—
And here the coffin’s lid I move—and here I raise the veil—
Turn, gentle sister, turn and look upon her features pale;
Stoop down and kiss her pallid cheek—though cold and damp
it be,

It is the same which in thy mirth so oft was press’d by thee.
And clasp in thine the lifeless hand that lays upon her breast,
Where pillow’d in thine infant years thou oft hast sunk to
rest.”

“My eyes grow dim!—sweet brother, haste! and come with
me away!

Is *this* the form which once I loved! this ghastly thing of
clay?

They told me that she only slept—and that she still was fair,
As when upon her brow I used to part her raven hair.

Is this my mother?—No, oh! no,—*not* this on which I've
 gazed,
Her eyes were bright like angel's eyes, but these are fix'd and
 glazed,
Her lips were smiling like the sky that never knew a cloud ;
 But these are silent, closed and pale—pale as the winding
 shroud.
 My eyes grow dim, sweet brother, haste and come with me
 away—
 No, this is not the form I loved—this ghastly thing of clay."

WILLIS G. CLARK,

A NATIVE of Otisco, Onondaga county, New York, at present editor of *The Ladies' Literary Port Folio*, in Philadelphia.

LINES WRITTEN AT AN UNKNOWN GRAVE.

A MOURNFUL tone the night-air brings, about this lonely
 tomb,
 Like thoughts of fair and faded things amid life's changeful
 gloom ;
 Deep shadows of the past are here!—and fancy wanders
 back,
 When joy woke in this mouldering breast, now pass'd from
 life's worn track :
 When hope made glad his spirit here, as the pure summer-
 rain
 Pours its sweet influence on the earth, with all her flowery
 train ;
 While buds were tossing in the breeze beneath a deep blue
 sky—
 And pleasure's chant was in his ear, ere he had gone to die !
 Youth, too, was his—its morning hour—its sunlight for his
 brow—

Its phantoms shone, for him to chase, in giddy round, but
now ;

Perchance the glee of his young heart—the glancing of his
eye

Hath been upon another shore, beneath a brighter sky :—

The night-tones have no tales to tell—no history to unfold—

The tall, sere grass, that waves alone, in sadness o'er his
mould—

These speak not—deep in dreamless rest, the peaceful sleeper
lies ;

There is no pang to rend his heart,—no grief to dim his eyes !

Perchance, in halcyon hours of Youth, a transient dream of
love

Came to his brain while earth was joy, and heaven was light
above ;—

When his soul was fill'd with gladsome thought—and in
idolatry

He bow'd him to that holy shrine, which in our youth we see ;

A star above life's troubled scene—a gleam upon its wave—

A ray, whose light is soon eclipsed, in the darkness of the
grave ;

A song, which like the mirthful tone of wild birds on the
wing,

Dies when the dewy even-tide enshrouds a sky of spring !

I know but this—*Death's* shadows dwell upon his deep-seal'd
eye ;

Vainly earth laughs in joy for him, or the blue summer-sky—
The gales may tell where flowers repose, or where the young
buds swell ;

Their soft chant may not enter here, within this voiceless
cell—

Flowers, dreams, and grief, alike are past—and why should
man reply,

When life is but a wilderness whose promise soon may die—
'T is but a home, where *all* must sleep—change, which to *all*

must come—

A curtain, which o'er *ALL* must spread its deep, o'ershadowing
gloom !

The wail of the expiring year is in the deep brown woods—

The leaf is borne upon the stream, in its dark solitudes :—

The clouds are on the chasten'd hills—the floods are wild and
high—

The mournful pall is lingering, where faded blossoms lie:—
 Then here should monitory thoughts be treasured in the
 breast
 That life is but a changeful hour—and Death, a holy rest,
 Where grief's loud wail or bursting tears ne'er to its stillness
 come ;
 But silence reigns within its hall, wrapp'd in its shrouded
 home!

EXTRACT FROM A NEW YEAR ADDRESS.

COME to my soul, thou Spirit of the Lyre !
 'T is the deep, cloudy midnight ; and the wail
 Of the cold wind is on its strings of fire,
 And on the far hills, rising, dimly pale !
 Ah ! wake thy murmurs on the troubled gale—
 Pour the sad requiem o'er the dying year—
 Give to man's thoughtful eye a passing tale
 Of days departed, bright as beauty's tear,
 Or summer's festal sky, ere autumn clouds drew near !

From the dark sepulchre of years gone by,
 A deeply mournful voice is murmuring,
 "Where are the dreams of old !—the spirit high
 Mounting like eagles on the fearless wing ?
 Where is the pride of that luxuriant spring,
 Which pour'd its light on Rome—on Babylon ?
 —The wreaths of Time around their temples cling—
 Their halls are dust !—the gold of Chaldee won—
 Where sails the bittern's wing, when the bright day is done !

Even thus with the past year ;—its morn was gay—
 Sweet flowers were on the earth's green bosom springing—
 And streaming sunlight bless'd the sky of May,
 Where early birds their joyous way were winging,
 A dream of love to youth's fresh spirit bringing ;
 And all was gladness o'er the laughing earth :—
 To the tall oak the sunny vine was clinging—
 And sending echoes, e'en to home and hearth,
 The sweet blue streams, set free, pour'd out a voice of mirth !

Then came the summer's prime—its long, bright day—
 With garniture of wood, and field, and stream—

The golden sun outpour'd his gladdening ray,
 And the blue sea danced in his boundless gleam;—
 When like a soft, and faint-heard song, would seem
 The cheerful murmur of the drowsy bee,
 About the full grown flowers—and like a dream
 Spread out for man's blest eye the scene might be,
 While a soft, breezy chant, was in the green-wood tree!

Then frown'd the autumnal cloud; the shrouded sky
 Its multitude of gleams and stars withdrew;
 The flowers grew pale; and summer-brooks were high,
 And imaged back no more a heaven of blue;—
 No moon smiled out upon the evening dew—
 The squirrel's footstep rustled in the glen—
 The red leaves fell, and fitful night-winds blew;
 And to the bright south-west, away from men,
 Far, on their glancing plumes, roam'd the wild birds again!

But man is changing in the changing year—
 Shadows o'ersweep the day-spring of the heart;
 When gazing back upon Time's dim career,
 He marks youth's cheerful images depart!
 Then will lone *Memory* her tales impart
 Of early buds, all ashes in the urn:—
 Mournful and sweet her reveries!—but we start—
 And from lost years unto the present turn—
 Closing from mind's deep cell, the voiceless thoughts that
 burn!

How many dreams have to the dust gone down—
 Witness thou fading and departed year!
 Since last thy spring enwreathed her flowery crown,—
 Lo! gentle forms have lain upon the bier,
 Where thoughtful sorrow pour'd the pensive tear!
 Genius and beauty gather'd to their rest—
 Death, in all climes, is on his way of fear—
 His arrow trembles in Youth's budding breast—
 Oh! were his power decay'd, how might Earth's love be
 bless'd!

ROBERT MORRIS,

A NATIVE of Philadelphia. He is the editor of the Philadelphia Album.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

I WOULD that thou wert dead, devoted one,
 For thou art all too pure to linger here ;
 Life's joyous sands to thee have fleetly run,
 And sorrow's hand hath made thy being sere—
 Thy girlhood was a pure and artless dream,
 And many a sunny hope has thrill'd thy breast,
 And many an air-blown bubble gilt life's stream,
 Flash'd for a moment—broke, and sunk to rest—
 Emblems of youth and loveliness were they,
 And like hope's fairy visions pass'd away.

I would that thou wert dead, forsaken girl,
 That high pale brow enshrined within the tomb,
 For as with gentle winds still waters curl,
 So fades at sorrow's touch young beauty's bloom—
 Thou art too pure and fair for this cold earth,
 A thing too guiltless long to dwell below,
 Thy voice has lost its cadences of mirth,
 The glory has departed from thy brow—
 And youth's pure bloom has left thy virgin heart,
 And beauty like a phantom will depart.

I would that thou wert dead, for life to thee
 Is as a broken reed—a wither'd flower ;
 Dark shadows rest upon thy destiny,
 And storms of fate around thy fortunes lower—
 Wedded to one thy bosom cannot love,
 Banish'd from him thine every thought employs,
 Thou art in heart a bruised and wounded dove,
 And earth to thee can yield no future joys,
 Wearily passes life and time with thee,
 A dusky shadow dims thy destiny.

I would that thou wert dead, devoted one,
 And thy bright spirit disentrall'd of clay ;
 Even as the dew-drop wastes beneath the sun,
 Thus by disease thy being wastes away—
 Oh, who that knew thee when thou wert a child,
 With a glad voice and heaven unfolding eye,
 A creature as the snow flake undefiled,
 With a bright lip and cheek of rosy dye,

Oh, who that knew thee then, can see thee now,
Nor wonder for the beauty of thy brow.

I would that thou wert dead, and sanctified—
Thy spirit with high element is fraught,
And that which scorn and cruelty defied,
The lingering stealth of pale disease has wrought—
Yes, death is near thee now, sweet Genevieve,
And thou shalt haste to meet him with a smile ;
It is in vain thy gentle sisters grieve,
Thy soul shall soon flee by each starry isle,
That glitters brightly through the calm blue skies,
Like white lids lifted from pure spirit's eyes.

Thou soon shalt die, sweet martyr, and the earth
Will nurture gentle flowers above thy grave,
Sweet emblems of thy being and thy birth,
With cypress leaves around thy tomb shall wave—
And when the pensive stranger wanders nigh,
His lips shall waft a tributary prayer,
For her who soon shall prematurely die,
For her whose seraph form shall moulder there—
Farewell, sweet Genevieve—'t is sad to part—
Farewell, thy beauty shrouds a breaking heart.

EBENEZER BAILEY,

Is a native of Newbury in Massachusetts, and was graduated at Yale College in 1817. He is now Principal of the Young Ladies' High School in Boston. His prize ode, recited at the Boston Theatre in 1825, is the only performance by which he is known to the public as a poet. He has, however, produced a great number of poetical effusions of high merit, which have obtained anonymously a wide circulation in our various repositories of fugitive verse. If Mr Bailey had written with a view to distinction, he might at this moment have been one of the most popular and esteemed poets of our country. The *Triumphs of Liberty* is a chaste and spirited production, superior to anything of the kind which our national anniversaries have called forth. His lighter pieces are thrown off with an ease and playfulness of fancy that we do not often see equalled in the hasty rhymes of a leisure moment.

THE TRIUMPHS OF LIBERTY.

SPIRIT of freedom, hail!—
 Whether thy steps are in the sunny vale,
 Where peace and happiness reside
 With innocence and thee, or glide
 To caverns deep and vestal fountains,
 'Mid the stern solitude of mountains,
 Where airy voices still prolong
 From cliff to cliff thy jocund song,—
 We woo thy presence: 'Thou wilt smile upon
 The full heart's tribute to thy favorite Son,
 Who held communion with thee, and unfurl'd
 In light thy sacred charter to the world.

We feel thy influence, Power divine,
 Whose angel smile can make the desert shine;
 For thou hast left thy mountain's brow,
 And art with men no stranger now.
 Where'er thy joyous train is seen
 Disporting with the merry hours,
 Nature laughs out, in brighter green,
 And wreathes her brow with fairy flowers:
 Pleasure waves her rosy wand,—
 Plenty opens wide her hand,—
 On Rapture's wings,—
 To heaven the choral anthem springs,—
 And all around, above, below,
 Exult and mingle, as they glow,
 In such harmonious ecstasies as play'd,
 When earth was new, in Eden's light and shade.

But not in peaceful scenes alone
 Thy steps appear,—thy power is known.
 Hark!—the trump!—its thrilling sound
 Echoes on every wind,
 And man awakes, for ages bound
 In leaden lethargy of mind:
 He wakes to life!—earth's teeming plains
 Rejoice in his control;
 He wakes to strength!—and bursts the chains
 Whose rust was in his soul;
 He wakes to liberty!—and walks abroad
 All disenthral'd, the image of his God.

See, on the Andes' fronts of snow
 The battle-fires of Freedom glow,
 Where triumph hails the children of the sun,
 Beneath the banner of *their* Washington.

Go on, victorious Bolivar!
 Oh! fail not—faint not—in the war
 Waged for the liberty of nations!
 Go on, resistless as the earthquake's shock,
 When all your everlasting mountains rock
 Upon their deep foundations.

And Greece,—the golden clime of light and song,
 Where infant genius first awoke
 To arts and arms and godlike story,—
 Wept for her fallen sons in bondage long:
 She weeps no more;—Those sons have broke
 Their fetters,—spurn the slavish yoke,
 And emulate their fathers' glory.
 The Crescent wanes before the car
 Of liberty's ascending Star,
 And Freedom's banners wave upon
 The ruins of the Parthenon.
 The clash of arms rings in the air,
 As erst it rung at Marathon;—
 Let songs of triumph echo there!
 Be free! ye Greeks, or, failing, die
 In the last trench of liberty.

Ye hail the name of Washington; pursue
 The path of glory he has mark'd for you.
 But should your recreant limbs submit once more
 To hug the soil your fathers ruled before
 Like gods on earth,—if o'er their hallow'd graves
 Again their craven sons shall creep as slaves,
 When shall another Byron sing and bleed
 For you!—oh, when for you another Webster plead!

Ye christian kings and potentates,
 Whose sacrilegious leagues have twined
 Oppression's links around your States,
 Say, do ye idly hope to bind
 The fearless heart and thinking mind?
 When ye can hush the tempest of the deep,
 Make the volcano in its cavern sleep,
 Or stop the hymning spheres, ye may control,
 With sceptred hand, the mighty march of soul.

But what are ye? and whence your power
 Above the prostrate world to tower,
 And lord it all alone?
 What god—what fiend—has e'er decreed,
 That one shall reign, while millions bleed

To prop the tyrant's throne ?
 Gaze on the ocean, ye would sway :—
 If from its tranquil breast, the day
 Shine out in beams as bright and fair
 As if the heavens were resting there,
 Ye, in its mirror surface, may
 See that ye are but men ;
 But should the angry storm-winds pour
 Its chainless surges to the shore,
 Like Canute, ye may then
 A fearful lesson learn, ye ne'er would know,—
 The weakness of a tyrant's power,—how low
 His pride is brought, when, like that troubled sea,
 Men rise in chainless might, determined to be free.

And they will rise who lowly kneel,
 Crush'd by oppression's iron heel,
 They yet will rise,—in such a change as sweeps
 The face of nature, when the lightning leaps
 From the dark cloud of night,
 While heaven's eternal pillars reel afar,
 As o'er them rolls the Thunderer's flaming car,—
 And in the majesty and might
 That freedom gives, my country, follow thee,
 In thy career of strength and glorious liberty.

Immortal Washington ! to thee they pour
 A grateful tribute on thy natal hour,
 Who strike the lyre to liberty, and twine
 Wreathes for her triumphs,—for they all are thine,
 Woo'd by thy virtues to the haunts of men,
 From mountain precipice and rugged glen,
 She bade thee vindicate the rights of man,
 And in her peerless march, 't was thine to lead the van.

Though no imperial Mausoleum rise,
 To point the stranger where the hero lies,
 He sleeps in glory. To his humble tomb,—
 The shrine of freedom,—pious pilgrims come,
 To pay the heart-felt homage, and to share
 The sacred influence that reposes there.
 Say, ye blest spirits of the good and brave,
 Were tears of holier feeling ever shed
 On the proud marble of the regal dead,
 Than gush'd at Vernon's rude and lonely grave,
 When from your starry thrones, ye saw the Son
 He loved and honor'd, weep for Washington !

As fade the rainbow hues of day,
 Earth's gorgeous pageants pass away :
 Its temples, arches, monuments, must fall ;
 For Time's oblivious hand is on them all.

The proudest kings will end their toil,
 To slumber with the humble dead,—
 Earth's conquerors mingle with the soil,
 That groan'd beneath their iron tread,
 And all the trophies of their power and guilt,
 Sink to oblivion with the blood they spilt.
 But still the everlasting voice of fame
 Shall swell, in anthems to the Patriot's name,
 Who toil'd—who lived—to bless mankind, and hurl'd
 Oppression from the throne,
 Where long she sway'd, remorseless and alone,
 Her scorpion sceptre o'er a shrinking world.
 And though no sculptured marble guards his dust,
 Nor mouldering urn receives the hallow'd trust,
 For him a prouder mausoleum towers,
 That Time but strengthens with his storms and showers,—
 The land he saved, the empire of *the Free*,—
 Thy broad and steadfast throne, TRIUMPHANT LIBERTY!

ADDRESS TO THE MERMAID.*

What have we here? a man or a fish? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell!—A strange fish!—I shall laugh myself to death at this PUFFY-HEADED monster—a most scurvy monster! SHAKSPEARE.

ART thou indeed, what thou would'st seem to be,
 Imprison'd in that curious box of thine,
 A veritable daughter of the sea,
 Like Aphrodité born in foam and brine?
 Though, I must say, were *such* the queen of Love,
 I marvel greatly at the taste of Jove.

But thou, perhaps, some ages since, wast fair,
 The envy of all mermaids far around;
 Then that bald pate of thine with azure hair,
 That undulated with the waves, was crown'd;
 Thou art, howe'er, a mermaid's mummy now,
 And with a wig should'st hide that wrinkled brow.

Hast thou e'er sported in the coral bowers,
 That deep beneath the Indian waters grow,

*Exhibited in this country some years since.

Where gems bud forth, and wave the sea-green flowers,
 With graceful motion, as the currents flow?—
 For there the tempests have no power, that sweep
 With madness o'er the surface of the deep.

Perchance 't was thy delight, in former times,
 To rest by moon-light on the ocean-rocks,
 And to the hum of waters chant thy rhymes,
 Or with those fingers curl thy humid locks;
 Then wo to any luckless bark for aye,
 Whose pilot listen'd to thy treacherous lay.

Is it not glorious to behold the gems,
 That shine like stars in ocean's crystal caves?—
 The groves, where emeralds bud on amber stems,
 Moving harmonious with the rocking waves?—
 And all the gorgeous mysteries, that sleep
 Beneath the endless waters of the deep?

There, we may guess, the Nereids delight
 To build their garnish'd grottoes, fair to see,
 With domes of living diamonds, that as bright
 Shine out, as suns in the immensity
 Of heaven, while all their ruby pavements blush,
 As through their clefts the shouting waters rush

There shells of pleasant forms and nameless hues
 To alabaster columns cling; and there
 Such flowers spring up, as never drank the dews,
 Nor breathed the freshness of the upper air;
 But fairer, lovelier far, their tints that glow
 On the pure sand, like rainbow hues on snow.

And mighty Argosies, that moved in pride,
 Like living things, along the troubled deep,
 Lie many a fathom now beneath the tide;
 And gallant chiefs, and fearless sailors sleep,
 In kingly state, on beds of pearl and gold,
 Who for a biscuit had their birthrights sold.

Oh! could'st thou tell,—if thou indeed hast seen,
 “For in those eyes there is no speculation,”—
 The wonders hid beneath the ocean green,
 T' would mad the knowing ones with admiration,
 And many a learned bachelor would swear
 That thou, *in spite of all thy teeth*, art fair!

But why should I ask questions of a thing,
 That hears not, sees not, knows not,—only grins?
 And grin you may, so long as *quarters* ring,
 For, says the adage, “let him laugh that wins !
 Being a siren, well may you entice
 The unwary once,—you cannot cheat me twice.

Would I possess'd a charm to ope the cell
 Of glass, when thou art fasten'd like a reel
 Within a bottle: I could never tell
How this got in; but could my fingers feel
 That scaly skin of thine, there 's “a shrewd doubt”
 'T would be no puzzle *why* you 'll not come out.

But go in peace, thou thing of “shreds and patches”—
 Go not, howe'er, where Doctor Mitchill is;
 For he will mangle thee, if he but catches
 A glimpse of thy uncouth and monkey phiz,
 And then will swear, in spite of thy long tail,
 Thou art no more a fish than was his whale!

GRENVILLE MELLEN,

Son of the Hon. Prentiss Mellen, of Portland, Maine, was graduated at Harvard in 1818. He is now a lawyer, and resides at North Yarmouth in his native state. He is well known in the literary world by his various productions in prose and verse. As a poet, he sustains a high reputation. “Our Chronicle of '26,” published in Boston, in 1827, is his largest work in poetry, though it is less popular than many of his smaller pieces. He is a writer of fertile imagination, and is peculiarly happy in the expression of tender and delicate sentiment. His writings manifest that he possesses learning as well as genuine talent, and were he to take a higher aim and form more exalted notions of his art, we venture to assure him that he might win a permanent fame.

DREAM OF THE SEA.

I DREAMT that I went down into the sea
 Unpain'd amid the waters—and a world
 Of splended wrecks, formless and numberless,
 Broke on my vision. It did seem the skies
 Were o'er me pure as fancy—yet waves
 Did rattle round my head, and fill mine ears
 Like the measureless roar of the far fight
 When battle has set up her trumpet shout!
 I seem'd to breathe the air; and yet the sea
 Kept dallying with my life as I sunk down.
 'T was in the fitful fashion of a dream—
 Water and air—walking, and yet no earth.
 The deep seem'd bare and dry—and yet I went
 With a rude dashing round my reeking face,
 Until my outstretched and trembling feet
 Stood still upon a bed of glittering pearls!
 The hot sun was right over me, at noon—
 Sudden it wither'd up the ocean—till
 I seem'd amidst a waste of shapeless clay.
 A thousand bones were whitening in his rays,
 Mass upon mass,—confused and without end.
 I walk'd on the parch'd wilderness, and saw
 The hopeless beauty of a lifeless world!
 Wealth that once made some poor vain heart grow light
 And leap with it into the flood, was there
 Clutch'd in the last mad agony. And gold,
 That makes of life a happiness and curse—
 That vaunts on earth its brilliancy, lay here—
 An outcast tyrant in his loneliness—
 Beggar'd by jewels that ne'er shone through blood
 Upon the brow of kings! Here there were all
 The bright beginnings and the costly ends,
 Which envied man enjoys and expiates,—
 Splendor, and death—silence, and human hopes—
 Gems, and smooth bones—life's pageantry! the cross
 That thought to save some wretch in his late need
 Hugg'd in its last idolatry—all, all
 Lay here in deathly brotherhood—no breath—
 No sympathy—no sound—no motion—and no hope!
 I stood and listen'd,—
 The eternal flood rush'd to its desolate grave!
 And I could hear above me all the waves
 Go bellowing to their bounds! Still I strode on,

Journeying amid the brightest of earth's things
 Where yet was never life, nor hope, nor joy !
 My eye could not but look, and my ear hear ;
 For now strange sights, and beautiful, and rare,
 Seem'd order'd from the deep through the rich prism
 Above me—and sounds undulated through
 The surges, till my soul grew mad with visions !
 Beneath the canopy of waters I could see
 Palaces and cities crumbled—and the ships
 Sunk in the engorging whirlpool, while the laugh
 Of revelry went wild along their decks, and ere
 The oath was strangled in their swollen throats ;—
 For there they lay, just hurried to one grave
 With horrible contortions and fix'd eyes
 Waving among the cannon, as the surge
 Would slowly lift them—and their streaming hair
 Twining around the blades that were their pride.

And there were two lock'd in each other's arms,
 And they were lovers !

Oh God, how beautiful ! cheek to cheek
 And heart to heart upon that splendid deep,
 A bridal bed of pearls !—a burial
 Worthy of two so young and innocent.
 And they did seem to lie there, like two gems
 The fairest in the halls of ocean—both
 Sepulchred in love—a tearless death—one look,
 One wish, one smile, one mantle for their shroud,
 One hope, one kiss—and that not yet quite cold !
 How beautiful to die in such fidelity !
 E'er yet the curse has ripen'd, or the heart
 Begins to hope for death as for a joy,
 And feels its streams grow thicker, till they cloy
 With wishes that have sicken'd and grown old.
 I saw their cheeks were pure and passionless,
 And all their love had pass'd into a smile,
 And in that smile they died !

Sudden a battle roll'd above my head,
 And there came down a flash into the deep
 Illumining its dim chambers—and it pass'd ;
 The waters shudder'd—and a thousand sounds
 Sung hellish echoes through the cavern'd waste.
 The blast was screaming on the upper wave,
 And as I look'd above me I could see
 The ships go booming through the murky storm,
 Sails rent—masts staggering—and a spectre crew,—
 Blood mingled with the foam bathing their bows,—

And I could hear their shrieks as they went on
Crying of murder to their bloody foes!

A form shot downward close at my feet ;
His hand still grasp'd the steel—and his red eye
Was full of curses even in his death ;—
For he had been flung into the abyss
By fellow men before his heart was cold!

Again I stood beside the lovely pair ;—
The storm and conflict were as they 'd not been.
I stood and shriek'd and laugh'd, and yet no voice,
That I could hear, came in my madness ;
It hardly seem'd that they were dead—so calm,
So beautiful ! the sea-stars round them shone,
Like emblems of their souls so cold and pure !
The bending grass wept silent over them,
'Truer than any friend on earth—their tomb
The jewelry of the ocean, and their dirge
The everlasting music of its roar.

I seem'd to stand wretched in dreamy thought,
Cursing the constancy of human hearts
And vanity of human hopes—and felt
As I have felt on earth in my sick hours ;—
How thankless was this legacy of breath
To those who knew the wo of a scathed brain !
Oh ocean—ocean ! if thou coverest up
The ruins of a proud and broken soul,
And givest such peace and solitude as this,
Thy depths are heaven to man's ingratitude

I seem'd to struggle in an agony ;
My streaming tears gush'd out to meet the wave ;
I woke in terror, and the beaded sweat
Coursed down my temples like a very rain,
As though I had just issued from the sea !

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

MOUNT of the clouds ; on whose Olympian height
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air,
And spirits from the skies come down at night,
To chant immortal songs to Freedom there !
Thine is the rock of other regions ; where
The world of life which blooms so far below

Sweeps a wide waste : no gladdening scenes appear,
 Save where with silvery flash the waters flow
 Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,
 Or eddying wildly round thy cliffs are borne;
 When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws
 His billowy mist amid the thunder's home !
 Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,
 And bow the forest as they sweep along ;
 While roaring deeply from their rocky womb
 The storms come forth—and hurrying darkly on,
 Amid the echoing peaks the revelry prolong !

And when the tumult of the air is fled,
 And quench'd in silence all the tempest flame,
 There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,
 Around the steep which bears the hero's name.
 The stars look down upon them—and the same
 Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave,
 Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,
 And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave—
 The richest, purest tear, that memory ever gave !

Mount of the clouds ! when winter round thee throws
 The hoary mantle of the dying year,
 Sublime amid the canopy of snows,
 Thy towers in bright magnificence appear !
 'T is then we view thee with a chilling fear,
 Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue ;
 When lo ! in soften'd grandeur, far, yet clear,
 Thy battlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue,
 To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded view !

THE AIR VOYAGE.

A VISION.

YE have heard of spirits that sail the air,
 Like birds that float over the mountains bare—
 Uphorne with pinions of beauty on,
 When the farewell light of day is gone,
 And they gladly soar to the blue away,

As to catch the star's young travelling ray
 Till the arch of night,
 Is tremblingly bright,
 As if meteors shot on their upward flight.

Ye have heard of spirits that sail away
 To realms that glitter with endless day—
 Where the clouds scarce lift their giant forms
 In their far, dim march to the land of storms ;
 Where the ocean of ether heaves around,
 And silence and dew alone are found !

Where life is still,
 By a boundless will,
 As a sabbath around some echoless hill !

Methought I was borne through the measureless fields,
 Where the silver moon and the comet wheels.
 With a glorious thrilling of joy I went,
 And a tide of life through my heart was sent,
 As though a new fountain had burst control,
 And bade its streams o'er my pulses roll ;

And a shallop frail,
 With a shadowy sail,
 Hurried me on with the singing gale.

It went through my brain, this deep delight,
 With a kindling sense of sound and sight ;
 And it seem'd, as I rose, that the far blue air
 Caught a hue of glory more richly rare,
 Than was ever reveal'd to earthly eyes—
 The cold, cold lustre of uppermost skies !

And still my bark went
 Through the firmament,
 As a thing to the walls of the universe sent.

When the sun roll'd up from the burning sea,
 Like a car of flame from immensity,
 I felt his beams quiver along my frame,
 When first o'er the clouds and stars they came ;
 And the light-dropping orbs I had slumber'd among,
 Their dim, dewy eyes o'er creation hung.

As each beautiful ray
 Sunk sadly away,
 To the inner home of the high blue day !

Then I sailed far off to the thundering clouds,
 That loomed on the air like spirits in shrouds,
 My vessel, sunk on their fleecy pillow,
 Seem'd a shadowy bark on a dreamy billow ;
 And I floated through seas of vision'd things,
 Where the waking breezes point their wings,
 While far below,
 'Mid the lightning's glow,
 I heard the dull sounds of the tempest go.

Then storm-clouds crossed my glowing track,
 And launch'd me on through the hurrying rack,
 Till a new creation seem'd to rise
 In beauty all over the opening skies ;
 And the spirits that pass'd on the wings of night,
 As they took their farewell feathery flight,
 Pour'd melody out,
 Like the far-off shout
 Of music that dies on its airy route !

CHARLES J. LOCKE,

Of Boston, formerly editor of the Boston Spectator.

A DREAM OF THE OCEAN.

A MERMAID uprose in a golden dream,
 And cried, "come, follow me"—
 We glided away, on a swift moon-beam
 To the brightest cave of the sea.

'T was the festal hall of the waves, and there
 Bright gems were cluster'd round ;
 And glowing shells in the liquid air
 Made melody of sound.

I danced with the spirits o'er diamond sands
 And quaff'd of happiness ;

And wore a robe which their fairy hands
Had twined of light and bliss.

I linger'd in ecstasy 'mid the grove
Of corals glancing bright,
And heard the pure song of the Mermaid's love
For a star in fields of light.

The water-sprites gather'd around to hear
The song that seem'd to wail
With the harmony soft, of the shell-tones clear,
And the surface-sighing gale.

"Oh! come" sung the mermaid, "thou beauteous star,
Come o'er the distant sea;
The bright moon has vanish'd and sail'd afar,
And thou may'st come to me.

Oh! I have watch'd on the cold, cold rock,
And rode the ocean foam,
And laugh'd at the lightning and thunder-shock
As they crush'd my sparry home;

And have wish'd I could catch on the lightning-lance
And guide it back to thee,
For the moon-beam wearies and falls askance
Far e'er it gains thy sea.

I built me a grotto of tinted shells
All glean'd from ocean's shores,
And sat there uttering fondest spells
'Mid howling tempest's roars;

And I hoped thou would'st come—but I hope not now,
For coldly thou didst smile,
And I gather'd some nightshade to bind my brow,
And my heart was sad the while.

Yet I love, pretty star, on the rock to sing
And twine in wreaths thy gleam"—
The moon sank down, the dark spread his wing,
And I woke from this lovely dream.

THE HARP OF THE BATTLE.

STRIKE the harp! strike the harp! let the soft-toned lute
 Be still in these halls tonight;
 Its mellowing cadence shall now be mute;—
 And cease to breathe on that silvery flute;—
 It gives me no more delight;
 For my soul is mad with ambition and care,
 And I cannot list to a plaintive air.

Strike the harp! strike the harp! let its swelling tones
 Rise full on the midnight damp;
 Strike the rage of the battle, the dying moans,
 That mingle so wild with the frighten'd groans
 And shrieks of a slaughtering camp,
 And sound me the guns and the clash of arms
 And all the fierce horrors of war's alarms.

I hear it—I see it—the warriors in strife
 Are thick in the struggling fight;
 And madly they rush to the field where life
 Is thrown to the wind, but where glory is rife
 On its smoke and its bloody light.
 And he with the white plume is snatching the wreath
 From the blackening brow of his foe in death.

See, he flies to the onset; again and again;—
 Hark! his shout o'er the fallen foe,
 Oh! God, he has shouted, and fought in vain,
 For, stretch'd by a mightier hand on the plain
 He lies in his life-blood low;—
 His friends quail around him—“ye dastards fly not,
 But give me the brand that his hand has forgot.”

“Fly not, ye base cowards, come quick to the fight,”
 They turn to the battle again.
 “Now strike home for vengeance—spare not in your might
 The faithless invaders”—they're routed in flight—
 The red earth is strown with the slain—
 List, list to the shrieking—'t is fainter—all 's o'er—
 The harp-tone hath ceased and the battle 's no more

THE QUEEN OF THE MIST.

BEAUTIFUL Spirit! that glidest away,
 Light o'er the mountain, I pray thee stay!
 Stay but a moment, for I would know,
 Whence thou hast come, and whither dost go!
 Beautiful Spirit! bound by my spell!

Oh! tell, oh! tell,
 Murmuring echo, too, bids thee tell.

Why didst thou sail o'er the calm blue lake
 All the dark night, and at morning take
 Gently thy shadowy robes and fly
 Softly away to the glowing sky?—
 Sometimes I fancy thee bride of the Sun;
 The Sun, the Sun,
 Yes, echo calls thee the bride of the Sun.

Flowerets are weeping, because thou art cold,
 While in thy presence they sweetly fold
 Closer their beauties, so blooming bright,
 Striving to keep thee, thou child of light:—
 When thou art vanish'd they dry their tears,
 Their tears, their tears,
 Echo repeats it, they dry their tears.

Oh! for a bride that would haste to me,
 Lovely as thou art—in ecstasy—
 Melting away in each fond embrace.—
 Now thou hast vanish'd, nor left a trace,
 Faintly to answer my broken spell;—
 Farewell, farewell,
 Murmuring echo, now bids farewell.

 FREDERIC MELLEN,

OF Portland, is a brother of Grenville Mellen, who is noticed in the preceding pages. The following pieces are all which we have at hand from his pen.

 SABBATH EVENING.

LIST! there is music in the air:
 It is the sabbath evening bell,

Chiming the vesper hour of prayer,
 O'er the mountain top and lowland dell.
 And infancy and age are seen,
 Slow winding o'er the church-yard green.

It is the eve of rest ; the light
 Still lingers on the moss-grown tower,
 While to the drowsy ear of night,
 Slowly it marks the evening hour.
 'T is hush'd ! and all is silent there,
 Save the low, fervent voice of prayer.

And now far down the quiet vale,
 Sweet hymnings on the air float by ;
 Hushing the whip-poor-will's sad wail
 With its own plaintive melody.
 They breathe of peace, like the sweet strains
 That swept at night o'er Bethlehem's plains.

And heads are bow'd, as the low hymn
 Steals through that gray and time-worn pile ;
 And the altar lights burn faint and dim,
 In the long and moss-grown aisle.
 And the distant foot-fall echoes loud,
 Above that hush'd and kneeling crowd.

And now beneath the old elm's shade,
 Where the cold moon-beams may not smile ;
 Bright flowers upon the graves are laid,
 And sad tears shed unseen the while.
 The last sweet gift affection brings,
 To deck the earth to which it clings.

How beautiful those simple flowers
 Strown o'er that silent spot still sleep ;
 Still wet with summer's gentle showers,
 As if they too could feel and weep !
 They fade and die ; the wintry wind
 Shall leave no trace of them behind !

The bright new moon hath set : the light
 Is fading on the far blue hills ;
 And on the passing breeze of night,
 The music of their thousand rills
 Comes echoing through the twilight gray,
 With the lone watch-dog's distant bay.

The crowd hath pass'd away ; the prayer
 And low breathed evening hymn are gone ;
 The cold mist only lingers there,
 O'er the dark moss and mouldering stone.
 And the stars shine brightly o'er the glen,
 Where rest the quiet homes of men.

THE HERDSMAN'S GRAVE.

HE sleeps beneath the larch tree's shade ;
 And kindly hands his cairn have made
 Far up among the sunny hills,
 Beside his own pure mountain rills ;
 Whose music, when the summer day
 From the deep glens had pass'd away,
 And from the far down village tower
 The bell toll'd out the evening hour,
 Would murmur round his moss-wreathed bed,
 Its simple requiem o'er the dead.

It is a lonely grave—and here,
 When the still summer eve draws near,
 The eagle folds his dusky wing,
 To list the storm's deep muttering
 Far down among the mountain vales ;
 While o'er that verdant spot, the gales
 Of evening stir the dark old pines ;
 And o'er the cloud's embattled lines,
 The sun pours forth his last bright smile,
 As if to bless that mouldering pile.

Long years have sped upon their flight,
 And many a dark and weary night,
 The cold rain-drops, with sullen dash,
 Have swept the larch and mountain ash,
 Since the first flow'rets bloom'd around,
 The margin of that little mound.

It was a summer day—the bells,
 From the deep mountain gorge and dells,
 Were chiming on the morning breeze ;
 And 'neath the dark o'erhanging trees,
 The muleteer sung on his way
 Chanting his blithesome roundelay.

No tears were shed—no mutter'd prayer
 Stole upward through the stilly air;
 No flowers were strown—the mountain stream
 Murmur'd his only requiem!

But when his native hills are bright
 In the calm smile of summer's light;
 And all the lowland woods are green,
 By that lone grave sweet flowers are seen;
 And travellers pause upon their way,
 To list the birds' sad minstrelsy
 From that old larch, and breathe a prayer,
 For him who rests in silence there.

WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY,

A NATIVE of Exeter, New Hampshire, was graduated at Cambridge, in 1816. He is now settled in the ministry at Springfield, in Massachusetts. His poems, which have appeared anonymously in various periodicals, show superior talent and good taste.

HYMN OF NATURE.

God of the earth's extended plains!
 The dark green fields contented lie:
 The mountains rise like holy towers,
 Where man might commune with the sky:
 The tall cliff challenges the storm
 That lowers upon the vale below,
 Where shaded fountains send their streams,
 With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
 The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
 Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
 Hath summon'd up their thundering bands;
 Then the white sails are dash'd like foam,
 Or hurry trembling, o'er the seas,

Till calm'd by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, "Depart in peace."

God of the forest's solemn shade !
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee ;
But more majestic far they stand,
When side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air !
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow ;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild-whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathes forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky !
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's wings ;
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above !
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! thy hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return !
Her crumbling altars must decay !
Her incense fires shall cease to burn !
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow ;

For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

And this is death ! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears !
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.
The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red ;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never look'd so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parents' eyes
In gazing thus grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn ;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn ? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain ;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard sod,
'T was made to gild an angel's bower
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly,

I see thee like a new-born star
 Move up thy pathway in the sky :
 The star hath rays serene and bright,
 But cold and pale compared with thine ;
 For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
 With beams unfailing and divine.

Then let the burthen'd heart be free,
 The tears of sorrow all be shed,
 And parents calmly bend to see
 The mournful beauty of the dead ;
 Thrice happy—that their infant bears
 To heaven no darkening stains of sin ;
 And only breathed life's morning airs
 Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget!
 Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
 My memory warmly treasures yet
 Thy features calm and mildly sweet ;
 But no, that look is not the last,
 We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
 Where love no more deploras the past,
 Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

T. W. STONE.

THE following is the only specimen we have seen of the writings of this author.

THE BAY OF NAPLES.

SEE how the peaceful ripple breaks
 In calmness on the verdant shore,
 While zephyr, gently breathing, wakes
 The slumbering spirit of each flower,
 Which glows in beauteous brilliancy,
 Along the margin of the tide,

And oft arrests the wandering eye,
As o'er the waves we gently glide.

Let us unfold the swelling sail,
Beneath the silent, silvery moon ;
And catch the softly murmuring gale,
Which breathes in midnight's solemn noon.
And thou, my friend, shalt guide us now
Along the bosom of the bay,
While seated on the lofty prow,
We mark the ripple, that our way
Leaves on the waters, like the streak
Of morning, on an Alpine height,
When Sol's first radiant daybeams break,
In all the glow of infant light.

What sounds resound along the shores !
What echoes wake from off the seas !
While music from Italian bowers
Comes mingled with the evening breeze ;
The careless sailor floats along,
Slow wafted by the ebbing flood,
And swells the chorus of the song,
Which joyous peals from hill and wood.
And laughing bands of youth are there,
Who deftly dance to lightest measure,
And sea, and shore, and earth, and air,
Resound to mellow notes of pleasure.

But, ah ! 't is past ; a deeper brown
Has tinged the foliage of the wood,
Vesuvius' mighty shadows frown
Majestically o'er the flood ;
The moon has set, and shadowy sleep
Now holds dominion o'er mankind,
Binding in slumber's vision deep,
The force of thought and power of mind.

In shadowy grandeur, now appears
The genius of the olden time,
And marks the ravages of years
In her once highly favor'd clime ;
Sad on the ruins of the past
Dark melancholy broods alone ;

Marking the wreck of temples vast,
The ruin'd shrine and altar stone.

Fair land! where oft, in days of yore,
The hymns of liberty were sung;
Thy boasted empire's now no more,
Thy lyre of freedom all unstrung.
But, still the spirit loves to tread
Where sleep the great of ages ended,
For, musing on thy mighty dead,
They seem with all thy scenery blended.
They seem to whisper in thy trees,
They seem to flit along thy mountains,
They seem to float in evening's breeze,
They seem to haunt thy limpid fountains.

I. M'LELLAN,

OF Boston; he was graduated at Bowdoin College, in 1826, and is now a student at law. His poetry has appeared in various periodicals.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

THIS grassy hillock, with its rustic urn,
And its light hedge of snowy roses, train'd
By some sweet hand, is the abiding place
Of one most beautiful. A sweeter child
Than this frail tenant of the churchyard cell,
You would not meet through all the village round.
She perish'd in the heyday of her life,
Ere yet the frosts of trouble or of care
Had chill'd the gentle freshness of her youth.
She was of all the rural feasts the queen—
The merriest when the dance wheel'd round the tree
At summer eventide, or when it swept
The hearth-stone of the jocund husbandman,
In winter's chilly and tempestuous night.
Oh! there is not a happy bird that fills
The open valley with her sylvan song,
When night is darkening all the golden woods,

That might surpass the compass of her voice
 In its deep, delicate richness! In the grave
 She sleepeth now, where everything is mute!
 Long shall the poor man, and the aged dame,
 And orphan child, remember her sweet smile
 And her benignant acts; for well she loved
 To minister unto the broken heart,
 And help the poor blind beggar on his way,
 And succor him with travel sore athirst,
 And shelter, from the rain and wintry hail,
 The man that had not where to lay his head;
 And ever there the grateful traveller bless'd
 That sweet, young face, that smiled his gloom away,
 And woke the song of gladness in his heart.
 And here her lover rests!

Beneath yon ridge,
 Whereon the weeds grow rank, is hid the dust,
 The plume, the bloody sword, the spur, and scarf
 Of one who fought for fame, and found it not,
 He was a wild and reckless, wayward boy,
 The leader of the noisy village troop
 In all their careless sports—one stout of heart
 And strong of hand, and foremost in the rush
 Of boyish battle. Yet his fiery soul
 Would melt when Sorrow told her wretched tale,
 Or Pain the gloomy history of her grief,
 Or Age her melancholy words.

The youth

Had pledged his honest love to that meek girl,
 And in the innocent fondness of her heart,
 She bless'd him with her love.

But time wore on,

And he had heard the savage trump of war
 Sound in the peaceful vale, and heard the tramp
 And neighing of the charger, and the clang
 Of martial arms, and shouts of armed men,
 And saw the gairish flag of battle float
 Beside the cottage of his infancy.
 He clothed him in the garb of strife, and placed
 His sword upon his thigh, and search'd for fame
 "E'en at the cannon's mouth."

And he came back

A bruised, and sick, and broken-hearted man,
 To linger out his few sad days on earth
 And die, and be at rest;—and by his side
 They placed that bruised reed that leant on him.
 "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

J. B. VAN SCHAICK,

A NATIVE of Albany, where he now resides. He was educated at Union College, Schenectady. He is known as a writer chiefly by some contributions to *The Token* for 1829, which are executed with much grace and refinement of taste.

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON TO STAND
STILL.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers
Flash'd the red sunbeams gloriously back,
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery seem'd
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook
By the rude armor on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp without the walls
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gather'd around their kings, and "Joshua!
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whisper'd low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare
And hands uplifted to the sky, he pray'd;—
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased—
And lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminish'd heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopp'd upon the dial's face;
The clouds and vapors that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them up,

Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand,
 Glancing o'er mountain tops, and shining down
 In broken masses on the astonish'd plains.
 The fever'd cattle group in wondering herds ;
 The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
 But find no darkness there, and wander forth
 On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest ;
 The parch'd, baked earth, undamp'd by usual dews,
 Has gaped and crack'd, and heat, dry, mid-day heat,
 Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.
 On with thy armies, Joshua ! The Lord
 God of Sabaoth is the avenger now !
 His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath
 Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,
 With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.
 The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky ;
 Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,
 Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.
 On ! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
 Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till
 Thy banners in returning triumph wave ;
 Then yonder orb shall set 'mid golden clouds,
 And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
 Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
 Shining, the rainbow banner of the skies.

JOHN W. WHITMAN,

OF Boston. He was the editor of *The Bachelor's Journal*.
 He is now a lawyer.

THE JERSEY PRISON SHIP.

THEY died—the young—the loved, the brave,
 The death barge came for them.
 And where the seas yon crag rocks lave
 Their nightly requiem,
 They buried them all, and threw the sand
 Unhallow'dly o'er that patriot band.

The black ship, like a demon sate,
 Upon the prowling deep ;
 From her, came fearful sounds of hate,
 Till pain still'd all in sleep—
 It was the sleep that victims take,
 Tied, tortured, dying, at the stake.

Yet some, the deep has now updug,
 Their bones are in the sun ;
 And whether by sword, or deadly drug,
 They died—yes—one by one.
 Was it not strange to mortal eye,
 To see them all so strangely die ?

No death upon the field was theirs,
 No war-peal o'er their graves,
 They who were born as Freedom's heirs,
 Were stabb'd like traitor slaves.
 Their patriot hearts were doom'd to feel
 Dishonor—with the victor's steel.

* * * *

There come upon the stilly eve,
 Wild songs from yon wild shore ;
 And then the surges more wildly heave
 Their hoarse and growling roar,
 When dead men sing unearthly glees,
 And shout in laughing revelries.

The corpse-light shines, like some pale star,
 From out the dead men's cliff ;
 And the sea nymphs sail in their coral car,
 With those that are cold and stiff.
 And they sail near the spot of treachery, where
 The tide has left the dark ship bare.

Are they those ancient ones, who died
 For freedom, and for me ?
 They are—they point in martyr'd pride,
 To that spot upon the sea,
 From whence came once the dying yell,
 From out that wreck—that prison'd hell.

Hark ! hear their chant—it starts the hair
 It makes the blood turn cold ;

'T would make the tiger forsake his lair,
 The miser leave his gold.
 And see yon harper ! he doth try
 A dead man's note of melody.

CHANT.

Soundly sleep we in the day,
 And yet we trip it nightly,
 We sail with the nymphs around each bay,
 When the moon peers out most brightly.
 And we chase our foes to their distant graves,
 For they, like us, are sleeping ;
 But they dare not come o'er our bonny waves,
 For our nightly watch we 're keeping.
 Our spectres visit their foreign homes,
 And pluck right merrily
 Their bones which whiten within their tombs,
 And plant them here, aye, checrily,—
 For cheerily then we dance and sing,
 With our spectre band around them,
 And the curse and the laugh of scorn we fling,
 As we tell where our shadows found them.
 And then we go to the rotting wreck,
 Where we drank the cup of poison,
 We laugh and we quaff upon her deck,
 Till morn comes up the horizon.
 But skip ye, skip ye, beneath the cliff,
 For the sun comes up like a fiery skiff,
 Ploughing the waves of yon blue sky—
 Hie—laughing spectres, to your homes, haste—hie.

JOSEPH H. NICHOLS

Is a native of Connecticut, and now a resident of the city of New York. He received a degree at Yale College in 1825. He is the author of some descriptive poetry of much graphic truth and freshness.

BENNETT'S BRIDGE.*

THOU beautiful, romantic Dell !
 Thy banks of hemlock highlands swell,
 Like huge sea billows, o'er the isles
 Round which the branching river smiles.
 Look up ! how sombre and how vast
 The shadows those dark mountains cast,
 Making noon twilight ; or, look down
 The giddy depths, so steep and brown,
 Where claret waters foam and play
 A tinkling tune, then dance away.

Oft, with my oak leaf basket green,
 On summer holidays serene,
 Along your hill-sides have I stray'd,
 And, on the ground, all scarlet made,
 Pick'd in full stems, as low I kneel'd,
 Strawberries, rubies of the field,
 Coming late home ; or, in the flood,
 Cool'd the warm current of my blood ;
 While swam the house-dog after me,
 With long red tongue lapt out in glee.

'T is glorious, here, at breaking day,
 To watch the orient clouds of gray
 Blush crimson, as the yellow sun
 Walks up to take his purple throne,
 And melts to snowy mists the dew
 That kiss'd, all night, each blossom's hue,
 Till, like a tumbling ocean spread,
 They hide low vale and tall cliff's head,
 And many a tree's fantastic form
 Looks like some toss'd ship in a storm.

How still the scene ! yet, here war's hum
 Once echoed wildly from the drum,
 When waved the lily flower's gay bloom
 O'er glittering troops with sword and plume,
 Who, on the clover meadows round,
 Their white tents pitch'd, while music's sound,
 From horn and cymbal, play'd some strain

* This is a wild and picturesque pass of the Housatonic, about twenty miles from its mouth, near the pleasant village of Newtown, Connecticut.

That oft had charm'd the banks of Seine,
 And village girls came down to dance,
 At evening with the youths of France.

Fair was the hour, secluded Dell!
 When last I taugth my listening shell
 Sweet notes of thee. The bright moon shone,
 As, on the shore, I mused alone,
 And frosted rocks, and streams, and tree,
 With rays that beam'd, like eyes, on me.
 A silver robe the mountains hung,
 A silver song the waters sung,
 And many a pine was heard to quiver,
 Along my own blue flowing river.

THE FALLS OF THE HOUSATONICK.

Wild cataract of woods! how bright
 Thy sheet of liquid silver gleams,
 Through the green cedars, on my sight,
 Like a tall angel's spear in dreams.
 And see the snowy wreath of spray,
 Meet for a spotless virgin's shroud,
 Curl up the clear blue vault away
 To form the future tempest-cloud.

Through mountain shores, with red and gold
 Leaves, at this autumn hour, array'd,
 Winds the swift river, dark and bold,
 O'er rocks in many a white cascade.
 Till sweeping past, 'mid froth and surge,
 The alder islets strown around,
 To where the willows kiss thy verge,
 Thou dashest off at one wild bound!

Here, as we gaze—I and my friend,
 Two youths with roses on our cheeks,
 'Tis sweet, but awful, thus to bend
 Over the wonder, as it speaks
 Like a young earthquake, and to feel
 A nameless grandeur swell the soul
 With joy that makes the senses reel,
 Half-wishing in the flood to roll!

Yes, thou art fair, and fain would I,
 Were mine no love, no kindred true,
 Alone here live, alone here die,
 Were I but worthy too for you,
 For oh! were mortals half so fair
 And beautiful as their abodes,
 Woman a cherub's face would wear,
 And man—the majesty of gods.

Each morning sun a rainbow builds
 Of pink, across thy daimond foam,
 That every tossing billow gilds
 With pearls, to deck its ocean home.
 Too soon it fades, unseen by all,
 Save the rude woodman of the hill,
 Or, when for water to the fall,
 Trips the glad damsel of the mill.

Methinks, at winter's dazzling night,
 Thine were a lovelier scene than now,
 For then the very air is white
 With the pure stars and purer snow.
 And trees, like crystal chandeliers,
 In nature's blue cathedral arch,
 Light by the moon their gems of tears,
 Where, like a queen bride, thou dost march.

And, oft, with a peculiar awe,
 Thou com'st the moss-green rocks to lash:
 When the soft vernal breezes thaw
 The long chain'd river, at one crash
 Of thunder, it breaks up and roars,
 Till echoing caverns wake from sleep,
 As at a mammoth's voice,—and pours
 An ice-piled deluge down thy steep.

Fall of the forest! on a wild
 Romantic pilgrimage I come
 To see thy face, for, from a child,
 My footsteps ever loved to roam
 Places untrod—yet, why hast thou,
 In sylvan beauty, roll'd so long,
 And not a poet's tongue, ere now,
 Has told his lyre thy praise in song.

JAMES O. ROCKWELL,

A NATIVE of Lebanon, Connecticut. He is a printer, and at present resides in Boston.

 TO THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

GRAVE of waters gone to rest!
 Jewel, dazzling all the main!
 Father of the silver crest!
 Wandering on the trackless plain,
 Sleeping 'mid the wavy roar,
 Sailing 'mid the angry storm,
 Ploughing ocean's oozy floor,
 Piling to the clouds thy form!

Wandering monument of rain,
 Prison'd by the sullen north!
 But to melt thy hated chain,
 Is it, that thou comest forth?
 Wend thee to the sunny south,
 To the glassy summer sea,
 And the breathings of her mouth
 Shall unchain and gladden thee!

Roamer in the hidden path,
 'Neath the green and clouded wave!
 Trampling, in thy reckless wrath,
 On the lost, but cherish'd brave;
 Parting love's death-link'd embrace—
 Crushing beauty's skeleton—
 Tell us what the hidden race
 With our mourned lost have done!

Floating Sleep! who in the sun
 Art an icy coronal;
 And, beneath the viewless dun,
 Throw'st o'er barks a wavy pall;
 Shining Death upon the sea!
 Wend thee to the southern main;
 Bend to God thy melting knee,
 Mingle with the wave again!

MILTON WARD.

THIS young writer published a volume of poetry at Hanover, New Hampshire, in 1826. Most of it was composed at the age of fifteen. The following is one of his earliest pieces.

THE LYRE.

THERE was a Lyre, 't is said, that hung
 High waving in the summer air ;
 An angel hand its chord had strung,
 And left to breathe its music there.
 Each wandering breeze, that o'er it flew,
 Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
 Than ever shell of Mermaid blew
 In coral grottoes of the main.
 When, springing from the rose's bell,
 Where all night he had sweetly slept,
 The zephyr left the flowery dell
 Bright with the tears, that morning wept,
 He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre,
 Waved lightly his soft azure wing ;
 What touch such music could inspire !
 What harp such lays of joy could sing !
 The murmurs of the shaded rills,
 The birds, that sweetly warbled by,
 And the soft echo from the hills,
 Were heard not where that harp was nigh.
 When the last light of fading day
 Along the bosom of the west,
 In colors softly mingled lay,
 While night had darken'd all the rest,
 Then, softer than that fading light,
 And sweeter than the lay, that rung
 Wild through the silence of the night,
 As solemn Philomela sung,
 That harp its plaintive murmurs sigh'd
 Along the dewy breeze of even ;
 So clear and soft they swell'd and died,
 They seem'd the echoed songs of heaven.
 Sometimes, when all the air was still,
 And not the poplar's foliage trembled,

That harp was nightly heard to thrill
 With tones, no earthly tones resembled.
 And then, upon the moon's pale beams,
 Unearthly forms were seen to stray,
 Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
 Would oft around the wild harp play.
 But soon the bloom of summer fled—
 In earth and air it shone no more ;
 Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,
 While skies their wintry sternness wore.
 One day, loud blew the northern blast—
 The tempest's fury ragèd along—
 Oh ! for some angel, as they pass'd,
 To shield the harp of heavenly song !
 It shriek'd—how could it bear the touch,
 The cold rude touch of such a storm,
 When e'en the zephyr seem'd too much
 Sometimes, though always light and warm.
 It loudly shriek'd—but ah ! in vain—
 The savage wind more fiercely blew ;
 Once more—it never shriek'd again,
 For every chord was torn in two.
 It never thrill'd with anguish more,
 Though beaten by the wildest blast ;
 The pang, that thus its bosom tore,
 Was dreadful—but it was the last.
 And though the smiles of summer play'd
 Gently upon its shatter'd form,
 And the light zephyrs o'er it stray'd,
 That lyre they could not wake or warm.

GEORGE LUNT

Is a native of Newburyport, and was graduated at Cambridge in 1824. He published in 1826 a volume entitled "The Grave of Byron and Other Poems." He has evidently high powers as a poet, which require only the development that study and a mature taste will afford, to be duly appreciated. He shows deep sentiment, reminding us occasionally of Percival.

THE GRAVE OF BYRON.

I KNEW young Julian well;—that gentle youth,
 Whose heart was as a maiden's;—by my side
 He grew together with me, and in truth
 His boyish sports were mine, whether we plied
 The evening smoothness of the summer tide,
 Or met the sunbeam on the mountain's brow;
 I loved him well;—alas, for me! he died,
 When the first Autumn winds began to blow
 Foliage whose bright tints mock'd the soft-hued sunset glow.

He was indeed a strange and dreamy boy,
 Wild as an Indian huntress, and as proud
 As his young country's eagles; and his joy
 Was even like theirs to listen to the loud
 Clang of the tempest or the rattling cloud;
 Yet loved all human kind, he was so mild:
 What here is writ he gave me ere he bow'd
 His head upon my bosom, as he smiled
 His lingering life away, most like a slumbering child.

Free as the untamed thunder-levin rolling
 Athwart the blackness of this drooping sky;—
 Free as the winds controll'd not, yet controlling,
 Free as the martyr's last prayer when to die
 Is glorious gain;—free as despair's deep sigh,
 Or as the waters when their chainless surge,
 Lash'd to wild wrath, speaks to the storm on high,
 Rise up, my soul, while proud hopes onward urge,
 And perish in the whelming tempest, or emerge

To high and perilous emprise;—throw off
 The bondage of all such as war with thought,
 And trample on the fool's unmeaning scoff;
 Why should'st thou bow to wealth, who art unbought?
 What carest thou for forms, who art untaught
 To smile when thou should'st frown?—thou wilt not sell
 The holy birthright of thy race for aught;—
 Rise, then, my slumbering spirit, rise and dwell
 Enshrined in quenchless thought, fearless of earth or hell.

The idols of my heart are fading fast,
 And my own fragile being will not long
 Endure the fatal memory of the past,

Still less the gathering ills of present wrong,
 And unforgetful sighs, a tireless throng,
 Which day by day sink deeper than before ;—
 Weak sighs, which still are mightier than the strong,
 Soon—soon—oh, when shall the vain strife be o'er,
 And I repose in peace, and ye torment no more ?

Yet will I hush this voice of weak lament ;—
 Yet will I conquer this unmanly grief ;—
 But the strong pain of passion first must vent
 Its throbbing woes in words for sad relief :
 'T is done,—my waning pilgrimage be brief,—
 Though young and dying, scarcely can I mourn ;—
 Time cannot bind my feelings' shatter'd sheaf,
 Nor bid the loved, the long, long lost return,—
 Then welcome be my journey towards the perilous bourne.

Methinks it scarcely matters when we tread
 The road which all must tread who have not trod,
 Though the dark journey be replete with dread ;—
 Firm by the mercy of a pitying God,
 And humbled at the chastening of his rod,
 How sweet, this aching heart and painful head
 Slumbering in peace beneath the grass-green sod,
 To join those ancient worthies who have fled,
 And meet the mightier spirits of the mighty dead !

With them and such as them I have conversed
 More than with men, and thus the fruit has been
 That they and their old mouldering tomes have nursed
 Feelings and thoughts and hopes which do not win
 Men's charity, though haply not of sin :
 For Roman, Grecian lore has been to me
 The mistress of my love ;—'mid cities' din
 I've loved all Rome while yet she was the free,
 And wander'd, lost in mists, through sage Philosophy.

Perchance it did not profit me ;—at least,
 I learnt that knowledge doth not always bring
 The fabled pleasures of the mental feast ;—
 That intellectual streams might own a spring
 Of bitter wave, whose sun-bright vapors fling
 An arch of promise o'er the cheating source,
 Lit by the ray of man's own hopes, which cling
 To all delusion with a desperate force,
 Till doubts and darkness soon obstruct their stumbling course.

Perchance my draught was shallow, and confused
 The brain it did not sober—let it pass:
 Even from my childhood upward I have used
 To search into my being—but alas!
 The scrutiny was fruitless;—that I was
 Wretched I knew—but why I could not tell,—
 Born but to perish as a blade of grass;—
 One fate awaited all, I saw full well,—
 Alike the sage and fool—the vile and virtuous fell.

For one grew ripe in honorable age,
 And others at his voice all lowly bow'd
 While he discoursed as from a pictured page
 Most eloquent music to a listening crowd,
 Who ever and anon fell shouting loud;—
 Till with a golden circlet (save this crown
 No other virtue had he,) terror-brow'd,
 Came one they call'd a king, and at his frown
 Blood from the old man's silvery locks went running down.

Another fell in manhood's ripen'd day,
 In the full flow of his warm bosom's tide;—
 His wasted strength like weakness pass'd away,
 And his heart's lingering streams of life were dried
 By the enduring shame of humbled pride,
 Or rankling poison left by passion's sting,
 Or foul disease ungorge'd, and gaping wide;—
 For each hath plumed his shaft from Horror's wing,
 And each ten thousand shapes of varying fate can bring.

And there was one who, by the kindling flush
 And happiness which beauty round her shed,
 Seem'd 'mid her pure hours, lit by that soft blush,
 Some stray grace tripping o'er a violet bed,
 In spring,—but ere the lingering aster fled,
 They laid her ringlets 'neath the early snow;—
 Men marvell'd that so fair a thing was dead,
 And when flowers blossom, blue-eyed maidens go,
 With memory's garland-gifts for her who sleeps below.

And dreamy boys in the rathe bloom of youth,
 Ere frozen years had bid them cease to lave
 Their glowing cheeks with tears of joy or ruth,
 Went down in silence to the marble grave,
 Scorch'd by the flame of passions which they crave;—
 Or else embarking all their hope upon

Some voyage of love ;—and on the fickle wave
Of that false sea perchance the worshipp'd one
Made shipwreck of their hopes, and so they were undone.

And some, dishearten'd at the world's cold frown
And chilly aspect of its frozen eye,
Weep like the clouds, until they seem to drown
The life of their young ears, and sigh on sigh
Exhausts their being's source, and so they lie
Down in the loveliness of innocent youth
And welcome the Deliverer, as they die
Smiling for joy ; yet do we feel, in sooth,
How wild the loss to us—how dark the frantic truth.

I know not if they sleep without the dreams
Which grim delusion wraps around the core
Of hearts which were not made to feel their streams
Mix with unfathom'd lakes of guilty lore ;—
I know not if their pure souls upward soar,
Or in the green earth's ample breast abide ;—
But he who wanders by the twilight shore
When long slow curls climb up its silent side,
May hear strange flitting notes die on the solemn tide.

But when in quick wild wrath the wave of fears,
Lash'd by careering winds from the fierce sleep
Where heavily groaning late he lay, uprears
The crested horror of his mountain heap ;—
Ah, then go stand by the tumultuous deep
Alone, and if thou darest, try to cast
Away the mortal dread which then shall creep
Into thy soul, as on the shrieking blast
Mad mirth and devilish shouts peal round thee loud and fast.

* * * *

Away, ye pleasant fancies ;—let me now
Recall my vision,—and methought I stood
On a precipitous seashore's craggy brow ;—
It was at evening,—and the level flood
Where the fledged younglings of the tempest brood
Sported of late, lay fair and placid, save,
As thoughts of their glad play would oft intrude,
They now reposing in their azure cave,
Sent pealing laughter upward on the curling wave.

Fold after fold of that long line of water
 Unfurl'd its sullen length,—and like the stride
 Of a strong phalanx ripe for battle-slaughter,
 Came the firm slow march of the solemn tide
 Towards the broad beach, whose huge rocks, high and wide,
 Death-black as if the lightning of the thunder
 Had spent its wrath upon some mountain side,
 And half its monstrous bulk had riven asunder,—
 There smiled on time and chance a mockery and a wonder.

Then as I stood by the bleak barren beach,
 And gazed upon its vast magnificence, -
 While the proud waters vainly strove to reach
 The bulwark'd summit of that rocky fence,—
 Came on my soul some feelings so intense.
 Roused by the glory of that mighty swell,
 The exultation of my quivering sense
 Joy'd in the power of some o'ermastering spell,
 While from my unclosed lips these prompted accents fell :

Thou who hast grov'ell'd 'mid the things accursed
 Which the world's dross hath spread about thy soul,
 And thou, whose wayward bosom hath been nursed
 'Mid frantic doubts which scorn Heaven's just control,—
 Oh that ye heard with me the wondrous whole
 Of these majestic waves' tumultuous din ;
 For standing where their starry summits roll,
 Some overwhelming feeling must rush in
 To blot for one blest moment each vile thought of sin.

Oh that the monarchs of the world were here,—
 The demi-gods of fawning slaves who pour
 The heartless tribute of their guilty fear
 At the false shrines they hate while they adore ;—
 For musing by this moralizing shore,
 Its beautifully grand array in sight,
 Methinks one little hour would teach them more
 How weakly faltering is their boasted height,
 Than philosophic texts preach'd on for ages might.

O that the full-swoln monsters of the world,—
 The rich in groaning wretches' sighs, might stand,
 And see these glittering ocean treasures hurl'd
 In proud profusion towards the golden sand ;—
 Might see the far deep, venerably bland,

In silver hoary, and the lavish shore
Mock the free offering of its wasteful hand,—
Might feel some generous glow unfelt before,
Or pious line sublime of gentle pity's lore.

O that the trampled world's nobility,
Proud of dull currents of degenerate blood,
And boastful of the antique pedigree
Which makes them worth contemptuous scorn, now stood
Where the slow marching waters of the flood
In solemn state majestic dash below,—
Then might they see each of that graceful brood
On the lone rock its destined being throw,
Though old Eternity saw its ancestral flow.

O thou illimitable ocean,—thou
Shadowest the image of eternity;—
Thy many-sparkling waves are wanton now
Like reckless voyagers on that gloomy sea :
Ten thousand of thy billows momentarily
Ripple to being, then upon the shore
Shrink back to death and nothingness,—so we
Wake to the energies of life and pour
Our few sad sighs,—one gasp,—and then are heard no more.

MARY E. BROOKS,

WIFE of James G. Brooks already mentioned. Her pieces
have been published under the signature of Norna.

ROMANCE.

THE warrior knelt before the maid—
A blush came o'er her cheek ;
Telling, as o'er her brow it play'd,
What not her tongue would speak.

“ Ah ! yes,” he softly said, “ thou 'lt be
My own, my lily bride ;”

And still, in maiden purity,
That maiden blush replied.

Life, love, and hope were in their spring,
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
The wild bird spread its silken wing,
But breathed less melody.

Young nectar from the myrtle bower
The honey-bee might sip ;
The warrior found a sweeter flower
In the dew of the maiden's lip.

Still does the wild bird cleave the sky,
The honey-bee is glad :
Why dim with tears that maiden's eye,
And why that warrior sad ?

"Maiden ! dost fear to meet the storm
That shades a soldier's way ?
The gems that deck the lordling's form—
Dost sigh for such as they ?

"I woo thee not with glittering braid
And jewels for thy hair—
The golden gift that wins the maid
An idle vow may bear."

Still does the wild bird cleave the sky,
The honey-bee is glad ;
Why dim with tears that maiden eye,
And why that warrior sad ?

"To horse ! to horse ! my melody
Shall be the battle cry,
And the war trump of victory
As sweet as woman's sigh !

"For fetter'd birds go free again,
And love can dream of scorn ;
When woman idly weaves the chain,
As idly be it worn."

Still does the wild bird cleave the sky,
The honey bee is gay,

But tears bedimm'd that maiden's eye
As the warrior pass'd away.

"They say there's bliss in the princely train,
And in a robe of pride ;
Then wake for me the bridal strain"—
The maiden said and sigh'd.

Loud laughter fills the banquet hall,
There 's music in the grove,
And steps as light as music's fall
To catch the voice of love.

She led the dance in merry glee,
Her song was on the wind,
And the red rose lay gracefully
Within her hair reclined.

But hark ! the harper's minstrelsy—
Of other days a part !
She glanced upon the myrtle tree
And icy felt her heart ;

And a shade was on the festal hour,
The jewel lights grew dim ;
She only saw that myrtle bower,
She only thought of him.

"Oh ! take me where the breezes swell,
Far from the haunts of pride,
For they say there 's joy where wild flowers dwell,"—
The maiden said and sigh'd.

The forest blossoms bound her brow,
But the heart was cold below ;
And if she wakes the harp-strings now,
What can they breathe but wo ?

"That dream—that dream—it comes again,
Link'd with its broken vow ;
As beautiful, as frail, as then,
They stand before me now !

“Gather the young, the fair, the free,
 Where a thousand torches glare,
 With lyre and wreath and revelry—
 Still is that vision there!

“It comes when summer skies are bright,
 On the laugh of the morning breeze—
 It comes when evening’s misty light
 Has swept the sleeping seas”—

An early rest in the sullen pall,
 One dream with the death pang wove—
 Oh! never of gems or of festal hall—
 But that first young dream of love!

PSALM CXXXVII.

COME sweep the harp! one thrilling rush
 Of all that warm’d its chords to song,
 And then the strains for ever hush,
 That oft have breathed its wires along:
 The ray is quenched that lit our mirth,
 The shrine is gone that claim’d the prayer,
 And exiles o’er the distant earth,
 How can we wake the carol there?

One sigh, my harp! and then to sleep,
 For all that loved thy song have flown,
 Why shouldst thou lonely vigils keep,
 Forsaken, broken, and alone?
 Let this sad murmur be thy last,
 Nor e’er again in music swell;
 Thine hours of joyousness are past,
 And thus we sever; fare thee well!

GEORGE P. MORRIS

Is a native of New York. In 1823, in conjunction with Mr Woodworth, he established a paper in New York, called *The New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette*; of this he is now the editor. He is the author of a dramatic piece, entitled *Brier Cliff*.

WOMAN.

AH! woman—in this world of ours,
What gift can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound with flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone,
And ne'er call woman's heart his own.

My mother!—at that holy name,
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,
A feeling which, for years of fame,
I would not, could not crush.
And sisters!—they are dear as life—
But when I look upon my WIFE,
My life-blood gives a sudden rush,
And all my fond affections blend,
In mother—sisters—wife—and friend.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile,
And pure as bright Aurora's ray—
The heart will melt before its smile,
And earthly passions fade away.
Were I the monarch of the earth,
And master of the swelling sea,
I would not estimate their worth,
Dear woman, half the price of thee.

THE MINIATURE.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
 The likeness of his wife :
 'T was drawn by some enchanter's wand—
 It look'd—it smiled—like life !
 He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
 Upon the painting still,
 And was delighted and amazed
 To view the artist's skill.

“This picture is *thysel*f, sweet Jane,—
 'T is drawn to nature true ;
 I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
 It is so much like you !”
 “And has it kiss'd you back, my dear ?”
 “Why—no, my love,” said he ;
 “Then, William, it is very clear
 It's not at all *like me*.”

WHAT CAN IT MEAN ?

I'M much too young to marry,
 For I am only seventeen ;
 Why think I then of Harry ?—
 What can it mean—what can it mean ?

Whenever Harry meets me,
 Beside the brook, or on the green,
 How tenderly he greets me !
 What can it mean—what can it mean ?

Whene'er my name he utters,
 A blush upon my cheek is seen,
 And then my heart so flutters—
 What can it mean—what can it mean ?

And when he mentions Cupid,
 Or, smiling, calls me “fairy queen,”
 I sigh and look so stupid !—
 What can it mean—what can it mean ?

Oh, mercy ! what can ail me ?
 I 'm growing pale and very lean ;
 My spirits often fail me !
 What can it mean—what can it mean ?

I 'M NOT IN LOVE!—oh smother
 Such a thought at seventeen :
 I 'll go and ask my mother
 What it can mean—what it can mean.

G. WALLINGFORD CLARKE

Is, we believe, a native of Kentucky. He has lately published a volume with the title of *The Dreams of Pindus*.

THE BURIED MAID.

AND they have laid thee in thy narrow cell,
 Maid of the matchless brow !—for the cold clay
 To be thy bridegroom, till the eternal day,
 When the loud trump its judgment peal shall swell.

So be it,—what the Almighty dooms is well,—
 But who that saw thine eyes' bright glances play,
 Thy cheek's fine flush, that mock'd the blooms of May,
 So late—could dream of death's dissolving spell ?

To rapture love had sung—"the bright eyed hour
 Soon will I lead along, with Hymen's train,
 To bless the blushing virgin, and the swain ;—
 And hope believed, and lighted up her bower ;
 Sudden the scene was changed—a radiant flower
 Sunk its sweet head—and love's glad song was vain !

INSCRIPTION.

WHOE'ER thou art, to whom this secret shade
 Inviting seems, where many a wild flower flings
 Its odor round, and many a murmur soothes
 Of distant falling waters the pleased ear ;—
 If solitude may claim thy thoughts awhile,
 Here rest and meditate—her cell is here.
 And say, does love thy willing bosom bind,
 Thy heart all anxiousness,—thy soul all sigh ?
 Haply the virgin, in whose clasping arms
 A promised paradise thy fancy paints,
 Whose swelling bosom heaves upon the sight
 More beautiful than ocean's foam-tipt wave—
 Whose kindling eyes, with lavish lustre, thrill
 Thy trembling frame,—(a meek simplicity,
 And innocence assuming,—specious show !)
 Exults, in wanton triumph, at thy sighs,
 And mocks their incense.—Rouse thee from thy trance ;
 And let the light of reason guide thee safe
 To love's pure altar. Does ambition urge
 Thy steps to tempt her dangerous paths?—Beware !
 Think how the storm can rage :—yet the rough blast
 That lays the mighty oak a ruin round,
 With all its hundred arms that waved to heaven,
 Passes as harmless o'er the lowly blossom,
 As does the zephyr's sigh. And rivers strong,
 Rushing their rugged channels through, each rock,
 Opposing, chafes to angry foam and roar.
 While the hush'd stream, fed from its placid fount,
 Winds through the flow'ry vale its silver way :
 And, as a quiet pilgrim seeks his shrine,
 Flows on, to wed with ocean's distant tide.
 Mortal!—whoe'er thou art, should thy pursuit
 Be happiness—thou need'st not wander far,
 If in thy breast no baneful passions wage
 Unholy warfare ; and religion mild
 Has led thy steps to her own hallow'd mount,
 Where hope, with upward eye, and seraph wand
 Points to the sky :—but if thy blacken'd heart
 Nourish revenge, or hatred, or the asp
 Of envy pale—or discontentment's gall
 O'erflows within—or filthy avarice
 Disturbs thy dreams,—thou, curst of heaven, shalt find
 Peace but a sound—and happiness a shade !

THE NUN.

HER eye is raised to heaven:—no ray is there
 Of earthly pride, or passion. O'er her brow
 Angelic, as she breathes the solemn vow,
 A bright expression spreads. Her rich, soft hair,

In radiant ringlets, down her bosom fair
 Falls—like the beams of morning on the prow
 Of the light heaving bark. 'T is past, and now
 A pale and pensive hue her features wear.

So young—so beautiful, to turn aside
 From life's fresh opening scenes, and sunny hours,
 Seems like religion's triumph—but the heart
 Strives from itself in vain the truth to hide:
 The sigh *will* rise, the tender tear *will* start:
 Ah! love yet lingers o'er his faded flowers!

WILLIAM CROSWELL.

THE Reverend William Croswell was graduated at Yale College in 1824. He was for two years joint editor with the Rev. G. W. Doane, of *The Episcopal Watchman*, a religious paper in Hartford. In this paper most of his poetry has been published; it evinces talent and good taste.

CONFIRMATION.

THE white-stoled Bishop stood amid a crowd—
 Noviciates all—who, tutor'd to revere
 The mitre's holy offices, drew near,
 And, after sins renounced, and pledges vow'd,
 Pale with emotion and religious fear,
 In meek subjection, round the chancel, bow'd,
 To hallow'd hands, that o'er them, one by one,
 Fell, with a Prelate's thrilling benison.

Thou who canst make the loadstone's touch impart
 An active virtue to the temper'd steel,
 Oh let *thy* hand rest on them till they feel
 A new-born impulse stirring in the heart,
 And, swinging from surrounding objects, free,
 Point, with a tremulous confidence to Thee !

DRINK AND AWAY.

There is a beautiful rill in Barbary received into a large basin, which bears a name signifying "Drink and Away," from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.—Dr SHAW.

UP! pilgrim and rover,
 Redouble thy haste!
 Nor rest thee till over
 Life's wearisome waste.
 Ere the wild forest ranger
 Thy footsteps betray
 To trouble and danger,—
 Oh drink and away!

Here lurks the dark savage,
 By night and by day,
 To rob and to ravage,
 Nor scruples to slay;
 He waits for the slaughter:
 The blood of his prey
 Shall stain the still water,—
 Then drink and away!

With toil though thou languish,
 The mandate obey,
 Spur on, though in anguish,
 There's death in delay!
 No blood-hound, want-wasted,
 Is fiercer than they:—
 Pass by it untasted—
 Or drink and away!

Though sore be the trial,
 Thy God is thy stay,
 Though deep the denial,
 Yield not in dismay,

But wrapt in high vision,
 Look on to the day
 When the fountains elysian
 Thy thirst shall allay.

There shalt thou for ever
 Enjoy thy repose
 Where life's gentle river
 Eternally flows,
 Yea, there shalt thou rest thee
 For ever and aye,
 With none to molest thee—
 Then, drink and away.

HOME.

I KNEW my father's chimney top,
 Though nearer to my heart than eye,
 And watch'd the blue smoke reeking up
 Between me and the winter sky.

Wayworn I traced the homeward track,
 My wayward youth had left with joy ;
 Unchanged in soul I wander'd back,
 A man, in years—in heart, a boy.

I thought upon its cheerful hearth,
 And cheerful hearts' untainted glee,
 And felt of all I'd seen on earth,
 This was the dearest spot to me.

SONNET VINDICATORY. *H.*

NUNS fret not at their Convent's narrow room ;
 And Hermits are contented with their cells ;
 And Students with their pensive citadels ;
 Maids at the wheel, the Weaver at his loom,
 Sit blithe and happy ; Bees that soar for bloom,
 High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
 Will murmur by the hour in fox-glove bells.
 In truth the prison unto which we doom
 Ourselves, no prison is ; and hence to me,

In sundry moods, 't was pastime to be bound
 Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;
 Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
 Who've felt the weight of too much liberty,
 Should find short solace there, as I have found.

SOUTH SEA MISSIONARIES.

With pleasure not unmix'd with pain,
 They find their passage o'er,
 As with the Sabbath's dawn they gain
 That islet's rocky shore.
 Behind them is the sweltry main,
 The torrid land before.

No sound was in the silence heard
 To break the air of balm,
 Save when the screaming tropic bird
 Wheel'd seaward in the calm:
 The faint and heated breeze scarce stirr'd
 The streamers of the palm.

The shipman in the distance sees
 Across the glowing bay,
 The crowded, strawbuilt cottages,
 Like sunburnt ricks of hay,
 Beneath the tall banana trees,
 Bask in the morning ray.

And as that self-devoted band
 Of christian hearts drew near,
 No cool and bracing current fann'd
 The lifeless atmosphere;—
 Why should they seek that savage land
 So desolate and drear?

In faith, those far-off shores they trod,
 This humble six or seven,
 And through those huts of matted sod
 Shall spread the gospel leaven,
 Till each becomes a house of God,
 A mercy gate of Heaven.

CHRISTMAS.

THE thickly woven boughs they wreath
 Through every hallow'd fane,
 A soft reviving odor breathe
 Of Summer's gentle reign ;
 And rich the ray of mild green light
 Which like an emerald's glow,
 Comes struggling through the latticed height,
 Upon the crowds below.

O let the streams of solemn thought
 Which in those temples rise
 From deeper sources spring than aught
 Dependant on the skies.
 Then though the summer's glow departs,
 And winter's withering chill
 Rests on the cheerless woods, our hearts
 Shall be unchanging still.

JAMES HALL,

EDITOR of the Western Souvenir.

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

'T WAS far beyond yon mountains, dear, we plighted vows of
 love,
 The ocean wave was at our feet, the autumn sky above,
 The pebbly shore was covered o'er with many a varied shell,
 And on the billows' curling spray, the sunbeams glittering fell.
 The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that sun hath set,
 But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lustre yet.
 I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love might speak,
 Where none could hear what love revealed, or see the crimson
 cheek ;
 The shore was all deserted, and we wandered there alone,

And not a human step impress'd the sand beach but our own;
 The footsteps all have vanish'd from the billow beaten strand—
 The vows we breathed remain with us—they were not traced
 in sand.

Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endear'd by childhood's
 dream,

To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's stream.
 In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain torrent roar'd,
 For love unfurl'd her silken wing, and o'er each barrier soar'd;
 And many a wide domain we passed, and many an ample dome,
 But none so bless'd, so dear to us, as wedded love's first home.
 Beyond these mountains, now are all, that e'er we loved or knew,
 The long remembered many, and the dearly cherished few;
 The home of her we value, and the grave of him we mourn,
 Are there; and there is all the part to which the heart can turn;
 But dearer scenes surround us here, and lovelier joys we trace,
 For here is wedded love's first home—its hallowed resting place.

A. M. WELLS.

MRS WELLS is the wife of Thomas Wells, of Boston, noticed in the second volume. She writes with sweetness and simplicity.

HOPE.

THERE sits a woman on the brow
 Of yonder rocky height;
 There, gazing o'er the waves below,
 She sits from morn till night.

She heeds not how the mad waves leap
 Along the rugged shore;
 She looks for one upon the deep
 She never may see more.

As morning twilight faintly gleams,
 Her shadowy form I trace;
 Wrapt in the silvery mist, she seems
 The Genius of the place!

Far other once was Rosalie ;
 Her smile was glad ; her voice,
 Like music o'er a summer sea,
 Said to the heart—rejoice.

O'er her pure thoughts did sorrow fling
 Perchance a shade, 't would pass,
 Lightly as glides the breath of Spring
 Along the bending grass.

A sailor's bride 't was hers to be :—
 Wo to the faithless main !
 Nine summers since he went to sea,
 And ne'er returned again.

But long, where all is wrecked beside,
 And every joy is chased,
 Long, long will lingering Hope abide
 Amid the dreary waste !

Nine years—though all have given him o'er,
Her spirit doth not fail ;
 And still she waits along the shore
 The never coming sail.

On that high rock, abrupt and bare,
 Ever she sits, as now ;
 The dews have damped her flowing hair,
 The sun has scorched her brow.

And every far-off sail she sees,
 And every passing cloud,
 Or white-winged sea-bird, on the breeze,
 She calls to it aloud.

The sea-bird answers to her cry ;
 The cloud, the sail float on.—
 The hoarse wave mocks her misery,
 Yet is her hope not gone :—

It cannot go :—with that to part,
 So long, so fondly nursed,
 So mingled with her faithful heart,
 That heart itself would burst.

When falling dews the clover steep,
 And birds are in their nest,
 And flower-buds folded up to sleep,
 And ploughmen gone to rest,

Down the rude track her feet have worn,
 —There scarce the goat may go ;—
 Poor Rosalie, with look forlorn,
 Is seen descending slow.

But when the gray morn tints the sky,
 And lights that lofty peak,—
 With a strange lustre in her eye,
 A fever in her cheek,

Again she goes, untired, to sit
 And watch, the live-long day ;
 Nor till the star of eve is lit,
 E'er turns her steps away.

Hidden, and deep, and never dry,—
 Or flowing, or at rest,
 A living spring of hope doth lie
 In every human breast.

All else may fail, that soothes the heart,—
 All, save that fount alone ;
 With that and life at once we part,
 For life and hope are one.

THE TAMED EAGLE.

HE sat upon his humble perch, nor flew
 At my approach ;
 But as I nearer drew,
 Looked on me, as I fancied, with reproach,
 And sadness too :

And something still his native pride proclaim'd,
 Despite his wo ;
 Which, when I marked,—ashamed
 To see a noble creature brought so low,
 My heart exclaim'd,

Where is the fire that lit thy fearless eye,
 Child of the storm,
 When from thy home on high,
 Yon craggy-breasted rock, I saw thy form
 Cleaving the sky ?

It grieveth me to see thy spirit tamed ;
 Gone out the light
 That in thine eye-ball flamed,
 When to the midday sun thy steady flight
 Was proudly aimed !

Like the young dove forsaken, is the look
 Of thy sad eye,
 Who in some lonely nook,
 Mourneth upon the willow bough her destiny,
 Beside the brook.

While somewhat sterner in thy downward gaze
 Doth seem to lower,
 And deep disdain betrays,
 As if thou cursed man's poorly acted power,
 And scorned his praise.

Oh, let not me insult thy fallen dignity,
 Poor injured bird,
 Gazing with vulgar eye
 Upon thy ruin ;—for my heart is stirr'd
 To hear thy cry ;

And answereth to thee, as I turn to go,
 It is a stain
 On man !—Thus, even thus low
 Be brought the wretch, who could for sordid gain,
 Work thee such wo !

R. H. WILDE,

OF Georgia. We are not acquainted with the writer, except by a few articles in verse, which have appeared in the newspapers.

A FRAGMENT.

" 'T is many moons ago—a long—long time
 Since first upon this shore a white man trod ;
 From the great water to the mountain clime
 This was our home ;—'t was given us by the God
 That gave ye yours.—Love ye your native sod ?
 So did our fathers too—for they were men !
 They fought to guard it, for their hearts were brave,
 And long they fought—we were a people then ;
 This was our country—it is now our grave—
 Would I had never lived, or died the land to save.

When first ye came, your numbers were but few,
 Our nation many as the leaves or sand :
 Hungry and tired ye were—we pitied you—
 We called you brothers—took you by the hand—
 But soon we found ye came to rob the land :
 We quarrell'd—and your countrymen we slew,
 Till one alone of all, remain'd behind,
 Among the false he only had been true,
 And much we loved this man of single mind,
 And ever while he lived, to him were kind.

He loved us too, and taught us many things,
 And much we strove the stranger's heart to glad ;
 But to its kindred still the spirit clings,
 And therefore was his soul for ever sad ;
 Nor other wish or joy the lone one had,
 Save on the solitary shore to roam,
 Or sit and gaze for hours upon the deep,
 That roll'd between him and his native home ;
 And when he thought none mark'd him, he would weep,
 Or sing this song of wo which still our maidens keep.

" My life is like the summer rose
 That opens to the morning sky,
 And ere the shades of evening close,
 Is scatter'd on the ground—to die !
 Yet on that rose's humble bed
 The softest dews of night are shed,
 As though she wept such waste to see,—
 But none shall drop a tear for me !

My life is like the autumn leaf
 That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
 Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
 Restless—and soon to pass away !
 Yet, when that leaf shall fall and fade,
 The parent tree will mourn its shade,
 The wind bewail the leafless tree,
 But none shall breathe one sigh for me !

My life is like the track of feet
 Left upon Tampa's desert strand ;
 Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
 Their marks shall vanish from the sand ;
 Yet, as if grieving to efface
 All vestige of the human race,
 On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
 But none shall thus lament for me ! ”

SAMUEL BARTLETT PARRIS

Was the son of the Rev. Martin Parris of Mansfield, and was born at Kingston, Massachusetts, January 30th, 1806. He received his early education from his father, and exhibited a most extraordinary and precocious aptitude for learning. He began the study of languages at the age of six. At ten years of age he was examined for admission to college, and the professors held him in their arms while he construed Virgil, Cicero, and the Greek Testament. He was pronounced fit for admission, but on account of his youth he returned home and did not enter the university for two years. He was graduated at the age of fifteen, and entered upon the study of medicine the year after. He received a medical degree in 1825, and began his practice at Attleborough in Massachusetts. He died September 21st, 1827, at the age of 21. A collection of his writings in verse and prose was published a few months since.

ON A SPRIG OF JUNIPER,
FROM THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON, PRESENTED TO THE
AUTHOR.

THE meadow may boast of its thousand dyes,
For their varied splendors are far before thee ;
But still more fair in the patriot's eyes
Is the humblest branch from the trunk that bore thee ;
For the place where it grows is a sacred spot,
With remembrance of high achievements fraught.

Thou didst not thrive on the blood of the slave,
Whom the reeking sword of oppression slaughter'd ;
But the grateful tears of the good and brave,
With a purer stream thy roots have water'd—
And green didst thou grow o'er the hero's bed,
When the tears of his *patriot son** were shed.

Say, where wert thou half an age ago,
When terrors were thronging around our nation—
Where our land, by the word of its haughty foe,
Was mark'd with the sentence of desolation—
When the banner of freedom was wide unfurl'd
On the natal day of this western world—

When our fathers spared no pain nor toil,
To purchase the blessing for their descendants,
And seal'd with their blood on their native soil
Their claim to the glory of Independence—
When *Life, Wealth, Honor*, were all at stake
That the holy cause they would not forsake.

Perhaps thou wast by the side of thy sire,
Whose branch to the breeze had for ages trembled,
Where gather'd around the council-fire
The chiefs of the tawny tribes assembled,—
Or it might have shaded the hunter's track
On the lonely banks of the Potomac.

And long on the place of the hero's sleep
May flourish the trunk, whence thou wert taken,
But a grateful nation his name shall keep,

*This was written soon after La Fayette visited the tomb of Washington.

When lifeless and bare, of its leaves forsaken,
The trunk and the branch to the earth are cast
Before the might of the rushing blast.

For in distant ages the day shall come,
When the vengeance of time its pride shall humble—
And the arch of the proud mausoleum
O'er the mouldering urn of the dead shall crumble—
But till the last moment of time hath run
Shall live the remembrance of Washington.

Ah! soon must branches like thine be spread
O'er another's tomb—and o'er yet another's—
For now from the sorrows of earth have fled,
As with one accord, two patriot brothers,*
Whom heaven in mercy hath given to see
The day of their nation's Jubilee.

O! sadly, in tears sunk down, that day,
The sun, in the distant west declining—
But still in a holier splendor they
With their latest beams on earth were shining,
When they were call'd from earth to remove,
And shine in the realms of the blest above.

WILLIAM CUTTER,

Of Portland. The following piece is from the *Legendary*.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

HAS thy foot ever trod that silent dell?—
'T is a place for the voiceless thought to swell,
And the eloquent song to go up unspoken,
Like the incense of flowers whose urns are broken;
And the unveil'd heart may look in and see,
In that deep, strange silence, its motions free,
And learn how the pure in spirit feel
That unseen Presence to which they kneel.

*Adams and Jefferson.

No sound goes up from the quivering trees,
When they spread their arms to the welcome breeze,
They wave in the zephyr, they bow to the blast,
But they breathe not a word of the power that pass'd ;
And their leaves come down on the turf and the stream,
With as noiseless a fall as the step of a dream ;
And the breath that is bending the grass and the flowers
Moves o'er them as lightly as evening hours.

The merry bird lights down on that dell,
And hushing his breath, lest the song should swell,
Sits with folded wing, in the balmy shade,
Like a musical thought in the soul unsaid ;
And they of strong pinion and loftier flight
Pass over that valley, like clouds in the night—
They move not a wing in that solemn sky,
But sail in a reverent silence by.

The deer in his flight has pass'd that way,
And felt the deep spell's mysterious sway—
He hears not the rush of the path he cleaves,
Nor his bounding step on the trampled leaves.
The hare goes up on that sunny hill—
And the footsteps of morning are not more still.
And the wild, and the fierce, and the mighty are there—
Unheard in the hush of that slumbering air.

The stream rolls down in that valley serene,
Content in its beautiful flow to be seen ;
And its fresh, flowery banks, and its pebbly bed
Were never yet told of its fountain-head.
And it still rushes on—but they ask not why ;
With its smile of light it is hurrying by ;
Still gliding or leaping, unwhisper'd, unsung,
Like the flow of bright fancies it flashes along.

The wind sweeps by, and the leaves are stirr'd,
But never a whisper or sigh is heard ;
And when its strong rush laid low the oak,
Not a murmur the eloquent stillness broke ;
And the gay young echoes, those mockers that lie
In the dark mountain sides, make no reply ;
But hush'd in their caves, they are listening still
For the songs of that valley to burst o'er the hill.

I love society ; I am o'erblest to hear
 The mingling voices of a world ; mine ear
 Drinks in their music with a spiritual taste ;
 I love companionship on life's gray waste,
 And might not live unheard ;—yet that still vale—
 It had no fearful mystery in its tale—
 Its hush was grand, not awful—as if there
 The voice of nature were a breathing prayer.
 'T was like a holy temple, where the pure
 Might join in their hush'd worship, and be sure
 No sound of earth could come—a soul kept still,
 In faith's unanswering meekness, for Heaven's will—
 Its eloquent thoughts sent upward and abroad,
 But all its deep, hush'd voices kept for God !

CHARLES C. BEAMAN,

OF Boston.

THE WATER EXCURSION.

A VISION.

THE earth it was gay,
 And the air was bland
 With the summer ray
 Of a sunny land ;
 And the evening hour
 Of soul-witching power,
 With her radiant train,
 Lit the earth and main ;

When a beautiful barque was seen to glide,
 Like a fairy sylph on the silver tide ;
 Not a zephyr breathed in her snow-white sails,
 What cared she for the prospering gales ?
 Full many a rower was plying the oar,
 And she was flying away from the shore,
 To wander alone on the trackless deep,
 While the world was hush'd in a breathless sleep.

All that the hand of taste could do,
 Banners floating of every hue,
 Flowery wreath and sparkling gem,
 Girdled her round from stern to stem ;
 The fairest of the land was there,
 With snowy robe and raven hair,
 Bright eyes that beam'd expression's fire,
 Beauty, all that hearts desire ;
 The flower of youthful chivalry,
 With the young love's idolatry,
 Offer'd homage at the shrine
 Of woman's loveliness divine ;
 While the sweet and blithesome song,
 Uprose from the joyous throng ;
 And the barque moved on in light,
 Graceful as the queen of night,
 Beautiful isles sprinkled the bay,
 Silver'd o'er with the moonbeam's ray ;
 Verdure-clad isles, where shrubs and flowers,
 The foliage of trees and bowers,
 With fanciful dwellings woven between,
 An air of enchantment breathed o'er the scene ;
 The beauties of nature blended with art,
 Delight the most soothing gave to the heart ;
 The air around them was freighted with balm ;
 The harp's soft notes added grace to the charm ;
 As it broke from the covert of a flowery grove,
 With woman's sweet voice—the tones that we love !

They passed the island—alone on the sea
 Broke the sound of their mirth and minstrelsy ;
 The barque glided on to the music's swell,
 The silvery foam from the oar-blade fell,
 When suddenly broke on the ravish'd ear,
 Sounds that seem'd borne from a happier sphere ;
 The oarsmen plied no more their task,
 Hush'd was the jest and jocund song ;
 And one more bold was heard to ask,
 To whom do all these notes belong ?
 No answer came—they look'd and saw
 What made them wonder and adore ;
 Seraphic forms in radiant white,
 Sparkling in the moonbeam's light ;
 Circling round in the ocean's breast,
 They lull'd every care to rest ;
 With golden harps they woke a strain,

No mortal hand can e'er attain,
 Then mingling voices thrill'd the frame,
 With rapture's most ecstatic flame—
 The vision fled—I woke to see
 Thy duller scenes—reality!

EVENING THOUGHTS.

How fades the world before me now!
 As lonely here I stand;
 The dews of evening on my brow,
 And silver on the land!

It seems to me a floating speck,
 The fragment of a cloud;—
 Are all my hopes upon that wreck,
 Oblivion soon will shroud?

Oh no! I have a hope afar,
 Among those orbs of light;
 It twinkleth yet, the Bethlehem star,
 As on its natal night.

Spring up, my soul! and catch the ray,
 And nurse it to a flame;
 'T will burn in life's expiring day,
 For ever—and the same.

LOUISA P. SMITH,

OF Providence, (formerly Miss Hickman.) Her volume of
 poems was published the present year.

THE HUMA.*

FLY on! nor touch thy wing, bright bird,
 Too near our shaded earth,

* "A bird peculiar to the east. It is supposed to fly constantly in the air, and never touch the ground."

Or the warbling, now so sweetly heard
 May lose its note of mirth.
 Fly on—nor seek a place of rest,
 In the home of "care-worn things,"
 'T would dim the light of thy shining crest,
 And thy brightly burnish'd wings,
 To dip them where the waters glide
 That flow from a troubled earthly tide.

The fields of upper air are thine,
 Thy place where stars shine free,
 I would *thy* home, bright one, were mine,
 Above life's stormy sea.
 I would never wander—bird, like thee,
 So near this place again,
 With wing and spirit once light and free—
 They should wear no more, the chain
 With which they are bound and fetter'd here,
 For ever struggling for skies more clear.

There are many things like thee, bright bird,
 Hopes as thy plumage gay,
 Our air is with them for ever stirr'd,
 But still in air they stay.
 And happiness, like thee, fair one!
 Is ever hovering o'er,
 But *rests* in a land of brighter sun,
 On a waveless, peaceful shore,
 And stoops to lave her weary wings,
 Where the fount of "living waters" springs.

RECOLLECTIONS.

I've pleasant thoughts that memory brings, in moments free
 from care,
 Of a fairy-like and laughing girl, with roses in her hair;
 Her smile was like the star-light of summer's softest skies,
 And worlds of joyousness there shone, from out her witching
 eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody, her voice was like the swell
 Of sudden music, notes of mirth, that of wild gladness tell;

She came like spring, with pleasant sounds of sweetness and
of mirth,
And her thoughts were those wild, flowery ones, that linger
not on earth.

A quiet goodness beam'd amid the beauty of her face,
And all she said and did, was with its own instinctive grace ;
She seem'd as if she thought the world a good and pleasant
one,
And her light spirit saw no ill, in all beneath the sun.

I've dream'd of just such creatures, but they never met my
view
'Mid the sober, dull reality, in their earthly form and hue.
And her smile came gently over me, like spring's first scented
airs,
And made me think life was not all a wilderness of cares.

I know not of her destiny, or where her smile now strays,
But the thought of her comes o'er me, with my own lost sun-
ny days,
With moonlight hours, and far-off friends, and many pleasant
things,
That have gone the way of all the earth on time's resistless
wings.

J. G. WHITTIER,

EDITOR of the American Manufacturer, a newspaper of
Boston. He is one of the most youthful of our poets, but his
verses show a more than common maturity of powers.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

SILENCE o'er sea and earth
With the veil of evening fell,
Till the convent tower sent deeply forth
The chime of its vesper bell.

One moment—and that solemn sound
 Fell heavy on the ear ;
 But a sterner echo pass'd around ;
 And the boldest shook to hear.

The startled monks throng'd up,
 In the torch-light cold and dim ;
 And the priest let fall his incense-cup,
 And the virgin hush'd her hymn ;
 For a boding clash, and a clanging tramp,
 And a summoning voice were heard,
 And fretted wall, and tombstone damp,
 To the fearful echo stirr'd.

The peasant heard the sound,
 As he sat beside his hearth ;
 And the song and the dance were hush'd around,
 With the fireside tale of mirth.
 The chieftain shook in his banner'd hall,
 As the sound of fear drew nigh ;
 And the warder shrank from the castle wall,
 As the gleam of spears went by.

Wo—wo—to the stranger then ;
 At the feast and flow of wine,
 In the red array of mailed men,
 Or bow'd at the holy shrine ;
 For the waken'd pride of an injured land
 Had burst its iron thrall ;
 From the plumed chief to the pilgrim band ;
 Wo!—wo!—to the sons of Gaul !

Proud beings fell that hour,
 With the young and passing fair,
 And the flame went up from dome and tower ;
 The avenger's arm was there !
 The stranger priest at the altar stood,
 And clasped his beads in prayer,
 But the holy shrine grew dim with blood ;
 The avenger found him there !

Wo!—wo! to the sons of Gaul ;
 To the serf and mailed lord ;
 They were gather'd darkly, one and all,
 To the harvest of the sword ;

And the morning sun, with a quiet smile,
 Shone out o'er hill and glen,
 On ruin'd temple and mouldering pile,
 And the ghastly forms of men.

Ay, the sunshine sweetly smiled,
 As its early glance came forth;
 It had no sympathy with the wild
 And terrible things of earth;
 And the man of blood that day might read,
 In a language freely given,
 How ill his dark and midnight deed
 Became the calm of heaven.

F. S. ECKHARD,

Of Philadelphia. The following is from the Atlantic
 Souvenir.

THE RUINED CITY.

The days of old, though time has reft
 The dazzling splendor which they cast;
 Yet many a remnant still is left
 To shadow forth the past.
 The warlike deed, the classic page,
 The lyric torrent strong and free,
 Are lingering o'er the gloom of age,
 Like moonlight on the sea.

A thousand years have roll'd along,
 And blasted empires in their pride;
 And witness'd scenes of crime and wrong,
 Till men by nations died.
 A thousand summer suns have shone
 Till earth grew bright beneath their sway,
 Since thou, untenanted, and lone,
 Wert render'd to decay.

The moss tuft, and the ivy wreath,
 For ages clad thy fallen mould,
 And gladden'd in the spring's soft breath ;
 But they grew wan and old.
 Now, desolation hath denied
 That even these shall veil thy gloom :
 And nature's mantling beauty died
 In token of thy doom.

Alas, for the far years, when clad
 With the bright vesture of thy prime,
 The proud towers made each wanderer glad,
 Who hail'd thy sunny clime.
 Alas, for the fond hope, and dream,
 And all that won thy children's trust,
 God cursed—and none may now redeem,
 Pale city of the dust !

How the dim visions throng the soul,
 When twilight broods upon thy waste ;
 The clouds of wo from o'er thee roll,
 Thy glory seems replaced.
 The stir of life is brightening round,
 Thy structures swell upon the eye,
 And mirth and revelry resound
 In triumph to the sky.

But a stern-moral may be read,
 By those who view thy lonely gloom :
 Oblivion's pall alike is spread
 O'er slave, and lordly tomb.
 The sad, the gay, the old, and young,
 The warrior's strength, and beauty's glow,
 Resolved to that from which they sprung
 Compose the dust below.

CORRECTION.

THE 'Sonnet Vindictory,' page 357, Vol. III. was sent to the Editor as the production of W. CROSWELL ; it is since ascertained to have been written by WORDSWORTH.

The name of CHARLES H. LOCKE is erroneously printed CHARLES J. LOCKE.

Note.—In a work of this extent it is scarcely possible that some minute errors should not have escaped the Editor.

CATALOGUE

OF

A M E R I C A N P O E T R Y .

In the following pages is offered a list of all the poetical works of American origin which have come under notice in the course of this undertaking. They are arranged in the chronological order of their publication.

CATALOGUE
OF
AMERICAN POETRY.

THE Psalms in Metre ; faithfully translated for the use, edification and comfort of the Saints in public and private, especially in New England. Cambridge, Stephen Daye, 1640. Crown 8vo, pp. 300.

Several Poems compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight : wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year, together with an exact Epitome of the three first Monarchyes, namely, the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Romane Commonwealth, from the beginning to the end of their last King, with diverse other pleasant and serious Poems, by a Gentlewoman in New England. (*Mrs Anne Bradstreet.*) The second Edition, corrected by the author, and enlarged by an addition of several poems found amongst her papers after her death. Boston, John Foster, 1678. 18mo, pp. 255.

Elegie on the Rev. Thomas Shepard, Pastor of the church in Charlestown, by Urian Oakes. Boston, Samuel Green, 1668. 4to.

A Looking Glass for the Times, by Peter Folger. 1676.

New England's Crisis. (*B. Tompson.*) 12mo, pp. 31.

An Elegie upon the Death of the Rev. Mr Thomas Shepard late Teacher at the Church at Charlestown. By a great admirer of his worth, and true mourner for his death. 1677.

A Poem on the death of John Alden of Duxborough, who died in 1687, (*by John Cotton,*) reprinted.

A Lacrymatory, designed for the tears let fall at the funeral of Mrs Sarah Leveret, who died 2d 11mo. 1704, 5. Boston, Samuel Phillips, 1705. 18mo, pp. 4. (*With a Funeral Sermon.*)

A poem on Elijah's Translation, occasioned by the death of the Reverend and learned Mr Samuel Willard, late pastor to a church of Christ in Boston, and Vice President of Harvard College in Cambridge. By Mr Colman, V. D. M. Boston, Benjamin Eliot, 1707 18mo, pp. 14.

Meat out of the Eater, or Meditations concerning the necessity, and usefulness of Affliction unto God's children, all tending to prepare them for, and comfort them under the cross. By Michael Wigglesworth, corrected and amended by the author in the year 1703. The Fifth Edition. Boston, J. Allen for Robert Starke, 1717. 18mo, pp. 143.

✓ Psalterium Americanum, the book of Psalms, in a translation exactly conformed unto the original, but all in blank verse; fitted unto the tunes commonly used in our churches. Which pure offering is accompanied with illustrations digging for hidden treasures in it, and rules to employ it upon the glorious and various intentions of it. Whereunto are added some other portions of the Sacred Scripture to enrich the Cantional. (*By Cotton Mather.*) Boston, S. Kneeland, 1718. 12mo, pp. 426.

Gloria Britannorum, or The British Worthies, a Poem, being an Essay on the characters of the most illustrious persons in Camp or Cabinet &c. Boston, J. Franklin, for N. Buttolph, 1723. 12mo, pp. 30.

Pitchero Threnodia, or an Elegiack Poem, sacred to the memory of the late Rev. Nathaniel Pitcher, Pastor of the North Church in Scituate &c. Boston, B. Green, 1724. 12mo, pp. 12.

A Poem on the death of Peter Thacher of Milton and Samuel Danforth of Taunton, by John Danforth. 8vo.

Poetical Meditations, being the improvement of some vacant hours, by Roger Wolcott Esquire, with a preface by the Rev. Mr Bulkley of Colchester. New London, T. Green, 1725. 12mo, pp. 78.

The Life and Death of Old Father Janus, the vile author of the late wicked Courant, a satyr. Boston, J. Franklin, 1726. 12mo, pp. 7.

A Monumental Gratitude attempted, in a poetical relation of the deliverance of several of the members of Yale College, in passing the Sound from South Hold to New Haven, August 20th, 1726. New London, T. Green, 1727. pp. 10.

Zeuma, or The Love of Liberty, a Poem in three books, by James Ralph. London, S. Billingsley, 1729. 8vo.

To His Excellency Governor Belcher, on the Death of his Lady. An Epistle by the Rev. Mr Byles, Boston, 1736. 4to, pp. 8.

On the death of the Queen, a poem, inscribed to His Excellency Governor Belcher, by the Rev. Mr Byles. Boston, J. Draper, for D. Henchman, 1738. 4to, pp. 7.

An Elegy addressed to His Excellency Governor Belcher, on the

death of his brother-in-law the Hon. Daniel Oliver Esq. (*Subscribed M. Byles.*) 8vo, pp. 6.

The Comet, a poem, (*M. Byles.*) Boston, B. Green & Co., and D. Gookin, 1744. 8vo, pp. 4.

Poems. The Conflagration, The God of Tempest and Earthquake. (*M. Byles.*) Boston, D. Fowle & Z. Fowle. 12mo, pp. 8.

A Collection of Poems by several hands. Boston, B. Green & Co. & D. Gookin, 1744. 8vo, pp. 55.

Poems on Several Occasions, original and translated, by the late Reverend and learned John Adams, M. A. Boston, D. Gookin, 1745. 12mo, pp. 176.

Philosophic Solitude, or the Choice of a Rural Life, a poem by a gentleman educated at Yale College, (*William Livingston.*) New York, James Parker, 1747. 4to.

A Brief and plain Essay on God's wonder-working providence for New England, in the reduction of Louisbourg and the fortresses thereunto belonging on Cape Breton, with a short hint in the beginning on the French taking and plundering the people of Canso, which led the several governments to unite and pursue that expedition. With the names of the leading officers in the army and the several regiments to which they belonged, by Samuel Niles. New London, T. Green, 1747. 12mo, pp. 34.

On the death of the Rev. Benjamin Colman, D. D. who deceased August 29th 1747, an eclogue, attempted by O — E —, a young student. Boston, Rogers & Fowle, 1748. 8vo, pp. 8.

Entertainment for a Winter's Evening, being a full and true account of a strange and wonderful sight seen at Boston, &c. By me the Hon. B. B. Esq. (*Joseph Green.*) Boston, G. Rogers, 1750. 12mo, pp. 15.

The Day of Doom, or a poetical description of the great and last Judgment, with a short discourse about Eternity, by Michael Wigglesworth, A. M., Teacher of the church in Maldon, New England. The seventh edition enlarged. Boston, Thomas Fleet, 1751. 15mo, pp. 114.

A Poem, occasioned by the Death of the Honorable Jonathan Law, late Governor of Connecticut, 1751. 4to, pp. 8.

A New Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the tunes used in the churches, with several hymns out of the Old and New Testament, by John Barnard, pastor of a church in Marblehead. Boston, J. Draper, 1752. 12mo, pp. 278.

✓ The Grand Arcanum Detected, or a wonderful phenomenon explained, which has baffled the scrutiny of many ages. By Me, Phil Arcanos, Gent. Student in Astrology, (*Joseph Green.*) Printed in the year 1755. 12mo, pp. 14.

A New Version of the Psalms of David. By the Rev. Thomas Cradock, Rector of St. Thomas's, Baltimore county, Maryland. Annapolis, Jonas Green, 1756. 8vo, pp. 160.

Pennsylvania, a Poem, by a Student of the College of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, 1756, Folio.

Tilden's Miscellaneous Poems on divers occasions, chiefly to animate and rouse the soldiers. 1756. 12mo, pp. 30.

The Choice, a Poem after the manner of Mr Pomfret. By a Young Gentleman, (*B. Church.*) Boston, Edes & Gill, 1757. 4to, pp. 15.

Poems on divers Subjects, by Martha Brewster of Lebanon. New London, John Green, 1757. 4to, pp. 35.

A poem, sacred to the memory of the Hon. Josiah Willard Esq. late Secretary of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay. (*Peter Oliver.*) Boston, Green & Russell, 1757. 12mo, pp. 16.

New England's Misery. The Procuring Cause and Remedy Proposed. Composed October 1758. Boston, Z. Fowle & S. Draper, 1758. 12mo, pp. 15.

The Conquest of Louisbourg, a poem, by John Maylem, *Philo Bellum.* Boston, 1758. 8vo, pp. 16.

Gallic Perfidy, a poem by John Maylem, *Philo Bellum.* Boston, Benjamin Mecom, 1758. 8vo, pp. 15.

A Paraphrase, on part of the Economy of Human Life. (*James Bowdoin.*) Boston, Green & Russell, 1759. 8vo, pp. 88.

Pietas et Gratulatio Collegii Cantabrigiensis apud Novanglos. Boston, J. Green & J. Russell, 1761. 4to, pp. 106.

War, Temporal and Spiritual, considered, dated Rowley, May 18th 1762. 12mo, pp. 16.

Ode on the Glorious success of His Majesty's arms and present greatness of the English Nation, (*Nathaniel Evans.*) Philadelphia, William Dunlap, 1762. 4to, pp. 14.

Science. A Poem by Francis Hopkinson Esq. Philadelphia, William Dunlap, 1762. 4to, pp. 19.

The Military Glory of Great Britain, an Entertainment given by the late candidates for Bachelor's Degree at the close of the Anniversary Commencement held in Nassau Hall, New Jersey, Sept. 27th, 1762. Philadelphia, William Bradford, 1762. 8vo, pp. 15.

A Panegyrick, by Strepson. Philadelphia, 1762. 4to.

An Exercise, containing a Dialogue and an Ode on the Accession George III. Philadelphia, 1762. 4to.

The Manners of the Times. A Satire, by Philadelphiensis. Philadelphia 1762. 4to.

A Dialogue on Peace, held at Nassau Hall, September 1763, Philadelphia, 1763. 4to.

An Eclogue occasioned by the death of the Rev. Alexander Cuming A. M. on the 25th of August 1763, Ætatis 37. Boston, D. & J. Kneeland, 1763. 4to, pp. 8.

An Exercise, containing a Dialogue and an Ode on Peace. Philadelphia, 1763. 8vo.

Verses on Dr Mayhew's Book of Observations on the character and conduct of the Society for the promotion of the Gospel in foreign parts, with notes critical and explanatory, by a gentleman of Rhode Island Colony. Providence, William Goddard, 1763. 8vo, pp. 19.

Resignation, in two parts, with a postscript to Mrs B——. Philadelphia, 1764. 8vo.

An Eclogue Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. Jonathan Mayhew &c. Boston, Thomas & John Fleet. 4to, pp. 16.

The Seasons, an Interlocutory Exercise at the South Grammar School, June 26, 1765, being the day of the Annual visitation of the schools in Boston. Boston, T. & J. Fleet, 1765. 4to, pp. 8.

Juvenile poems on various subjects, with the Prince of Parthia, a tragedy. By the late Mr Thomas Godfrey jr. of Philadelphia. Philadelphia, Henry Miller, 1765. 4to, pp. 223.

✓ A strange account of the Rising and Breaking of a Great Bubble, with amendments and enlargements. Reprinted and sold at my office, at the sign of the Tree of Liberty on Sagadahock River, 1767. 8vo, pp. 22. (*partly prose.*)

A Monody, inscribed to Benjamin Church, Jr., M. D. in memory of Mr Edmund Quincy, late of Boston, merchant, who died at sea, March 31st, anno 1768, Ætat 38. 4to, pp. 7.

An Exercise, containing a Dialogue and two Odes. Philadelphia, 1768. 4to.

Liberty, a Poem, by Rusticus. Philadelphia, 1769. 4to.

✓ An address to a Provincial Bashaw. By a son of Liberty, (*B. Church.*) Printed in (the tyrannical administration of St Francisco,) 1769. 4to, pp. 8.

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